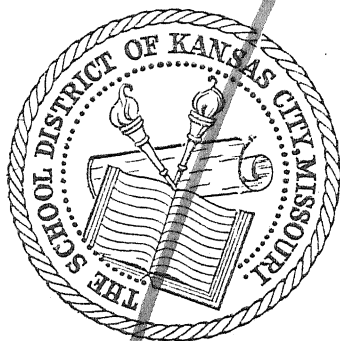




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THE DIGBY MYSTERIES.

TO  
MRS GEORGE WHERRY,

*Corpus Buildings, Cambridge.*

---

MY DEAR MRS WHERRY,

You and I once studied SHAKSPERE for a time together.

I well recollect your capital acting of Nerissa in the *Merchant of Venice*, and the arch way in which you tost up your handkerchief when you heard the news that Bassanio was coming, as if you divined that the right man was near.

Some friends asserted that you actually winkt at him, to let him know which were the wrong caskets, and which the right ; but that was doubtless a libel. At any rate you chafft delightfully that saucy *Gratiano*—the impertinent !—who dared to say that it was a ‘youth,’ ‘a little scrubbed boy,’ to whom he gave your Ring.

Then you left such merrymaking to nurse “the fpeachleffe ficke,” “enforce the maimed impotent to fmile” ; and for two years you toiled in the Hospitals.

You have your reward in your pretty, happy home, in the affection of the able and accomlisht gentleman to whom you have linkt your life—the tender of the suffering, the helper of the poor, “who are Christ’s friends,” as Chaucer says.

I think of your choice and lot with pleasure, and I venture to dedicate to you this edition of a few of the Early Religious Dramas before Shakspeare’s time, as just a reminder of the days when his triumphant art was the subject of our mutual work. Believe me to be,

Always sincerely yours,

F. J. FURNIVALL.

NO  
THE

# DIGBY MYSTERIES.

---

1. THE KILLING OF THE CHILDREN.
2. THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL.
3. MARY MAGDALENE.
4. CHRIST'S BURIAL AND RESURRECTION,

WITH AN INCOMPLETE  
MORALITY  
OF  
WISDOM, WHO IS CHRIST  
(PART OF ONE OF THE *MACRO MORALITIES*).

EDITED FROM THE MSS.

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.

PUBLISHT FOR

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✍ The Committee of the *New Shakspeare Society* give express notice  
that the Editor of any of the Society's Books is alone responsible  
for the opinions exprest in it.



## FOREWORDS.

THIS book opens the Seventh Series of the *New Shakspeare Society's* publications, that of the "English Mysteries, Miracle-Plays, Interludes, &c. up to Shakspeare's time." Tho it is later and far less complete than the other sets of Mysteries—the Towneley, Chester, Coventry, and Lord Ashburnham's York one, still kept in MS.—it has been hitherto printed in so few copies<sup>1</sup>—50, by the Abbotsford Club in 1835—that I chose it, on that account, as our first work of the kind, in order that it might get more generally known. As too I have been able to add to the old set one more Mystery in 2 Parts,—that of the 'Burial and Resurrection of Christ,' which evidently once belongd to the Digby MS. 133, from which these Mysteries get their name,—the prezent edition has a fresh value of its own, however slight that value may be.

But to every play-goer and every student of the drama, all the old Mysteries have an interest independent of their literary merit. They show him the stories and scenes in which his forefathers before and up to Shakspeare's time were content to find edification and amusement. They prove to him that these old-plays were but parts of the Romish Church service, developept and taken out into the streets (p. 227-8, below). They give him the origin of that mixture of comedy in deepest tragedy, and of tragedy in highest comedy, nay in roaring farce, which is a leading note of Shakspeare's

<sup>1</sup> Hawkins printed the first play, *Candlemas Day*, in his *Origin of the English Drama*, 1773, and Marriott reprinted it in his *Collection of English Miracle-Plays, &c.*, Basel, 1838.—P. A. DANIEL.

drama, and which so shocks the classicist critics of Romanticism. And if these Digby Mysteries, being poorer than the Towneley, point to the decay of the old religious Drama in England, the student sees in that only the greater need for Shakspeare to arise, replace the old Religionism with the new Humanity, and take as his themes the love, fears, hates, ambitions of men, the World and its Ruler, instead of Judæa and its King.

The first Play, 'Herod's Killing of the Children' or 'Murder of the Innocents,' and the Purification, is one of a set of New Testament Plays,—the seventh, says Stowe, p. 1, l. 2, below, but the 3rd, I suppose, the 'Annunciation and Birth of Christ' being the first, and the 'Adorations of the Shepherds and the Three Kings' being the 2nd. Only one of these plays was playd yearly, says our text, p. 2, so that the place it was acted in must have been some small town or village; and no mention is made of any Trade supplying the Actors. The 4th Play of the set was to be 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple,' see p. 23; and so, if the set of after Plays was 23 in number, like the Coventry New-Testament set, it would take the villagers 23 years to get through the story of Christ's life. But no doubt several subjects were lumped into one play in the Series to which this *Killing of the Children* belonged.

The comedy in this first Play was supplied by music and dancing between the Prolog and Scene i (see p. 2, at foot), and after the Play (p. 22) as well as after the Epilog (p. 23), as after Shakspeare's plays. Also by Herod's bragging and strutting (p. 3), by his man Watkyn's boasting, and then confessing that he was afraid of a woman with a distaff (p. 6, 7, 9), and later by the women 'laying on' and beating Watkyn with their distaffs (p. 14). The killing of the children was done on the stage, seemingly (p. 13), and Herod died there too (p. 16). But there does not seem to have been a

curtain to the pageant-wagon,—whose existence I assume,—for at the end of Scene i the stage-direction is, "Here the Knyghtes and Watkyn walke about the place tyll Mary & Joseph be conveid into Egipt." The Temple (p. 18, 20) was, I suppose, a bit of painted wood on the floor of the wagon. The "Virgynes, as many as a man wyll" (p. 19), who held tapers, went in procession, sang (p. 20) and danced (p. 22, 23), were, I suppose, part of the Audience, as well as the 'virgyn' and four women who playd the Mothers, of the sixteen Players named on p. 24 as performing the Play.

The second Play, *The Conversion of St Paul*,—he being "drest lyke an aunterous knyght,"—seems to have been acted in a larger town, for its three Acts were playd at three Stations or open sites (p. 27, 33, 41), at the first of which there was room for Saul's horse to be brought up, and for him to ride about (p. 32, 33). The "pagent" is mentiond at p. 33, l. 167, p. 52, l. 657; and that the wagon had an upper (? half-) stage is certain,<sup>1</sup> as the Holy Ghost appeard on it (p. 38, at foot), and the "fervent," lightning or thunderbolt (p. 34) would be thrown from it. In this case too there were Dances after the Prolog (p. 27, l. 14) and Act I (p. 33), while the comedy was developd by a scene of broad chaff between Paul's servant and an Ostler (p. 30-1). But the audience who followd the wagon from Station to Station (p. 33, l. 156-7) evidently

<sup>1</sup> "In the great Mysteries the stage was at three elevations (and before it was a shallow but broad *podium* for the chorus). The lowest stage represented the nether world. In the midst was a door—the mouth of hell—and steps led from it on each side to the second stage, which figured earth. The highest stage was reserved for the Deity and the saints; it was heaven." 1879. S. Baring-Gould, *Germany, Past and Present*, ii. 4: an excellent book, which shows in its next 3 pages how effective this 3-stage arrangement was in Theodore Schernbeck's play of *Frau Jutta*, composed in 1480 on the story of Pope Joan. A procession of cardinals "with tapers and banners move along the middle stage chanting a litany. Below, the demons are tormenting the soul of Jutta, who pleads on in piteous hymn to Mary. Above, in heaven, the Blessed Virgin and St Nicholas are entreating the Saviour."—*Ib.* p. 7.

found the seriousness of the original Acts II and III dull, and so a later hand—? Miles Blomefylde, p. 55—spiced up Act III with a lively scene of the Devils in Hell, amid fire, flame, roaring, and crying (p. 43-46), to carry off the weight of Paul's Sermon on the Seven Deadly Sins, which followd.<sup>1</sup>

In the third Play, *Mary Magdalene*—of which Part I describes her Father Cyrus and his death, her Seduction by Lechery and a Galant, her Repentance and Wiping of Jesus's feet with her Hair, and also her brother Lazarus's Death and Againrising—we have the comedy supplied by our friend Herod (p. 60-1) bragging as before, by the King of the Flesh kissing Miss Lechery (p. 67), and by a scene at a Tavern in Jerusalem (p. 72-5), with a young dandy who wants a pretty barmaid to chat to, and who makes Mary fall in love with him. Then the Devils are seen in Hell (p. 75), which is the lower stage (p. 76) of the 2- or 3-staged wagon (p. 67, at foot), and in scene xv, p. 82-3, all the Seven Devils are beaten on their buttocks on the stage. A house is also set on fire (p. 83) : an instance of early Sensationalism.

In Part II—which tells how Christ appears to Mary at his tomb,<sup>2</sup> how she goes to Marcyll, converts its King and Queen, is fed in the wilderness by Angels, and then dies and is taken up to Heaven—the bragger is supplied by the

<sup>1</sup> "A traveller in 1790 . . . goes on to relate that in other villages near Innsbrück, St Mary Magdalene [see above, and p. 82-3 below] and St Sebastian were being performed; and he was assured that these pieces possessed superior attractions to that of St Pancras, inasmuch as *more devils appeared in them.*" (See Pichler, *Ueber das Drama des Mittelalters in Tirol*, Innsbrück, 1850.) 1879. S. Baring-Gould, *Germany, Past and Present*, ii. 17.

<sup>2</sup> On the three Maries and the Apostles at the Tomb, p. 92-4, 201-218, compare the lines (21-4) in Stubbes's *Anatomie*, Part I, Appendix, p. 336, from Naageorgus :

"In some place solemne lightes and showes, & Pageants fayre are playd,

With sundrie fortes of maskers brave, in straunge attire arrayd,  
As where the Maries three doe meete, the sepulchre to see,  
And John with Peter swiftly runnes, before him there to bee."

King of Marcylle (p. 90), and the fun by the Priest's boy and his doggrel service (p. 99-101), the Shipman with a merry song (p. 107), and his boy Grobbe (p. 107, 119, 125). In this Part there must have been a third stage for Heaven—see note <sup>1</sup>, page ix, and p. 106, 113, 1130, 131, 135 (*gaudent in celis*)—above the main stage, under which was the Hell (as in Part I) to which the Devil betook himself (p. 92, l. 992) after he had told how Christ harrowd Hell. How all the scenes of the Temple, the burning of the Idols, the Shipman and his Ship, the rock on the island where the Queen of Marcylle was left (p. 121), &c., were managed, I can't tell. Possibly some of the Players had separate scaffolds: see Sharp's Dissertation on the Coventry Plays. But make-believe will do wonders. My friend Mr P. A. Daniel tells me, that in Melbourne he saw a Chinese troupe act admirably on a small stage, with the roughest scenery. A wooden form servd for a castle-wall, a chair behind it for the battlements, on which the besieged King mounted, and whence he made a spirited harangue to the rebellious besieging General and his army of three men, as Richard II does to Northumberland at Flint Castle in Shakspeare's Play, III. iii. And really, when you know the story, you don't need scenery, as we found, who were lucky enough to see the First Quarto of *Hamlet* acted at St George's Hall on April 16, 1881.

In the fourth Mystery here, the 'Burial and Resurrection of Christ,' there is no comedy, and I see no trace of the Pageant or Stages. The Stations in it (if any) would be only those of the Church from whose service it was either imitated, or of which it once formd part.<sup>1</sup> The Play is arranged to be either recited or acted, and a warning is given at the beginning (p. 171), that there is a Proem, "certene lynes, which are not to be saide if it (the Play) be plaiede."

<sup>1</sup> The Procession of the Sacrament no longer forms part of the Romish Church Service on Easter Sunday morning.

At several other places—see notes p. 173, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 183, 184, 185, &c.—is evidence of the double character of the composition. Towards the end of the Play (p. 223, 226) some of the Sequences of the Easter Sunday Mass of the Romish Service are directed to be sung as part of the performance, as on p. 194-5.

Now, did the mixture of comic bits with most serious subjects take off the effect of the mysteries of Christianity performed before the common folk? I doubt it. My friend Mr H. H. Furness, the editor of the splendid new *Variorum* Shakspeare, once told me that he saw in Spain a Mystery performed, and that at one point a bell tinkled, and in came a troupe of ballet-girls in short frocks and flesh-tights, and danced a ballet. All the onlookers evidently took it as a natural and proper occurrence.<sup>1</sup> They'd grown accustomed to

<sup>1</sup> P.S. Having just found Mr Furness's note, I print it:—

"Years ago I saw a Passion Play in Spain, which was sublimely national. After the Magi had presented their gifts to Mary, who was seated beside a pasteboard manger, surrounded by pasteboard oxen, with a great deal of genuine straw about, at the tinkle of a little bell, ballet-girls in short skirts and pink tights darted from the side scenes, and, pirouetting around the groups, finally struck an attitude with their hands over the cradle, and their elevated toes pointing to the audience. When the curtain went down there were vociferous calls for the actors, and Christ appeared, leading Joseph and Mary, and bowed his thanks. It was deeply religious to the people, and many women wept."

Compare Mr Baring-Gould's experience in Brabant:—

"But perhaps the most curious representation of the last scenes of the sacred history I have witnessed, was at Mechlin, a few years ago, on the fête of St Rumbold. A travelling band of players had erected a large tent with stage in it, in the market-place; and their programme of entertainments consisted of—

"1. Tight-rope dancing, tumbling, and performing dogs.

"2. The laughable farce of 'A Ghost in spite of himself' (the English farce of that name translated into Flemish).

"3. The Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

"It was more than startling to see 'the spangled sprite of the shining shower,' who pirouetted on the tight-rope, figure half-an-hour later as the Mater Dolorosa, and the human spider, a man in fleshings, who walked backwards on hands and feet, transformed into the Beloved Disciple; but the Brabant peasants seemed aware of no incongruity, and were as ready to weep at the crucifixion, as they were to laugh at the dancing dogs. The peasant mind of the present day is constituted like that of their Mediæval forefathers, who insisted on the introduction

it, and so it was right. Just so, most Englishmen take the existence of our hereditary House of Lords, and the spelling of the sound 'enuf' as 'enough.' The survival of an absurdity or incongruity never shocks traditional minds; nay, the proposal to remove it always makes them angry.

It was probably some feeling of this kind that made me reprint the fragment of the Macro<sup>1</sup> Morality of *Wisdom*, when the rest of it had been printed by the Abbotsford Club in 1837. But this fragment was in the Digby MS. 133, had been in the Abbotsford-Club print of that MS., and would be expected by students in ours. I could not at first trace the Macro MS. to the present Mr Gurney, and so I was glad of the excuse to keep this bit of *Wisdom* in our book. (Even literary Antiquaries are mortal and have weaknesses.) By Mr Gurney's kind leave, Miss Marx has since made a copy of all the Macro MSS. for the Society, and when we have any money to spare, I hope to edit it.

In the progress of the drama, Moralities followed Mysteries, and were succeeded by Interludes. When folk tired of Religion on the Stage, they took to the inculcation of morality and prudence; and when this bored them, they set up Fun.

Our *Wisdom* Morality hooks on to dogmatic Religion by its Wisdom being Christ, and by its doctrines, p. 143, &c. It keeps up the fun of the old Mystery by its comic man Lucifer (p. 155, &c.), its dance (p. 164), and its later hornpipe, quarrel and boy-devils (p. 167). It is one of a set played in London, since it mentions the Holborn Quest,<sup>2</sup> p. 165, l.

of an element of grotesqueness into every tragedy and religious mystery." 1879. S. Baring-Gould, *Germany, Past and Present*, ii. 8-9.

<sup>1</sup> The MS. containing these 'Moralities' once belonged to a Dr Macro.

<sup>2</sup> On the Holborn Quest, see p. 168, and "The (65) ancient Articles of the charge of the Wardmote Inquest, formerly delivered," in Joseph Newell's *Inquest Furyman*, 1825, p. 54-68.

733,—and Westminster and St Andrew of Ely (cp. St Andrew's, Holborn, nearly opposite Ely Place),—and has few, if any, of the dialectal peculiarities which mark the Midland Mysteries.

With regard to the dialect of the Mysteries I see no special marks of any dialect in the *Killing of the Children*, tho *wha*, 13/305, *mut* 13/319, *chever* shiver 15/374, *thu* thou 8/195-8, 16/397, 400, &c., *wolcome* 18/437, 438, 441, *gh* of *abought* about 19/476, *parfight* perfect 18/446, *afforn* before 20/484, 22/529 are provincial, and the verbal *n* plurals—*ioyen* 20/501, *bene* be 5/112, 4/88, *han*, &c.—point, I suppose, to the Midland rather than any other dialect.

Of the *Conversion of Saul*, I can say no more. It is fond of *a* for *e* and *o*,—*drad* 27/20, *adrad* 36/234, *frawardnes* 28/39, *massage* 38/239, *marcy* 38/290, 46/506,—of *f* for *v*, we *gyf* 28/43, 32/132, 47/522; but though the lacking of “lytturaþ scyens” and the “non intellygens of Retoryk” which it confesses to, 52/658, 661, are apparent, its district is not, to me at least.

In *Mary Magdalene*, however, East-Midland characteristics, *xal* shall, *gwat* what, &c., clearly appear, as I have noted on p. 53, note 1. And *Christ's Burial and Resurrection* was—says Dr Richard Morris, p. 170,—Northlumbrian, and then rewritten or copied by a West-Midland scribe.

As to the metre, notes will be found on or near the first page of each play. The *Killing of the Children* is in 8-line stanzas, *ababb cbc*; and the *Conversion of St Paul* is in 7-line stanzas, *ababb cc*. Part I of *Mary Magdalen* is very irregular: it tried seemingly to get into 8- or 9-line stanzas, but other stanzas, alternates and couplets also occur; Part II is mainly in alternates: *Wisdom* is in 8-line stanzas: Scene i. *abab bcbc*; Scene ii. iii. and the printed bit of iv. *aaab-aaab*, with an occasional couplet added, as in 165/735-6, 166/745-6, and some of the stanzas are linkt, the first line



of the second ryming with the last line of the first. The *Burial of Christ* is, as noted on p. 171, almost all in 6-line stanzas *aab, ccb*, tho sum 8-line ones occur, *aaab, cccb*. The *Virgin's Complaint*, p. 191-3, is mainly in eight, *abab, bcbc*, with some sixes and sevens, followd by couplets. Parts of this *Complaint*—the best portion of the volume—have the same burden 'Who cannot wepe, com lerne of me' as the earlier poem in my *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*, Early English Text Soc. 1867, p. 126-7. This fashion of stanzas, alternates and couplets in dramas lasted well into Shakspeare's time. In his earliest play he has a conversation of four men in no less than 17 alternates (*abab*) in succession, *L. L. Lost*, IV. iii. 222—289; Berowne and Boyet talk in stanzas now and then, *ib.*, 214—219, V. ii. 256—261. (See too I. i. 94-9, 112-118.) But happily our great playwright soon gave up the trammels of this convention.

The date of the Digby MS. I have put at 1480-90. At first I thought 1475, but the late regretted Librarian of the Bodleian wrote to me on July 8, 1879:

"1512 [the copier's date at p. 1, copy] is not so far off the mark as you suggest. I do not think that the text is 20 years in advance. Ever yrs. sincerely, H. O. Coxe."

There seem to be at least three hands in the Digby MS. Plays, of which I suppose the hand before 1500,—? John Parfre's,—to write leaves 146-157, 37-50 (less 45-47, bk), all the *Killing of the Children*, and *Conversion of St Paul*, except the later Devils scene. This scene (leaves 45-47, back) and *Mary Magdalene* (leaves 95-145) appear to be in a hand somewhat later than that of the two other plays, and I suppose it to be Miles Blomefylde's. He signs his name before the *Conversion of St Paul*, but there I hold his signature to be in the later hand, as is the line "Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke," p. 24.

The *Morality of Wisdom* (leaves 158-169, bk) seems to

be in a fresh hand, which my note calls later, but Mr Macray and Mr Parker say is earlier, than the others. The latter agrees in thinking there are three hands in the MS. Plays, and feels sure that there are at least two. My notes, and my recollection, are for the three hands.

Looking into the MS. accounts of the Chester Plays some years ago, I copied a few extracts which may be now shunted into an Appendix, on the chance of their interesting some friend of ours in America, if not here, and helping him to realize the old scene at the acting of the plays. All the extracts have, no doubt, been printed in some History of Chester or elsewhere, but I have not had time to look round for them.

With thanks to Mr George Parker, our careful copier and collater at Oxford, and to Mr Herbage for his help with the Glossary and Index, I turn to Part II. of Stubbes's *Anatomie* and to *Shakspeare Allusions*, and wish our Members the pleasant Long-Vacation that I fear I sha'n't get.

*June 29, 1882.*

P.S. In the *Daily News* of April 4, 1881, is a long and interesting account of a Mussulman Passion Play.

In the *Academy* of July 1, 1882, is a short statement about the York Mystery Plays, which the prezent Lord Ashburnham, wisely changing the dog-in-the-mangership of his late father, is letting Miss L. Toulmin Smith edit his unique big 4to. MS. of for the Clarendon Press. The York volume contains 48 plays, as against the Coventry 43, the Towneley 32, and the Chester 24. Four or five of the York plays are the same as some of the Towneley set, with additions or omissions. The first eleven York plays are from the Old Testament, the other 37 are from the New Testament, the Gospel of Nicodemus and some of the Marian legends. The MS. gives the music sung by the angels in the play on the vision of our Lady to St Thomas. The MS. is about 1450 A.D., but it probably represents a somewhat earlier text.

The Scriveners' Play of this York set, printed by Croft in 1797, and the Camden Soc. in 1858, seems to have been set from an actor's copy, lately belonging to Dr Sykes of Doncaster.

On the French Mysteries, see the Introduction to the *Mistère du Vieil Testament* by the late liberal Baron James de Rothschild, in the edition he gave to the Old French Text Society, the *Miracles de la Vierge* in the same Society, M. Petit de Julleville's book on the subject, M. Onésyme Leroy's *Etudes sur les Mystères*, Messrs Gaston Paris and Reynaud's edition of the *Mystère de la Passion*, and the dramatic section of Aubertin's *Histoire de la Littérature française au Moyen Age*.

## APPENDIX TO FOREWORDS.

NOTES ON THE CHESTER PLAYS AND MIDSUMMER WATCH, FROM  
HARLEIAN MSS. 1944, 1948, 2125, &c.

*Harl. MS. 1944, lf. 21 bk.*

<sup>1</sup> Now of y<sup>e</sup> playes of Chester called y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes, when they weare played, and what occupaciones bringe forth at theire charges the Playes and pagiantes.

Heare note *that* these playes of Chester called y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes weare the woork of one Rondoll,<sup>2</sup> a monke of y<sup>e</sup> Abbaye of S<sup>t</sup> Warburge in Chester, who redused  
*These playes are now abolished:* y<sup>e</sup> whole history of the byble into Englishe storyes in metter, in y<sup>e</sup> englishe tounge; and this moncke, in a good desire to doe good, published y<sup>e</sup> same. then the firste mayor of Chester, namely Sir Iohn Arneway knight, he caused the

<sup>1</sup> Part of Chap: 4: From "A breauarye, or some fewe Collectiones of y<sup>e</sup> Cittie of Chester, gathered out of some fewe writers, and heare sett downe, and reduced into these Chapters followinge:" Harl. MS. 1944, lf. 3. The Forewords "To the Reader" are signd "*per* Dauid Rogers: 1609: July: 3"; and Harl. MS. 1948, lf. 18, says that the Collections were "collected by the Reuerend: m<sup>r</sup> Robert Rogers, Batchlor in Diuinitye, Archdeacon of Chester, and Prebunde in the Cathedrall Church of Chester [and parson of Gawsworth]," and "written by his sonne Dauid Rogers."

<sup>2</sup> In Harl. 2124 (a Copy of the Chester Plays made by Jas. Miller in 1607), a vellum fly-leaf (? later) says:

The Whitsun playes first made by one Don Randle Higgenet o Monke of Chester Abbey, who was thrise at Rome before he could obtaine leaue of the Pope to haue them in the English tongue.

The Whitsun playes were played openly in pageants by the Cittizens of Chester in the Whitsun Weeke. Nicholas the fift then was Pope, in the year of our Lord 1447. Sir Henry Francis, sometyme a Monke of the Monestery of Chester, obtained of Pope Clemens a thousand daies of pardon, and of the Bishop of Chester 40 dayes pardon, for euery person that resorted peaceably to see the same playes, and that euery person that disturbed the same to be accursed by the said Pope, vntill such tyme as they should be absolved thereof.

same to be played ["*anno domini*: 1329"]; the manner of which playes was thus: They weare deuided into 24 pagiantes or partes, acordinge to the number of y<sup>e</sup> Compaynes of y<sup>e</sup> Cittie, and euery Company brought forth the their pagiente, which was y<sup>e</sup> cariage or place which they played in: And yarlye before these were played, there was a man

<sup>1</sup> leaf 22 fitted for y<sup>e</sup> purpose <sup>1</sup> which did ride, as I take it

<sup>2</sup> April 23. vpon St George daye<sup>2</sup> throughe y<sup>e</sup> Cittie, and there  
[*The Reading of the Banes, or Proclamation of the Mysteries to be played*] published the tyme and the matter of y<sup>e</sup> playes in breife, which was called "y<sup>e</sup> readinge of the banes." They were played vpon monday, tuesday, and wense-day in witson weeke. And they first beganne at y<sup>e</sup>

Abbaye gates; & when the firste pagiente was played at y<sup>e</sup> Abbaye gates, then it was wheeled from thence to the pentice at y<sup>e</sup> highe crosse before y<sup>e</sup> Mayor; and before *that* was donne, the seconde came, and y<sup>e</sup> firste wente in-to the watergate streete, and from thence vnto y<sup>e</sup> Bridge-streete, and soe all, one after an other, tell all y<sup>e</sup> pagiantes weare played, appoynted for y<sup>e</sup> firste daye, and so likewise for the seconde

<sup>3</sup> description of y<sup>e</sup> pagiantes they played in: & the thirde daye: these pagiantes or cariage was a highe place made like a howse with ij rowmes, beinge open on y<sup>e</sup> tope: the lower rowme they ap-

parrelled & dressed them selues; and in the higher rowme they played: and they stode vpon 6 wheeles. And when they had done with one cariage in one place, they wheeled the same from one streete to an other: first from y<sup>e</sup> Abbaye gate to y<sup>e</sup> pentise, then to the watergate streete, then to y<sup>e</sup> bridge streete, throughe the lanes, and so to the estgate streete. And thus they came from one streete to an other keapinge a direct order in euery streete; for before y<sup>e</sup> firste cariage was gone, y<sup>e</sup> seconde came, and so the thirde, and so orderly till y<sup>e</sup> laste was donne, all in order, without any stayeing in any place; for, worde beinge broughte how euery place was neere done, they came, and made no place to tarye, till y<sup>e</sup> last was played: <sup>3</sup>

Heerafter followeth y<sup>e</sup> readinge of y<sup>e</sup> banes, which was read before y<sup>e</sup> beginninge of y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes, beinge the breife of y<sup>e</sup> whole playes: /

<sup>3</sup> The shorter Annals or "Breauarye of the Cittie of Chester," from Rogers in Harl. 1948, adds on leaf 64, back (after "all the streetes have their pagiantes afore them all at one time playeing together,") "to se which playes was greate resorte, and also scafoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to playe their pagiantes."

[Here follow 'The Banes'—an Address of 9 stanzas to the future audience, then 24 stanzas on the 24 Plays, and 4 lines of Conclusion,—all printed by Thos. Wright in the Old Sh. Soc.'s *Chester Plays*, i. 1-7, from George Bellin's copy in Harl. MS. 2013; and then Rogers goes on, leaf 24, back:—]

“The sune of this storye, Lordes & ladyes alle,  
*he wisheth* I haue breifely repeated, & how they muste be played.  
*men not only* Of one thinge, warne you now I shall,  
*to take ye* That not possible it is, these matters to be contynued  
*sight of ye* In such sorte & cunninge, & by such playeres of price  
*play, but to* As at this day good players & fine wittes coulede deuise,  
*consequence of ye* For then shoulde all those persones *that* as Gods doe playe,  
*matter so as* In Clowdes come downe with voyce, & not be seene;  
*it might be*  
*profitable and*  
*not offensive :*

For no man can proportion *that* Godhead, I saye,  
 To the shape of man face, nose, and eyne;  
 But senceh y<sup>e</sup> face gilte doth disfigure y<sup>e</sup> man *that* deme  
 A Clowdy Coueringe of y<sup>e</sup> man a voyce only to heare,

[*ly. 25*] And not God in shape or person to appeare;  
 By Craftes men & meane men these Pageauntes are played  
 and to Commons and Contrye men acustomablye before.  
 If better men & finer heades now come, what canne be saide?  
 But of common and contrye playeres take *thou* the storye;  
 And if any disdaine, then open is y<sup>e</sup> doore  
 That lett him in to heare: packe awaye at his pleasure;  
 Oure playeing is not to gett fame or treasure:

All *that* with quiett mynde  
 Can be contented to tarye,  
 Be heare on whitson monday:  
 Then begineth y<sup>e</sup> storye.

§—————§ finis: DR.

And thus much of y<sup>e</sup> Banes or Breife of y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes in Chester; for if I shoulde heare resite y<sup>e</sup> whole storye of y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes, it woulde be too tediouse for to resite in this breauarye: As also, they beinge nothinge profitable to any vse, excepte it be to shewe y<sup>e</sup> Ignorance of oure forefathers, and to make vs their ofspringe vnexcusable before God, *that* haue y<sup>e</sup> true and synceare worde of y<sup>e</sup> Gospell of our lord & sauour Jesus Christe, if we apprehende not y<sup>e</sup> same in oure life & practise, to y<sup>e</sup> eternall glorie of our god, and y<sup>e</sup> saluation & comforte of oure owne soles.

: Heare followeth all y<sup>e</sup> Companies as they weare played vpon their seuerall dayes, which was Monday:

Tuesday : & Wenseday in y<sup>e</sup> whitson weeke. And  
how manye Pagiantes weare played vpon euery day  
at the Charge of euery Companye.

The Companyes or trades      The story or matter *that* euery  
that playe :                      Companye did acte :

- |                   |  |   |               |   |
|-------------------|--|---|---------------|---|
| 1                 | Barkers<br>Tanners   | } | bringe forthe | The fallinge of Lucifer   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 2                 | Drapers<br>Hosieres  | } | . . . . .     | The creation of y <sup>e</sup> worlde   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 3                 | Draweres in Dee<br>& waterleaders                          | } | . .           | Noah & his shipp  |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 4                 | Barbers<br>Waxe chandlers<br>Leeches                       | } | . .           | Abraham & Isacke  |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| [leaf 25, back] 5 | Cappers<br>Wyerdraweres<br>Pynners                         | } | . .           | { Kinge Balack & Balaam with<br>Moyses :/   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 6                 | Wrightes<br>slatereres<br>Tyleres<br>Daubers<br>Thatchares | } | . . . . .     | Natiuytie of our lord   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 7                 | Paynters<br>Imbrotheres<br>Glasieres                       | } | . . .         | The shepperdes offeringe  |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 8                 | Vinteners<br>Marchantes                                    | } | . . . . .     | Kinge Harrald & y <sup>e</sup> mounte<br>victoriall   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 9                 | Mercers<br>Spicers   | } |               | bringe forthe y <sup>e</sup> 3. kinges of Collen :<br>These 9 Pagiantes aboue written weare<br>played vppon y <sup>e</sup> first day beinge Monday. |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 1                 | Gould smythes<br>Massons                                   | } | . . . . .     | The destroyinge of the<br>Chillderen by Herod   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 2                 | Smythes<br>forberes<br>Pewterers                           | } | . . . . .     | Purification of our ladye   |
|                   |  |   |               |   |
| 3                 | Butchares  |   |               | The pinackle, with y <sup>e</sup><br>woman of Canan. <sup>1</sup>   |

<sup>1</sup> The Temptation, and the Woman taken in Adultery.

4	Glouers & Parchementmakers	}	[bringe forth]	The risinge of Lazarus from death to liffe :/
5	Coruesters or shoemakers	}	. . . . .	The cominge of Christe to Ierusalem :/
6	Bakers Mylners	}	. . . . .	Christes maundy w <sup>th</sup> his desiples
7	Bowyeres Fletcheres Stringers Cowpers Turners	}	. . . . .	The scourginge of Christe
8	Innemongers Ropers	}	. . . . .	The Crusifenge of Christ
[leaf 26]	Cookes	}		
9	Tapsters Hostlers Inkeapers	}	. . . . .	The harrowinge of hell

These 9 pagiantes aboue written weare  
played vpon y<sup>e</sup> second day: beinge  
tuesday :/

1	Skinner Cardemakers Hatters Poynters Girdlers	}	. . . . .	The Resurrection.
2	Sadlers fusters	}	. . . . .	The Castle of Emaus & the Apostles
3	Taylores	. . . . .		The Ascension of Christe
4	Fishmongers	. . . . .		Whitsonday y <sup>e</sup> makeinge of the Creede
5	Shermen	. . . . .		Prophetes before y <sup>e</sup> day of Dome
6	Hewsters Bellfounders	}	. . . . .	Antechriste
7	Weauers Walkers	}	. . . . .	Domes Daye

These 7 pagiantes weare played vpon y<sup>e</sup> third daye,  
beinge wensedaye; & these whitson playes weare played  
in Chester anno domini: 1574: S<sup>r</sup> Iohn Sauage, knight,



beinge Mayor of Chester, which was the laste tyme they weare played. And we haue all cause to power out our prayeres before God, *that* neither we nor oure posterities after us, maye neuer see y<sup>e</sup> like abomination of desolation, with such a Clowde of Ignorance to defyle with so highe a hand y<sup>e</sup> sacred scriptures of God: But of y<sup>e</sup> mercye of oure God for y<sup>e</sup> tyme of oure Ignorance he regardes it not: and thus much in breife of y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes:/"

The worthy Rogers goes on with a chapter on the Midsummer Show, which was acted when the Plays hadn't been playd in Whitweek; and as he speaks in a sidenote of certain improprieties at the Show put down by a godly Mayor—"y<sup>e</sup> diuell in his fethers before y<sup>e</sup> butchers, a man in womans apparell, with a diuill waytinge on his horse called cuppes & cans, god in stringes,<sup>1</sup> with other thinges,"—I copy the passage, to get more information about this Midsummer Show. (See p. xxvi, be ow.)

"Of y<sup>e</sup> Midsomer showe or watche in Chester.

*y<sup>e</sup> midsomer  
showe as  
anchant as  
y<sup>e</sup> whitson  
playes if not  
more anchant  
when y<sup>e</sup> mid-  
somer shoe  
went, then  
y<sup>e</sup> whitson  
playes went  
not  
when y<sup>e</sup>  
whitson play  
went, then y<sup>e</sup>  
showe at mid-  
somer went  
not  
many thinges  
reformed in  
y<sup>e</sup> midsomer  
shoe before  
m<sup>r</sup> H:  
Hardware, &  
in his tyme  
[1599], as y<sup>e</sup>*

Heare we maye note *that* y<sup>e</sup> showe or watche, on midsomer eaue, called 'midsomer showe,' yearlye now vsed within y<sup>e</sup> Citti of Chester, was vsed in y<sup>e</sup> tyme of those whitson playes, & before, so farr as I canne vnderstande; for when y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes weare played, then y<sup>e</sup> showe at midsomer wente not: And when y<sup>e</sup> whitson playes weare not played, then y<sup>e</sup> midsomer showe wente only: as many now liueinge [1609 A.D.] canne make theire owne knowledge proffe sufficient: But since these playes at whitson-tide weare put downe, and y<sup>e</sup> midsomer showe went only, there hath bene taken awaye some thinges, & reformed, [<sup>2</sup> leaf 26, back] that weare <sup>2</sup>not decen<sup>t</sup>: whearein y<sup>e</sup> wisedom<sup>e</sup> & godly care of those magistrates *that* did remoue awaye thinges either sinfull or offensiue, is to be commended, and by all religeouse magistrates there stepes to be troden in, inasmuch as they intende all theire actiones to Gods glorye, & the rule or lyne

<sup>1</sup> This is the only way that Mr C. T. Martin of the Record Office and I can read the MS.

*diuill in his  
fethers before  
ye butchers,<sup>1</sup>  
a man in  
womans ap-  
parell, with  
a diuill  
waytinge  
on his horse  
called cuppes  
& canis, god  
in stringes (?),  
with other  
thinges,  
which were  
reformed  
& amended.*

of perfection, the *which*, howsoever it cannot be attaind vnto in this liffe, yet it is the marke we are all to aime at. In which I commend y<sup>e</sup> gouernment of m<sup>r</sup> Henry Hardware esquire, somtymes mayor of Chester [1599], whose gouernement was godly, wherein he soughte y<sup>e</sup> redresse of manye abuses, as namely in y<sup>e</sup> midsomer showe he caused som thinges to be reformed and taken awaye, *that* y<sup>e</sup> watchmen of our soules, or deuines, spake againste, as thinges not fitt to be vsed; for *which* he deserued iuste commendation; howsoever the vulgar sorte of people did oppose themselves againste y<sup>e</sup> reformation of sinnes, not knowinge *that* anchant synnes ought to haue new reformation, And antiquitee in thinges vnlawfull or offensiue is no reason to mayntayne y<sup>e</sup> same. But for y<sup>e</sup> decensie of y<sup>e</sup> midsomer showe as it is now [1609 A.D.] vsed,<sup>2</sup> I referre it to y<sup>e</sup> iudgmente of those who are more iudiciouse:/"

<sup>1</sup> Harl. MS. 2125, leaf 304 or 123 (see lf. 41 and 53). 1599 Hen. Hardware esq (? in Jn. Stow's hand).

"the maior caused the Graull not to goe at Midsomer wach, but in steed a man in complet white Armoure on horsback. he, at same show, put downe the diuell Ryding for buchers, & caused a boy to Ride for them as other companies. nor cupps nor canns nor dragon & naked boys would he suffer at show; he tooke vp bakinge at High Crosse: he opposed the showmakers [shoemakers] & would haue them receue brethren among them for small somes or nothing: and restrayned the leaulokers for sending of coyne accordinge to their auntient custome vsed tyme out of mynd."

On the 'Devil in Feathers,' compare also John Taylor the Water-poet, in a description of a *Tinckhell*, or Deer-driving at Braemar in 1618 at which he was present, *viz.*—"Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boyling, roasting, and stewing, as if Cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the Devil in his feathers."

The description from which the above is an excerpt is printed in the Appendix, 4th Report of Historical Manuscript Commissioners, p. 533.—A. F. WATSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Daily News*, Jan. 9, 1882, p. 2, col. 7:—

A MIRACLE PLAY IN WORCESTERSHIRE.—Our Stoke-upon-Trent correspondent telegraphs:—The usually quiet village of Rou-lench, near Pershore, Worcestershire, has during the past week been the scene of an extraordinary miracle play, which was suggested to the rector, the Rev. Mr. Chafey, by the Passion Play of Ober Ammergau. The interest in the play grew daily, and on Saturday last the reproduction was witnessed by a large number of people, most of whom had come considerable distances. In style the piece had been made to imitate as much as possible

As to the years in which the Chester Plays were acted, I find the following entries :—

*Harl.* 1944,<sup>1</sup> leaf 67.

\*.Mayores.\*

\*.Sherriffes.\*

1328 Sir John Arneway knight { Allexander Hurell  
Richard Spicer } I

The whitson playes Inuented, in Chester,  
by one Rondoll Higden, a monke in  
Chester abbaye./

In the list of Chester Mayors and Sheriffs in *Harl.* 2105, the only mention of the Playe is under 1546, William Holcroft, Mayor: "In this yere m<sup>r</sup>. Holcroft died, & m<sup>r</sup> John wallis: was chosen mayor, & the plaies went that same yere." leaf 95, at foot.

[*Harl.* MS. 1944] \*.Mayores.\*

\*.Sheriffes.\*

[*f* 86] Quene: Eliza: raigne: 14:

1571 Iohn Hankey, merchant . . { Richard Bauand,  
Irnmonger  
William Wall,  
Irnmonger } 244

In this yere the Whitson playes weare  
played in Chester, &c.

Quene: Eliza: raigne: 17:

[*f* 86, *bk.*] 1574 Sr John Sauage knighte { John Allen,  
draper  
William, Good-  
man, merchant } 247

the great Passion Play, suitable scenery and gorgeous dresses having been obtained at great cost. The performance consisted of a series of tableaux vivants representing various events in the life of Christ. There were exactly fifty persons taking part in the performance, their ages ranging from four years to 82 years, the rector taking a leading character from time to time. An explanation was given of the successive tableaux, and selections of music were played during the performance from *Elijah* and the *Messiah*.

<sup>1</sup> The names of the Mayors & Sheriffs of Chester, with other things.

The Whitson playes weare played in this  
Cittie this yere . . .<sup>1</sup>

[leaf 87] Quene : Eliza : raigue : 20 :

1577	Thomas Belline, mercer <sup>2</sup>	<table border="0"> <tr> <td rowspan="3">{</td> <td>Valentine Brough-</td> <td rowspan="3">}</td> <td rowspan="3">250</td> </tr> <tr> <td>ton, mercer</td> </tr> <tr> <td>John, Tilston,</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>merc</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	{	Valentine Brough-	}	250	ton, mercer	John, Tilston,		merc		
{	Valentine Brough-	}		250								
	ton, mercer											
	John, Tilston,											
	merc											

... the Sheapardes play was played at  
the highe crosse, with other triumphes on  
the Roode dee . . .

[leaf 90] Quene : Eliza : raigue : 42 :

1599	Henry Hardware, Esq.	<table border="0"> <tr> <td rowspan="3">{</td> <td>John Owen,</td> <td rowspan="3">}</td> <td rowspan="3">272</td> </tr> <tr> <td>merc</td> </tr> <tr> <td>John Moyle,</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>draper</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	{	John Owen,	}	272	merc	John Moyle,		draper		
{	John Owen,	}		272								
	merc											
	John Moyle,											
	draper											

[<sup>3</sup> leaf 90, back]

This mayor was a godly zealous man, yet  
he gott ill will amonge the Commons, for  
puttinge downe some anchant orders, in  
the Cittie and amonge some Companies,  
especially the shoemakers, whoe he much  
opposed : he caused the gigantes *which* vse  
to goe at midsomer to be broken, The  
bull ringe at the high crosse to be taken  
vp : The dragon and naked <sup>3</sup> boyes he  
suffered not to goe in midsomer showe, nor  
the diuell for the Butchers, but a boye to  
ride, as other Companies ; he restrayned  
the leaielookers, for sendinge wine, on  
the feastifull dayes, accordinge to their  
anchant vse and Custome, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Harl. 2125, lf. 40, bk. Randle Holme's collections.

1574 . . . The whitson playes played in pageantes in the Cittye :  
[*addition*] at midsomer, to the great dislike of many, because the playe  
was in on part of the Cittie

[lf. 41] 1577. Alsoe he [the Mayor, Thomas Bellin] Caused the  
Sheappeardes playe to be played at the hie Crosse, with other Trivmphes  
one the Roode Deey. (An added sidenote says that—when this Mayor  
'enterteyned the Earle of Darbie and his sonne Fordinando Lorde  
Strange two nightes at his howse,—“the scollers of the freescole also  
playd a comedy before *them* at m<sup>r</sup> maiors howse.”)

<sup>2</sup> George Bellin. Was he a seller of beer and ale? see Harl. MS.  
2105, leaf 29, back.

Under 1600, Rogers enters that "m<sup>r</sup> Brerewood" (the Mayor who died in that year of his office) "restored all the anchant customes againe, except the Corne merkett toule, which was taken from the sariantes in Mr Hardwars time, and now confermed to the Mayor, by a gen(er)all assembly." I suppose that 'customs' here does not include the Midsummer show.

In the list of the "*Majors and Sherriffes of Chester*" (? by Wm. Smith) in Daniel King's *Vale-Royall*, 1656, the only entries I find about the Chester Plays are (Part I, p. 86),

Anno	Maiors	Sheriffs
1572.	<i>John Hanky.</i>	{ <i>Richard Bavian</i> <i>William Walle</i>

This year, the Maior would needs have the Playes (commonly called *Chester Playes*) to go forward, against the wills of the Bishops of *Canterbury*, *York*, and *Chester*. (p. 88)

1575.	<i>Sir John Savage</i>	{ <i>John Allen</i> <i>William Goodman</i>
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This year the said *Sir John Sauvage* caused the *Popish Plays of Chester*, to be played the Sunday, Munday, Tuesday and Wednesday after *Mid-sommer-day*, in contempt of an Inhibition and the Primats Letters from *York*, and from the Earl of *Huntington*. For which cause, he was served by a Pursevant from *York*, the same day that the new Maior was elected, as they came out of the *Common-Hall*: notwithstanding the said *Sir John Savage* took his Journey towards *London*; but how his matter sped, is not known; Also *Mr Hanky* was served by the same Pursevant for the like contempt, when he was *Mayor* [in 1572]. Divers others of the *Citizens* and *Players* were troubled for the same matter. p. 88.

As to the *Midsummer Watch*,

W. Webb, in his list of the 'Maiors and Sheriffs of Chester,' in King's *Vale-Royall*, Pt 2, p. 190, notes under 1498, "It appeareth that the Watch on Midsommer Eve began this year."

Under 1563, p. 199: "Upon the Sunday after Midsommer day, the History of *Eneas* and Queen *Dido* was play'd in the *Roods Eye*, And were set out by one *William Croston*, Gent. and one Mr *Man*, on which Triumph there was made two Forts, and shipping on the Water, besides many horsemen well armed and appointed."

As to the *Plays*, Webb, *ib.* p. 199, &c., repeats and adds to the entries given two pages back:

Anno.	Maiors	Sheriffs
1567.	<i>Richard Dutton</i>	{ <i>Edw. Martin</i> , Draper. <i>Oliver Smith</i> , Draper.

This year the *Whitson*-Plays were played, and divers other pastimes.

1571.	<i>Fo: Hankey</i> , Merchant	{ <i>Richard Bavand</i> , Ironmonger. <i>William Ball</i> , Ironmonger.
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This year *Whitson* Playes were plaid, and an Inhibition was sent from the Archbishop to stay them, but it came too late . . . *ib.* p. 200.

1574.	Sir <i>John Savage</i> Knight	{ <i>John Allen</i> , Draper. <i>William Goodman</i> , Merchant.
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. . . . The *Whitson*-Playes were played at Midsommer, and then but some of them, leaving others unplayed, which were thought might not be justified, for the superstition that was in them, although the Maior was not enjoyned to proceed therein. p. 200.

1577.	<i>Tho. Bellin</i> , Mercer	{ <i>Valentine Broughton</i> , Mercer. <i>Fo: Tilston</i> , Mercer.
-------	-----------------------------	--

The *Shepherds* Play, was played at the high Crosse, and other Triumphs, at the *Roods Eye*. p. 201.

1599.	<i>Henry Hardware</i> , Esq.	{ <i>Fo: Owen</i> , Mercer. <i>Fo: Moyle</i> , Draper.
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. . . . This Maior for his time altered many ancient Customs, as the shooting for the Sheriffs Breakfast [see Rogers's *Breuyarye*, Harl. 1944, lf. 26, bk, after the *Watch*]; The going of the Giants at Midsommer, &c., and would not suffer any Playes, Bearbait, or Bull-bait.—p. 208-9. On p. 213,

[illegible]

.... *Midsummer* Eve being on Sunday, Mr. Maior caused the Watch to be set forth the day before, although that same were unwilling thereof.

1611. Jo. Ratcliffe, Beerbrewer { Nich : Ince, Maulster.  
Robert Fletcher, Hatmaker.

.... This Maior being perswaded, that the Sabbath day should be truly performed and kept, he caused the Reapers to be removed that came every Sunday to the high Crosse in the Harvest time to be hired for the Week following.

The evidence, then, is against the regular yearly performance of the Chester Plays.





HEROD'S  
KILLING OF THE CHILDREN.

## ¶ THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS.

The poete	}	Summa xvij
kyng Herowde		
j <sup>te</sup> knyght		
the ij <sup>de</sup> knyght		
iiij <sup>de</sup> knyght		
iiii <sup>th</sup> knyght		
watkyn, Messanger		
Symeon the bysshope		
Ioseph		
Maria		
Anna prophetissa		
A virgyn		
Angelus		
j <sup>a</sup> mulier		
ij <sup>a</sup> mulier		
iiij <sup>a</sup> mulier		
iiii <sup>a</sup> mulier		

Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This line was not written at the same time as the writing above; it is in a different coloured ink.

[*This page stands at the end of the Play in the MS., see p. 24, but is repeated here by way of warning, as usual.*]

[*Digby MS. 133 (paper, ?1480-90 A.D.), leaf 146.*]

<sup>1</sup> candelmes day & the kyllynge of *the* children of  
Israell. anno domini 1512. M<sup>1</sup>D xij.<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>the vij booke.<sup>2</sup>

[*Prologue.*]

¶ Poeta.

¶ This solenne ffest · to be had in remembraunce<sup>3</sup>  
Of blisid seynt Anne · moder to our lady,  
whos right discent was fro kynges alyaunce—  
Of dauyde and salamon · witnesseth the story ;—  
Hir blisid daughter · that callid is mary,  
by goddes provision · an husbond shuld haue,  
Callid Ioseph · of natur old and drye,  
& she moder vnto Crist · that all the world shall save. 8

This Feast is  
held in remem-  
brance of St.  
Anne,

and her blessed  
daughter Mary,

Christ's Mother,

¶ This glorious maiden · daughter vnto Anna,  
In whos worshipe · this ffest we honour,  
And by resembliance · likenyde vnto Manna,  
wiche is in tast celestiaall of savour,  
And of Ierico · the sote rose floure,  
Gold Ebryson · callid in pictur,  
Chosyn for to bere mankyndes sayyour,  
with a prerogative · a-boue eche creature. 16

the heavenly  
manna,

12

the sweet rose  
of Jericho.

16

¶ These grett thynges remembred · after our entent,  
Is for to worshipec · oure ladye and seynt Anne.  
we be comen heder as *seruauntes* diligent,  
our processe to shewe you as we can;  
wherfor, of benevolens · we pray euery man  
To haue vs excused that we no better doo;  
An-other tyme to emende it · if we can  
be the grace of god if our cuznyng be ther-too. 24

In their worship  
we show our  
Play.

20

Excuse our  
short-comings.

24

<sup>1</sup>—<sup>1</sup> in a later hand.

<sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> in Stow's hand.

<sup>3</sup> The whole play is in 8-line stanzas ryming *a b a b b c b c*.

2 CANDLEMAS DAY. HEROD'S KILLING OF THE CHILDREN. PROL.

Last year we  
showd you the  
Joymaking of  
the Shepherds,  
and the Coming  
of the 3 Kings.

[leaf 146, back]

Now we'll play  
Mary's Purifica-  
tion, and then

Herod's hearing  
of the 3 Kings'  
departure,

his fury at it,  
and his order

to kill all the  
children of 2  
years old in  
Israel,

and how Jesus  
escaped into  
Egypt.

This, we'll play  
you, to the hon-  
our of God and  
St. Anne.

Minstrels and  
Virgins, amuse  
the audience!

¶ The last yeer we shewid you in this place  
how the shepherdes of Cristes birthe made letificacion,  
And thre kynges · that come fro *ther* Cuntrees be grace  
To worshiþe Iesu, with enteer deuocion; 28

And now we purpose · with hooþ Affeccion  
To procede in oure mater · as we can,

And to shew you of our ladies purificacion  
that she made in the temple · as the vsage was than. 32

¶ And after that · shaft herowd haue tydynges  
how the thre kynges be goon hoom an-other way,  
that were with Iesu and made ther offrynges,  
And promysed kyng herowde without delay 36  
To come a-geyn by hym, this is no nay.  
And whan he wist that thei were goon,

like as a wod man he gan to fray,  
& commaundid his knyghtes for to go a-noon 40

¶ In-to Israell, to serche euery town and cite  
ffor all the Children that thei cowde ther fynde  
of ij yeeres age & within, sparyng neither bonde nor ffree,  
but sle them all either for ffoo or ffrende: 44  
thus he commaundid · in his furious wynde.

Thought that, Iesu shuld haue be oon;  
And yitt he failed · of his froward mynde,  
for by goodes purviaunce · our lady was in-to Egipte 48  
gonl.

¶ ffrendes, this processe we purpose to play · as we can  
be-fore you all, here in your presens,  
To the honor of god, our lady, & seynt Anne,  
besechyng you to geve vs peseable Audiens. 52

And ye menstrallis, doth your diligens,  
& ye virgynes, shewe summe sport & plesure,  
These people to solas, & to do god reuerens,  
As ye be appoynted; doth your besy cure! 56

¶ Et tripident

## [Scene 1. Jerusalem.]

¶ Herodes.

[leaf 147]

¶ A-boue aȝ kynges vnder the Clowdys Cristaȝ

Herod.

Royally I reigne in welthe with-out woo;

Of plesaunt prosperyte · I lakke non at aȝ,

ffortune I fynde · that she is not my ffoo.

60

I Am kyng herowdes, · I wiȝ it be knowen soo,

I am the great  
king Herod.most strong *and* myghty · in feld for to fyȝht,And to venquysshe my enemyes · *that* a-geynst me do;I am most be-dred · *with* my bronde bright.

64

¶ My grett goddes I gloryfye · *with* gladnesse,

And to honoure them · I knele vp-on my knee,

ffor thei haue sett me in solas · from aȝ sadnesse,

that no conquerour nor knyght · is comparid to me.

68

No conqueror  
can be compar'd  
to me.

Aȝ tho that rebelle a-geyns me · ther bane I wiȝ be,

Or grudge a-geyns my goddes on hyȝ or hethe;

Aȝ suche rebeliers · I shaȝ make for to flee,

And *with* hard punysshementes · putt them to dethe.

72

¶ what erthely wretches · *with* pompe & pridedo a-geyns my lawes · or *with*-stonde myn entent,thei shaȝ suffre woo *and* peyne · thurȝh bak *and* syde,

With a very myschaunce · ther flesshe shalbe aȝ to-rent.

And aȝ my ffoes · shaȝ haue suche commaundement

77

that they shalbe glad to do my byddyng; Ay,

Or elles thei shalbe in woo *and* myscheff permanent,that thei shaȝ fere me nyȝht *and* day.<sup>1</sup>

80

My opposers and  
foes shall be  
confounded and  
punisht.

<sup>1</sup> The next page of the MS., leaf 147, back, is in different metre. It contains the three following 7-line stanzas (*ababbee*) and one 4-line verse (*dado*), and is crost through with the pen.

¶ My messenger at my commaundement · come heder  
to me,

Herod.

And take heȝ · what I shaȝ to the say.

I charge the, loke a-bought · thurȝh aȝ my Cuntre

to Aspys if ony rebelles do A-geynst our lay;

4

And if ony suche come in thy way

brynge hem in-to our hyȝ presens,

And we shaȝ se them correctid · or thei go hens.

7

Messenger! go  
and spy out for  
rebels, and  
bring them be-  
fore me!

Herod.

[leaf 148]

Three strange  
kings have de-  
ceivd me.Knights! kill all  
the children of  
2 years old in  
Israel!

¶ <sup>1</sup>I do<sup>1</sup> perceyue, though I be here in my cheff<sup>t</sup> cite,  
callid<sup>t</sup> Ierusalem, · my riche Royall Town,  
I am falsly disceyvid<sup>t</sup> · by straunge kynges three ;  
Therfor my knyghtes · I warne you · without delacion 84  
That ye make serche thurgh<sup>h</sup>-out all my region,  
with<sup>h</sup>-oute ony tarieng my wille may be seen),  
And sle all tho Childreñ · with<sup>h</sup>-out excepcion  
Of to yeres of age · that within Israell bene. 88

Watkyn, Messenger.

Watkyn.

I have done so.

my lord, your commaundement · I haue fulfilled<sup>t</sup> 8  
evyn<sup>t</sup> to the vttermost · of my pore power<sup>t</sup>;  
And I wold<sup>t</sup> shew you more · <sup>2</sup>so ye wold<sup>t</sup> be con-  
tentid<sup>t</sup> <sup>2</sup>;  
but I dare not · lest ye wold<sup>t</sup> take it in Anger<sup>t</sup>, 11  
ffor if<sup>t</sup> it liked<sup>t</sup> you not · I am sure my deth were nere,  
And therfor my lord<sup>t</sup> I wole hold<sup>t</sup> my peas.

herod.

I warne the, thu Traytour, that thu not seas 14  
To shewe euery thyng thu knowist A-geyns our<sup>t</sup> reuer-  
ence. 15

Messenger.

Those 3 strange  
kings that went  
to Bethlehem,  
have not come  
back to you, but  
gone home  
another way.

my lord, if<sup>t</sup> ye haue it · in your<sup>t</sup> remembraunce,  
ther were iij straunger<sup>t</sup> kynges · but late in your<sup>t</sup> presence,  
that went to bedlem to offre<sup>3</sup> with due obseruaunce, 18  
& promysed<sup>t</sup> to come a-geyn<sup>t</sup> by you without variaunce ;  
but by thes bonys ten<sup>t</sup> · thei be to you vntrue,  
for<sup>4</sup> homward<sup>t</sup> an-other wey thei doo sue. 21

Herod.

Now, be my grett goddes · that be so full<sup>t</sup> of myght,  
I wiñ be a-vengid<sup>t</sup> vpon<sup>t</sup> Israell<sup>t</sup> · if thi tale be true.

Messenger.

That's the truth.

that it is my lord<sup>t</sup> · my trouth I you pligh<sup>t</sup>,  
for ye founde me neuer false syn ye me knewe. 25

[<sup>1</sup>—<sup>1</sup> orig<sup>s</sup>. A now I]  
[<sup>3</sup> orig<sup>s</sup>. make offryng]

[<sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> orig<sup>s</sup>. & it were your will]  
[<sup>4</sup> thei be departid · and crosst through]

¶ ffor *with-in* my-self thus I haue concluded  
ffor to a-voide a-wey aH interrupcion,  
Sythen thes thre kynges · haue me thus falsly deluded,  
As in maner by froward collusion, 92  
And a-geyn resortid hom · in-to ther region;  
but yitt, mavgre ther hertes, · I shaft avengid be  
bothe in bedlem *and* in<sup>1</sup> provynces euerychone;  
Sle aH the Children · to kepe my liberte. 96

I'll be aveng'd  
on Bethlehem,  
&c, and slay all  
the children.

[<sup>1</sup> in altered to my  
by a later hand]

Primus Miles.

my lord, ye may be sure that I shaft not spare  
ffor to fulfille · your noble commaundement,  
with sharpe sword · to perse them aH bare,  
In aH Cuntrees · that be to your adiacent. 100

ij<sup>dus</sup> Miles.

And for your sake to obserue your commaundement.

iiij<sup>us</sup> Miles.

not on of them aH · our handes shaft astert.

iiij<sup>us</sup> Miles.

ffor we wole cruelly · execute your Iudgement, 103  
with swerde *and* spere · to perse them thurgh the hert.

Herod.

I thanke you, my knyghtes · but loke ye make no tarieng ! Don't tarry !  
Do arme your self in stele · shynnyng bright, Arm ! and,  
And conceyve in your myndes that I am your kyng, [leaf 148, back]  
Gevyng you charge · þat with all your myght, 108 to preserve my  
In conseruacion of my tytelt of right, title,  
that ye go *and* loke for myn aduauntage,  
And sle aH the Children · þat come in your sight  
wiche ben within too yeer · of age. 112

kill all the chil-  
dren of 2 years  
old ;

¶ Now be ware that my byddyng ye truly obey,  
for non but I shaft reigne with equitye.  
Make aH the Children on your swordes to dey !  
I charge you, spare not oon · for mercy nor pyte. 116 spare not one !

Am not I lord *and* Kyng of the Cuntre?  
 The Crowne of Ierusalem longith to me of right.  
 who-so-euer sey 'nay,' of high or lowe degre, 119  
 I Charge you, sle aȝ suche þat come in your sight!

I<sup>us</sup> Miles.

The soldiers  
 promise to kill  
 the children.

¶ My lord, be ye sure accordyng to your wiȝt,  
 like as ye charge vs be streight commaundement,  
 Aȝ the children of Israeȝ doughtles we shaȝ kylle 123  
 Witȝin to yeer of Age: this is our entent.

ij<sup>us</sup> Miles.

my lord, of Iurye we holdȝ you for cheff regent,  
 by titeȝ of enheritaunce as your auncetours be-forȝ;  
 he that seith the contrary be Mahoundȝ shalbe shent,  
 And curse the tyme that euer [he] was borne. 128

Herod.

Herod promises  
 them rewards.

¶ I thanke you, my knyghtes, with hooȝ affeccion,  
 And whan ye come a-geyn I shaȝ you avaunce;  
 Therfor quyte you wele in feld *and* townȝ,  
 And of aȝ tho fondlynges make a delyueraunce. 132

[¶ here the knyghtes shaȝ departe from herowȝ to  
 Israeȝ, *and* watkyn shaȝ a-byde, seyng thus to  
 herod:

[leaf 149]

Watkyn).

Watkyn, Herod's  
 messenger, asks  
 to be knighted.

Now, my lord, I beseche you to here my dalyaunce,  
 I woldȝ aske you a bone if I durst a-right,  
 But I were loth ye shuldȝ take ony displeaunce;  
 Now for Mahoundȝ sake make me a knyght. 136

¶ ffor oon thyng I promyse you I wiȝ manly fight,  
 And for to avenge your quareȝ I dare vndertake,  
 though I sey it my-self I am a man of myght, 139  
 And dare live *and* deye in this quareȝ for your sake;  
 for whan I com amonge them for fere thei shaȝ quake,  
 And though thei sharme *and* crye, I care not a myght,



but with my sharpe sworde ther ribbes I shaſt shake,  
evyn thurgħ the guttes · for anger & despight. 144

herowd.

¶ be thi trouthe, Watkyn · woldest thou be made a  
knyght;

thou hast be my *seruaunt and* Messenger many a day,

but thou were neuer provid in bataile nor in fight,

And therfor, to avauce the so sodeynly, I ne may; 148

but oon thyng to the I shaſt say,

be-cause I fynde the true in thynt entent,

fforth with my knyghtes · thou shalt take the Way,

And quyte the wele · and thou shalt it not repent. 152

Watkyn.

¶ Now a largeys, my lord · I am right wele a-paid,

if I do not wele · ley my hed vpon a stokke;

I shaſt go shew your knyghtes · how ye haue seid, 155

And arme my-self / manly, and go forth on the flokke;

And if I fynde a yong child · I shaſt choppe it on a blokke;

though the moder be angry, the child shalbe slayn,

but yitt I drede no thyng more than a woman with a

Rokke,

ffor if I se oon suche, be my feith I come a-geyn. 160

herowd.

¶ what, shaſt a woman with a Rokke drive the a-way?

ffye on the traitour! now I tremble for tene.

I haue trosted the long and many a day;

A bold man and an hardy I went thou haddist ben. 164

Watkyn,<sup>1</sup> Messenger.

So am I, my lord, and that shalbe seen

that I am a bold man and best dare a-byde;

And ther come an hundred women I wole not ffeen,

but fro morowe tyght with them I dare chide; 168

¶ And therfor my lord · ye may trust vnto me,

for all the children of Israel your knyghtes and I shaſt

kylle,

Herod bids Watkyn prove his valour in fight, and slay with his knights.

Watkyn is afraid of a woman with a distaff, [leaf 149, back]

[Watkyn later]

tho' he declares he is a bold man.

I wyll not spare on), but dede thei shalbe 171  
 If the ffader *and* moder wyll lete me haue my wille.

Herowd.

Herod bids Wat-  
 kyn tell his  
 knyghts to slay.

Thu lurdeyn), take hed what I sey the tyll,  
 And high the to my knyghtes as fast as thu can);  
 say, I warne them in ony wyse þer blood þat thei spille  
 A-bought in euery Cuntre, *and* lette for no man). 176

Watkyn).

But Watkyn is  
 afraid of the  
 mothers.

¶ Nay, nay, my lord, we wyll let for no man),  
 though ther come a Thousand on a rought;  
 for your knyghtes *and* I wyll kyll them all if we can),  
 but for the wyves, that is all my dought. 180  
 And if I se ony walkyng a-bought,  
 I wyll take good hede till she be goon);  
 And assone as I aspye that she is oute,  
 by my feith in-to the hous I wyll go A-non). 184

Watkyn).

[leaf 150]

¶ And thus I promyse you, that I shall neuer slepe,  
 but euermore wayte to fynde the children alone,  
 And if the moder come In vnder the benche I wyll  
 crepe

He'll creep  
 under a bench  
 when the  
 mother is in-  
 doors, and then  
 kill her children  
 when she goes  
 out.

And lye stille ther tyll she be goon); 188  
 than) manly I shall come out *and* hir children) sloon),  
 And whan) I haue don), I shall renne fast a-way.  
 if she founde hir child dede, *and* toke me ther alone,  
 be my feith I am sure we shuld make a fray. 192

herowd.

¶ Nay, harlott, a-bye styll *with* my knyghtes, I warne  
 the,

He's not to be  
 knighted unless  
 he fights well.

tyll the children) be slayn) all the hooth rought;  
 and whan) thu comyst home a-geyn · I shall auance the  
 If thu quyte the like a man), whil) thu art ought; 196  
 And if thu pley the coward, I put the owt of dought,  
 of me thu shalt neyther haue fee nor aduantage;

therfor I charge you the contre be weñ sought,  
And whan̄ thu comyst home, shalt haue thi wage. 200

Watkyn).

¶ Yis, sire, be my trouthe ye shaft wele knowe  
whiñ I am oute · how I shaft aquyte me,  
for I purpos to spare neither high nor lowe,  
If ther be no man · wole smyte me. 204 Watkyn will kill  
all the children.  
the most I fere · the wyues wiñ bete me;  
yitt shaft I take good hert to me and loke wele a-bought,  
And loke that your knyghtes be not ferre fro me,  
For if I be alone I may sone gete a Clought. 208

Herod.

¶ I say, hye the hens · that thou were goon,  
And vnto my knyghtes · loke ye take the way,  
And sey, I charge them that my commaundement be don  
In all hast possible without more delay; 212  
And if ther be ony that wiñ sey you nay, [leaf 150, back]  
Every opponent  
is to be slain.  
Redde him<sup>1</sup> of his lyff out of hand a-non;  
And if thou quyte the weesh vnto my pay, [him later]  
I shaft make þ<sup>e</sup> a knyght aventurours whan̄ þu comyst  
home. [et exeat. 216]

Watkyn).

¶ Syr knyghtes, I must go forth with you—  
Thus my lord commaunded me for to don,—  
And if I quyte me weesh whiñ I am amonge you, 219  
I shalbe made a knyght adventures whan̄ I come home.  
ffor oon̄ thyng I promyse you, I wiñ fight a-non,  
if my hert faile not whan̄ I shalbe-gynne;  
the most I fere · is to come amonge women, 223 But Watkyn  
fears the  
mothers.  
for thei fight like deuettes with Rokkes whan̄ þei spynne.

I<sup>m</sup> Miles.

¶ Watkyn, I loue the · for thou art euer a man;  
If thou quyte the weesh in this grett viage,  
I shaft speke to my lord for the that I can,  
that thou shalt no more be neither grome nor page. 228

ij<sup>us</sup> Miles.

I wyll speke for the that thou shalt haue better wage  
 If thou quyte the manly · a-monge the wyues,  
 ffor thei be as fers as a lyon in a cage 231  
 whan thei are broken ought · to reue men of þer liues.

[¶ her the knyghtes *and* watkyn walke a-bought  
 the place tyll Mary *and* Ioseph be conueid in-to  
 Egipt.—Dixit Angelus.

[Scene 2. *Bethlehem.*]

¶ Angelus.

The Angel bids  
 Ioseph flee with  
 Mary and Jesus  
 into Egipt.  
 [leaf 151] ¶ O Ioseph, ryse vp, *and* loke thou tary nought!  
 take mary *with* the · *and* in-to Egipt flee,  
 ffor Iesu thi sone pursuyd is *and* sought  
 by kyng herowd, · the wiche, of gret Inyquyte, 236  
 Commaundið hath thurgh bedlem Cite,  
 In his cruell *and* furyous rage,  
 To sle all the children that be in that Cuntre  
 that may be founde *within* to yeer of age. 240

At Christ's  
 presence the  
 Egyptian idols  
 shall fall down.  
 ¶ Ther shall he shewe in that region  
 diuerse myracles of his high regalye;  
 In all ther temples · the Mawmentes shall falle down  
 To shew a tokyn towards the partie. 244  
 This child hath lordship, as prophetes do specifie,  
 And at his comyng, thurgh his myghty hond,  
 In despyght of all Idolatrie, 247  
 euery oon shall falle · whan he comyth in-to the lond.

Ioseph.

Ioseph says he  
 will obey,  
 and trust in  
 God.  
 ¶ O good lord, of thi gracious ordenaunce,  
 like as thou list for our journey provide,  
 In this viage with humble attendaunce,  
 As god disposeth *and* list to be our gyde; 252  
 Therfor vpon them bothe mekely I shall abide,  
 prayng to that lord to think vpon vs three,

vs to *preserue*, wheder we go or Ryde  
Towardes Egipte, from all aduercitie. 256

Mary.

¶ Now, husbond, in all hast I pray you go we hens, Mary begs that  
ffor drede of Herowd, that cruell knyght! they may go in  
Gentyll spouse, now do your diligens, haste  
And bryng your asse, I pray you, a-non right, 260  
And from hens let vs passe with all our myght,  
Thankyng that lord so for vs doth provide, [leaf 151, back]  
that we may go from herowd, þat cursid wight,  
wiche with vs devour if that we abide. 264

Ioseph.

¶ Mary, you to do plesaunce without ony lett,  
I shall brynge forth your asse with-out more delay;  
fful sone, Mary, theron ye shalbe sett,  
And this lite Child that in your wombe lay. 268 Joseph bids her  
Take hym in your armys · Mary, I you pray, take her boy,  
& of your swete mylke lete hym sowke I-nowe, and suckle him.  
Mawger herowd and his grett fray;  
& as your spouse, mary, I shall go with you. 272

¶ This ferdeth of gere · I ley vp my bakke,  
Now I am redy to go from this Cuntre;  
All my smale instrumentes is putt in my pakke;  
[& exeant.]

Now go we hens, Mary, · it with no better be; 276  
ffor drede of Herowd · a paas I wyll high me;  
lo, now is our geer · trussid · both more and lesse. All is packt.  
Mary, for to plesse you with all humylite,  
I shall go be-fore · and lede forth your asse. 280 Joseph leads the  
asse.

[¶ Here mary and Ioseph shall go out of þe place  
and þe goddes shall falle, and than shall come in the  
women of Israel · with yong children in ther armys,  
and than the knyghtes shall go to them, sayng as  
foluyth :

[Scene 3. *Bethlehem.*]

I<sup>us</sup> Miles.

The Soldiers ¶ Herke, ye wyffys, we be come your housholdes to visite;  
though ye be neuer so wroth nor wood,  
with sharpe swerdes that redely wiȝt byte, 283  
come to kill all your children under two, 1 your children of to year' age, in our' cruell mood,  
thurghē-out at̃ bethleem to kylle *and* shed̃ ther yong blood,

[leaf 152] As we be bound be the commaundement of̃ þ<sup>e</sup> kyng.  
who that seith nay, we shaȝt make a flood  
To renne in the stretis · by ther blood̃ shedyng. 288

ij<sup>us</sup> Miles.

¶ Therfor vnto vs · ye make a delyueraunce  
Of̃ your' yong children), · and that a-none;  
and will slay all who resist them. Or elles be Mahounde we shaȝt geve you a myschaunce;  
Our' sharpe swerdes thurgh your bodies shaȝt goon). 292

Watkyn).

Therfor beware, · for we wiȝt not leve oon  
In at̃ this Cuntre that shaȝt vs escape;  
I shaȝt rather slee them euerychoon),  
& make them to lye *and* mowe like an ape. 296

Prima mulier.

The Mothers denounce these Murderers, ¶ ffe on you, traitours of̃ cruell tormentrye,  
wiche with your swerdes of̃ mortaȝt violens,

Secunda mulier.

Our' yong children), that can no socour' but crie,  
wyȝt slee *and* deuoure · in ther Innocens. 300

Tercia mulier.

Ye false traitours · vnto god̃ ye do grett offens  
to sle *and* morder' yong children) · þat in þer cradeȝt  
slumber.

<sup>1</sup> alle put before your; and of altered to within in a later hand.

iiij<sup>a</sup> mulier.

but we women shal make a-geyns you resistens,  
after our power, your malice to encomber. 304

and declare  
they'll resist.

Watkyn.

¶ Peas, you folysshe quenyys! wha shuld you defende  
A-geyns vs armyd men in this appaile?  
we be bold men, and the kyng vs ded sende  
Hedyr in-to this Cuntre to hold with you bataile. 308

prima mulier.

ffye vpon the, coward, of the I wil not faile  
to dubbe the knyght with my rokke rounde!  
women be ferse when thei list to assaile,  
Suche prowde boyes to caste to the grounde. 312

One Mother  
threatens  
Watkyn.

Watkyn.

Avaunt, ye skowtys, I defye you euery-chone,  
ffor I wole bete you att my-self a-lone.

[Hic occident pueros. The Children  
are kild.]

I<sup>a</sup> mulier.

¶ Alas, alasse, good Gossypes this is a sorowfull payn,  
To se our dere Children that be so yong, 316  
With these Caytyves thus sodeynly to be slayn;  
A vengeaunce I aske on them att for this grett wrong.

[leaf 152, back]  
The Mothers  
call for venge-  
ance on the  
Murderers

ij<sup>a</sup> mulier.

And a very myscheff mut come them a-monge,  
wherso-euer thei be come or goon, 320  
ffor thei haue kyled my yong sone Iohn.

iiij<sup>a</sup> mulier.

¶ Gossippis, a shamefull deth I aske vpon herowde our  
kyng,  
that thus rygorously our children hath slayn.

and King Herod.

iiij<sup>a</sup> mulier.

I pray god bryng hym to an Ille endyng<sup>1</sup>, 324  
And in helle pytte to dwelle euer in peyn

[—] and alle his  
bloode crasht.]

Watkyn).

Watkyn rebukes  
the Mothers.

What, ye harlottes, I haue aspied certeyn  
that ye be traytours to my lord the kyng,  
& therfor I am sure · ye shaſſ haue an Ille endyng. 328

I<sup>a</sup> mulier.

¶ If ye abide, watkyn, you *and* I shaſſ game  
with my distaff that is so Rounde.

ij<sup>a</sup> mulier.

And if I seas, thanne haue I shame  
tyſſ thu be fellid down · to the grounde. 332

ijj<sup>a</sup> mulier.

They threaten  
to beat him,

And I may gete the with-in my bounde,  
with this staff I shaſſ make the lame.

Watkyn).

Yee, I come no more ther, · be seynt Mahound,  
ffor if I do · me thynketh I shaſſ be made tame. 336

I<sup>a</sup> mulier.

¶ A-byde, Watkyn · I shaſſ make the a knyght.

Watkyn).

and, though he  
brags,

thu make me a knyght · that were on the newe!  
but for shame · my trouthe I you plighſſ,  
I shuld bete you bak *and* side tyſſ it were blewe; 340  
but, be my god Mahounde that is so true,  
[leaf 158] my hert be-gynne to fayle *and* waxeth feynt,  
Or elles be Mahoundes blood · ye shuld it rue;  
but ye shaſſ lose your goodes as traitours atteynt. 344

I<sup>a</sup> mulier.

¶ what, thu Iavell · canst not haue do?  
thu *and* thi Cumpany shaſſ not depart,  
tyſſ of our distavys · ye haue take part:  
therfor, ley on gossippes · with a mery hart, 348  
And lett them not · from vs goo.

they beat him.

[here thei shaſſ bete watkyn, · *and* the knyghtes



shaH come to rescue hym, · and than thei go to  
Herowd þus sayng :

[Scene 4. Jerusalem.]

I<sup>us</sup> miles.

¶ Honorable prynce · of grett apparayle, 350 The Soldiers tell  
thurgH Jerusalem and Jude · your wyH we haue wrought;  
ffulH suerly harneyseH · in armour of plate and maile,  
The Children of IsraeH · vnto deth we haue brought. that they've  
killd

ij<sup>us</sup> miles.

Syr, to werke your commaundement we lettid nought,  
In the stretes, of the children to make a flooH; all the Children  
We spariH neither · for care nor thougH, 356  
Thurgh bethlem · to shede aH the yong blood. in Bethlehem.

Watkyn.

[one stanza on a  
separate slip]

In ffeyth, my lord · aH the Children be dede,  
And aH the men · out of the Cuntre be goon;  
Ther be but women, and thei crie in euery stede, 360 The Mothers cry  
'A vengeaunce take kyng herode · for he hath our children on him.  
sloow' !

And bidde A myscheff take hym both evyn and morn :  
ffor kylling of ther children, on you thei crie oute,  
And thus goth your name aH the Cuntre a-bought. 364

Herodes.

¶ Oute, I am madde · my wyttes be ner goon, Herod laments ;  
I am wo for the wrokyng<sup>1</sup> · of this werke wylde, [? for workyng  
ffor as wele I haue slayn my ffrendes as my foon ;  
wherfor I fere · deth hath me begyled, 368  
not-witHstondyng, syn thei be aH defyled,  
& on þ<sup>e</sup> yong blood of bethlem · wrought wo and wrake,  
yitt I am in no certeyn of that yong child ;  
Now for woo myn herte gynneth to quake. 372 his heart  
quakes ;  
¶ Alas, I am so sorowfulH · and sett out<sup>2</sup> of Sadnes ; he is sad.  
I Chille and Chever for this Orrible chaunce ; [leaf 153, back]

[<sup>2</sup> in has been substituted for out, by a later hand.]

Herod orders his  
men to seek out  
Jesus.

I commaunde you aȝ, as ye wole stond in my grace,  
after this yong kyng · to make good enqueraunce ; 376  
And he þat bryngeth me tydynges · I shaȝ hym  
aunaunce.

now vnto my chamber · I purpose me this tyde,  
And I charge you to my preceptes geve attendaunce  
In any place wher ye goo or Ryde. 380

Herod quakes,  
tears his robes  
in two,

¶ What out, out, alas ! · I wene I shaȝ dey þis day ;  
my hert tremelith *and* quakith for ffeer',  
my Robys I rende a to · for I am in a fray  
that my hert wiȝ brest a-sunder evyn heer'. 384  
my lord Mahound, I pray the with hert enteer'  
take my soule in-to thy holy hande,  
ffor I fele be my hert · I shaȝ dey evyn heer',  
ffor my legges ffalter, I may no lenger stande. 388

and dies.

[here dieth herowde, · *and* Symeon) shaȝ sey as  
foluyth :

[Scene 5. Jerusalem]

Symeon).

Vacat ab hinc.  
[in later hand]

Simeon prays  
God for grace

¶ Now, god, that art both lok *and* keye  
of aȝ goodnesse *and* goostly gouernaunce,  
So yeve vs grace thi lawys to obeye,  
that we vn-to the · do no displesaunce ; 392  
lett thi grace of mercifull haboundaunce  
Vpon me shyne, that callid am Symeon),  
So that I may without any variaunce  
Teche thi people · thi lawis euery-chon. 396

to teach the  
people.

He praises God  
for the  
[leaf 154]  
Incarnation.

¶ ffrom the sterriȝ hevyn) · lord, thu list come down)  
In-to the Closett of a pure virgyn),  
Our kynde to take · for mannys saluacion).  
Thi grett mercy, thu lowe lyst enclyne, 400  
lyke as prophetys · by grace that is divyne  
haue prophecied of the · sythe longe afforn) ;

It is fulfilled, I knowe, be ther doctryne,  
 & of a chast maide · I wote wele thou art born). 404

¶ Now, good lord, hertly I the pray 405 Symeon prays  
 here my requeste grounde vpon right;  
 Most blisse lord, lett me neuer dey  
 Tyll that I of the may haue a sight! 408  
 Thou art so gloryous, so blisse, and so bright,  
 that thi presence to me shuld be gret solas.  
 I shall not reste, but pray bothe day and nyght,  
 Tyll I may behold, o lord, thi swete face. 412 till he has seen  
 Jesus.

## [Scene 6. Jerusalem]

Sc. vi. Jerusalem.

[Her shall our lady come forth holdyng Iesu in hir  
 armys, and sey this language foluyng to Ioseph.]

Maria.

¶ Ioseph, my Spouse · tyme it is we goo 413 Mary tells  
 Vn-to the Temple to make an Offrynge  
 Of our swete sone; · the lawe commaundith so,  
 And ij yonge dowys · with vs for to bryng 416  
 In-to a prestes handes · with-oute tarieng.  
 I shall presente · for an obseruaunce  
 Our babe so blisse · wiche is but yonge;  
 With me to go · I pray you make purviaunce. 420

Ioseph.

[leaf 154, back]

¶ Most blisse Spouse · me list not to feyne. 421  
 ffayn wold I plesse you · with hooft affection)  
 behold now, wyff · her are dowys tweyne  
 Of wiche ye shall make an oblacion 424 Joseph brings  
 With our child of full grett devocion). the Doves, and  
 Goth forth a-form · hertly I you pray, says  
 And I shall folue · voide of presumpcion)  
 with true entent · as an old man may. 428 he'll follow her  
 humbly.

[¶ here Maria *and* Ioseph go toward the temple  
with Iesu *and* ij dowes, *and* our lady seith vnto  
Symeon) :—

Maria.

Mary asks  
Symeon to

¶ HeyH, holy Symeon) · full of grett vertu, 429  
To make an Offryng · I gan my-self purveye  
Of my souereigne sone · that callid is Iesu,  
with ij yonge dowes the lawe to Obeye; 432  
Toward this temple · grace list me conveye,  
Of goddes sone to make a presentacion);  
wherfore, Symeon) · hertly I you pray,  
In-to your handes · take myn) oblacion. 436

take her  
offering.

[¶ her shaH symeon) receyve of maria, Iesu *and* ij  
dowis, *and* holde Iesu in his armys expownyng nunc  
dimittis, &c., seying thus :—

Symeon).

Symeon accepts  
it,

¶ wolcome, lord · excellent of power; 437  
And wolcome, Maria · with your sone souereigne!  
Your oblacion · of hood herte *and* enteer  
I receyue with these · dowys tweyn); 440  
wolcome, babe! for Ioye what may I seyn)?  
[leaf 155]  
Atwen) myn) armys · now shaH I the embrace;  
takes the babe  
Jesus in his  
arms,  
My prayer, lord, was not made in veyn,  
ffor now I se thy celestiaH face. 444

[here declare[th he<sup>1</sup>] nunc dimittis.

thanks God for  
thesight of Him,

¶ O blissed lord, after thi langage, 445  
In parfight peas now lett thy seruauunt reste,  
ffor why · myn) eyen) haue seyn) thi visage,  
& eke thyn) helthe · thurgh my meke request. 448  
Of the derk dungeon) · let the gates brest  
be-fore the face · of thyn) people alle.  
thu hast brought triacle *and* bawme of the best,  
with Souereigne Suger · geyn) aH bitter galle. 452

[<sup>1</sup> or they : MS. is torn.]

¶ I mene thi self; lord: gracious *and* benigne, 453 and blesses Him  
 That woldest come down from thy[n] high glorie for coming on  
 Poyson to repelle: thi *mercy* doth now shyne, earth  
 To chaunge thynges: that are transitory; 456  
 Thu art the light *and* the hevynly skye  
 To the relevyng of folk most cruell; to relieve His  
 Thu hast brought gladnesse to our oratorye, folk.  
 And enlumyned thy people of Israell. 460

[Here shaft Anna, prophetissa, sey thus to Virgynes:]

Anna, prophetissa.

¶ Ye pure Virgynes: in that ye may or can, 461 Anna bids the  
 with tapers of wax: loke ye come forth here Virgins worship  
 & worship this child: very god *and* man, the boy Jesus.  
 Offrid in this temple: be his moder dere. 464

[her, virgynes, as many as a man wyth, shaft holde  
 tapers in ther handes, and the first seyth:]

Prima virgo.

[leaf 155, back]

As ye comaunde, we shal do our dever, [a different hand]  
 that lord to ples / echon for our partye,  
 he makyth vn[-to] vs so comfortable chere,  
 that we must nedes this babe magnifie. 468

Symeon.

Now, mary, I shaft tell you how I am purposed: 469 Symeon resolves  
 to worshiþe this lord / I wil go procession; to go in pro-  
 ffor I se anna, with virgynes disposed, cession  
 mekly as nowe, to your sonys laudacion. 472

Maria.

blissed Symeon, with hertly affeccion,  
 as ye han seyð, I concent therto.

Ioseph.

In worshiþe of our Child, with gret devotion, round the Tem-  
 abought the tempitt / in ordir let vs go. 476 ple in honour of  
 Christ.

Symeon).

Symeon bids the  
Virgins sing    ye virgynes alle / *with feythfull intent*    477  
                          dispose your' silf' a song' for to synge,  
                          to worship this Child *that is her' present,*  
                          whiche to mankende gladnes list brynge,    480  
 [' MS. wiche] In tokyn our' hertes / withe<sup>1</sup> Ioye doth spryng:  
                          betwyn myn armys *this babe shalbe born.*  
                          now, ye virgynis, to this lordes preysyng  
 Nunc Dimittis    syngyth nunc dimittis / of whiche I spak' afforn.    484  
 in praise of  
Jesus.                   [¶ here shal Symeon bere Iesu in his armys, goyng'  
                          a procession rounde aboute *the tempel*; and al *this*  
                          wyle *the* virgynis synge nunc dimittis, and whan  
                          *that is don*, Symeon seyth:

Symeon).

Symeon shows  
how the wax,  
wick, and light  
of the taper are  
emblems of  
Christ's quali-  
ties.    ¶ O Iesu, chef' cause of our' welfare,    485  
                          In yone tapir therbe thing' iij<sup>e</sup>,  
                          wax, week' and light, whiche I sha'll declare  
                          to *the* apporprid' by moralite;    488  
                          lord, wax betoknyth / thyn humanyte,  
                          & week' betoknyth / thy soule most swete;  
 [leaf 156] yone lyght I lykene / to *the* godhed' of the,  
                          brighter' than phebus / for al his fervent hete.    492  
                          Pes *and* mercy han set in the, her' swete,    493  
                          to slake *the* sharpnes, o lord' of' rigour,—  
 He declares the  
Boy to be very  
God and Man,    very god' *and* man' / gun to-gedir' mete.  
                          In the tabiracle / of' thy modrys bower',    496  
                          now shalt *thu* exile / wo *and* all langour',  
                          & of' mankende tappese infernal' stryf.  
                          Record' of' prophetes, thou shalt be redemptour',  
                          and singuler' repast of' euerlastyng' lyf.    500  
 and rejoices to  
behold Him.    My spretes Ioyen // *thou* art so amyable,    501  
                          I am nat wery / to loke on *thi* face;  
                          our' trewe entent / let it be acceptable  
                          To *the* honor of the shewyd' in this place.    504

ffor thy *seruauntes* a dwellynge thou shalt purchase,  
 brighte<sup>r</sup> than beraht outhe<sup>r</sup> clere cristah; 508  
*the* to worshiþe as cheft welle of grace,  
 On both my knees / now down knele I shah.

Maria.

Now, Semyon, take me / my child, *that* is so bright, Mary asks  
Symeon for her  
Child.  
 Cheft lodesterre / of my felicyte,  
 and all *that* longyth / to *the* lawe of right  
 I shah obeye / as it lyth in me. 512

Symeon.

*this* lord, I take you / knelyng<sup>t</sup> on my kne, He, kneeling,  
 Whiche shah to blisse folk<sup>t</sup> ageyn restore,  
 and eke be called tonne of tranquylte,  
 to yeve hem drynke / *that* han thrusty<sup>d</sup> sore. 516  
 [her she receyveth hir sone *thus* seyeng<sup>t</sup> : gives her the  
Boy,

Maria.

Now is myn offryng<sup>t</sup> to an ende conveyed; 517  
 wherfore, Symeon, hens I wole wende.

Symeon.

The lawes, Mary, ful weh ye han obbeyed, [leaf 156, back]  
 In this tempitt / with hert *and* mende : 520  
 nowe ferweh, lord, comfort to all mankende;  
 farweh, Maria *and* Ioseph, on you waytyng<sup>t</sup>. and bids them  
farewell.

Ioseph.

Selestiaht socour<sup>t</sup> / our sone mot you sende,  
 and for his high mercy // yeve you his blissing<sup>t</sup>. 524  
 [¶ here maria *and* Ioseph goyng<sup>t</sup> from *the* tempitt,  
 seyng<sup>t</sup> :

Maria.

husbond, I thenke you / of your Gentilnes 525 Mary thanks  
Joseph for his  
kindness.  
*that* ye han shewed onto me this day,

with our' child, most gracious of' godenes;  
let vs go hens, hertly I you pray. 528

Ioseph.

Joseph promises to cherish his wife Mary. go forthe afforn, my ovne wyf, I sey, 529  
& I shaft come aftir, stil vpon this ground.  
ye shal me fynde plesant at euery assaye;  
to cherysshe you, wyf, gretly am I bounde. 532

Symeon.

Symeon is glad he has seen Christ, Nowe may I be glad in myn Inward mende,  
for I haue seyn Iesu with my bodely eye,  
wiche on a cros shaft bey al men-kende,  
slayn by Iwes at the mount of calvery; 536  
and throwe devyn grace here I wiþ provysye  
and foretells Mary's suffering when her Son is on the Cross. Of blisseð mary howe she shaft suffre peyn,  
whan hir swete sone shaft on a rood deye; 539  
A sharpe Sward of Sorowe shaft cleve hir hert atweyn.

Anna, prophetissa, hertly I prey you nowe 541  
doth your' devir and your' diligent labour,  
and take these virgynis euerychon with you,  
and teche hem to plesse god of most honour 544

[leaf 157]

Anna, prophetissa.

lyke as ye say, I wiþ do this hour.  
Anna bids the Virgins honour Christ. ye chast virgynis with all humylite,  
Worshiþe we Iesu, that shalbe our' sauour;  
alle at ones come on, and folowe me, 548  
[first hand again] & shewe ye summe plesur as ye can,  
In the worshiþe of Iesu, our lady, and seynt Anne. 550

Anna, prophet[issa] & [omnes] tripident.

Epilogue.

[Epilogue.]

¶ Poeta.

¶ Honorable souereignes, thus we conclude 551  
Our' mater that we haue shewid here in your presens,



And though our' eloquens be but rude,  
 we beseche you aH, of' your' paciens 554 The Poet begs  
 To pardon vs of' our' offens; pardon for  
 ffor after the sympyH cunnyng that we can, shortcomings,  
 This mater' we haue shewid to your audiens, 557  
 In the worshiþe of' our' lady, and hir moder seynt Anne.

¶ Now of this pore processe we make an ende, 559  
 thankyng you aH of' your good attendaunce;  
 and the next yeer, as we be purposid in our' mynde, and promises  
 The disputacion of' the doctours to shew in your presens. shall play the  
 wherfor now, ye virgynes, er we go hens, 563 Disputacion of the  
 with aH your cumpany, you goodly avaunce. Doctors next  
 Also ye menstralles doth your diligens, year.  
 A-fore our' departyng geve vs a daunce. 566

¶ ffinis.

Anno domini Millesimo<sup>1</sup>, CCCCCxij.

[? later hand]

[<sup>1</sup> P MS]

¶ THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS.

The poete	} Summa xvij.
kyng Herowde	
j <sup>te</sup> knyght	
the ij <sup>de</sup> knyght	
iiij <sup>de</sup> knyght	
iiii <sup>th</sup> knyght	
watkyn, Messanger	
Symeon the bysshope	
Ioseph	
Maria	
Anna prophetissa	
A virgyn	
Angelus	
j <sup>a</sup> mulier	
ij <sup>a</sup> mulier	
iiij <sup>a</sup> mulier	
iiij <sup>a</sup> mulier	

Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This line was not written at the same time as the writing above; it is in a different coloured ink.

## THE CONVERSION OF S<sup>t</sup> PAUL.

(In 7-line Stanzas, ababbcc.)

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[This play comes before the *Killing of the Children* in the composite Digby MS. as at present bound. The Festival of The Conversion of St Paul, January 25, also comes before that of Childermas or Innocents' Day, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28<sup>1</sup>; and before Candlemas Day, February 2. But as Mysteries were usually acted in the 'chronological order' of the facts they represented, that order is kept here.]

<sup>1</sup> The Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Legal year began at Christmas, till the end of the 13th century. Thenceforward till Jan. 1, 1753, it began on the 25th of March.

# [THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.

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Poeta, p. 27, 33, 40, 41.

Saulus, p. 27, 33, 46.

Caypha, p. 28, 42.

Anna, p. 28, 42.

Primus Miles, p. 29, 37, 41.

Secundus Miles, p. 29, 37, 41.

Servus, p. 30.

Stabularyus, p. 30.

Deus, p. 34.

Ananias, p. 35.

Spiritus Sanctus, 38.

Belyall, p. 43.

Mercury, another deuyll, p. 44.

Servus Sacerdotum, p. 49.

Angelus, p. 51.]

[THE CONVERSION OF S<sup>t</sup> PAUL.]

[Digby MS. 133, leaf 37, in a third hand.]

[1<sup>st</sup> Station.]Poeta. <sup>1</sup>Myles Blomefylde.<sup>1</sup> Prologue.

Rex glorie, kyng<sup>t</sup> omnipotent,  
 Redemer of *the* world by the pouer diuine,  
 and maria, *that* pure vyrgy[n] quene most excellent,  
 wyche bare *that* blyssyd<sup>t</sup> babe, Iesu, *that* for vs sufferd  
 payne, 4  
 vnto whoys goodnes I do inclyne,  
 besechyng *that* lord of hys pytous Influens,  
 to preserue & gouerne thys wyrshypfull audyens. 7 preserve this  
 ¶ Honorable frendes, besechyng<sup>t</sup> yow of lycens, 8 audience!  
 to procede owr processe, we may, vnder your correccion, We're going to  
 the conuersyon of<sup>t</sup> seynt paule, as *the* byble gyf<sup>t</sup> experyens, of *the* Conversion  
 of *St. Paul.*  
 whoo lyst to rede *the* booke · Actum Appostolorum, 11  
 ther shaft he haue *the* very notycyon;  
 but as we can, we shall vs redres,  
 Brefly with yowr fauour begynnyng<sup>t</sup> owr proces. 14 Daunce<sup>2</sup>  
 [here entryth saule, goodly besene in *the* best wyse / Sc. i. Jerusalem.  
 lyke an aunterous knyth, thus sayyng<sup>t</sup>: Enter Saul.

Saulus.

Most dowtyd<sup>t</sup> man, I am lyuyng vpon the ground, 15 I'm the most  
 goodly besene with many a riche garment. feared and most  
 my pere on lyue I trow ys nott found,  
 thorow *the* world, fro *the* oryent to *the* occydent, 18  
 my fame ys best knowyn vnder *the* fyrmament; · renownd man  
 I am most drad of<sup>t</sup> pepull vnyuersall, under the sky.  
 they dare not dyspease my most noble. 21

<sup>1</sup>—1 In a later hand.<sup>2</sup> Daunce is in a later hand.

My name is  
SAUL, ¶ Saule ys my name, I wyll *that* ye notyfy, 22  
whych conspyreth the dyscyplys *with* thretes *and* menaces,  
be-fore *the* prynces of prestes most hye *and* noble,  
and I get  
Christ's disciples  
punisht. I bring' them to pūnyshement for ther trespass. 25  
we wyll them nott suffer to rest in no place ;  
[leaf 37, back] ifor they go a-bouzte to preche *and* gyff' exemplis,  
To destroye our lawes, sinagoges, and templis. 28  
By the god' bellyaH I schall make progresse, 29  
Vnto the princes both Caypha And Anna,  
wher' I schall aske of them in suernes,  
I'll pursue em  
thro Damascus  
and Lybia. To persue thorow all dammask' *and* liba, 32  
And thus we schall soone after than  
Bryng them *that* so do lyff' in-to Ierusalem,  
Both man and child that I fynd' of them. 35

[Her cummyth sale to caypha *and* anna, prestes of *the*  
tempyH.

Saul asks the  
priests Caypha  
and Anna for  
letters to quell  
the Christian  
rebels. NobyH prelates and princes of Regalyte, 36  
Desyryng' and askyng' of your benyngne wurthynes,  
Your letters *and* epystolys of most souerente,  
To subdue rebellyons that wyll of frawardnes, 39  
A-gaynst our lawes rebeH or transgresse,  
Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obiecc[i]on,  
To pursue all such I wyll do proteccion. 42

Caypha.

Caypha and To your desyer we gyff' perfyth sentens, 43  
Accordyng' to your petycions that ye make postulacion,  
By-cause we know your trewe delygens,  
To persue aH tho *that* do reprobacion 46  
A-gayns owur lawes by ony redarguacion ;  
wherefor shortly we gyf in commandmeit  
To put down them *that* be dy[s]obedyeit. 49

Anna.

[leaf 38]  
Anna give the  
letters, And by thes letturs *that* be most reuerrent, 50  
Take them in hand, full agre *ther*-to,

Constreyn all rebellys by owur hole assent,  
 We gyf yow full power so to doo. 53  
 Spare not hardly for frend nor foo,  
 All thos ye fynd of *that* lyfe in thys realme  
 Bounde, loke ye bryng<sup>t</sup> them in-to Ierusalem. 56  
 [Her saule resayuyth ther letters.

Saulus.

Thys precept here I take in hande, 57  
 To fullfy<sup>h</sup> after yowur wylls both,  
 wher I shall spare *with-in this* londe  
 nother man nor woman; to *this* I make an oth; 60  
 But to subdue I wy<sup>h</sup> not be loth:  
 Now folow me, knyts *and* seruafites trewe,  
 In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe. 63

Primus miles.

Vnto your commaundment I do obeysaunce; 64  
 I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacion,  
 But *with* good mynd *and* harty plesau<sup>n</sup>ce  
 I shall yow succede *and* make perambulation, 67  
 Thorow-oute damaske *with* all delectacion,  
 And all thoo rebell *and* make resystens,  
 ffor to oppres I wy<sup>h</sup> do my delygens. 70

Secundus miles.

And in me shalbe no neclygens, 71  
 But to thys precept my-self I shall applye  
 To do your behest *with* all conuenyens, to do his behest  
*With-owt* eny frowardnes or eny obstynacy; 74  
 non shall appere in me but verely,  
*with* all my mynd I yow insure,  
 To resyst tho rebelles I wy<sup>h</sup> do my cure. 77

Saulus.

Truly to me yt ys grett consolacion 78 [leaf 38, back]  
 To here thys report *that* ye do avayns

ffor your sapyencya<sup>h</sup> wyttes I gyf<sup>t</sup> commendacion,  
 Euer at my nede I haue founde yow constant; 81  
 But knytes *and* seruuan<sup>t</sup>es that be so plesaunt,  
 I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng,  
 To spede my lurney *with-owt* lettyng<sup>t</sup>. 84  
 [here goyth sale forth a lyty<sup>h</sup> a-syde for to make hym  
 redy to ryde / the seruuant thus seyng<sup>t</sup> :

*seruus.*

His man asks  
 the Ostler for  
 a bottle of hay,  
 and scolds him.  
 How, hosteler, how, a peck of oty<sup>s</sup> *and* a botell of<sup>t</sup> haye;  
 Com of<sup>t</sup> a pase, or I wy<sup>h</sup> to a-nother Inne;  
 What, hosteler, why *commyst* not thy way?  
 Hye *the* faster, I beshrew *thi* skynne. 88

*Stabularyus.*

The Ostler  
 declares he's a  
 gentleman's  
 servant.  
 I am non hosteler nor non hostelers kynne,  
 But a Ientylmanys seruuant, I *thou* dost know;  
 Such crabyysh wordes do aske a blow. 91

*Seruus.*

I cry yow mercy, *sir*. I wyst we<sup>h</sup> sum-what ye were, 92  
 ' Well, you are a  
 Gentleman,  
 or a Knave.  
*owther* a gentyлма<sup>n</sup> or a knaue . me thynkyth by your  
 physnomy;  
 yf on loke yow in *the* face *that* neuer se yow ere  
 wold thynk ye were at *the* next dore by. 95  
 I thought you'd  
 been an Ostler.  
 I saw another  
 Gentleman and  
 you carrying a  
 barrowful of  
 dogs' turds;  
 In good fayth I wenyd yow had bene an hosteler verely;  
 I sye suche a-nother Ientylman *with* yow, a barowfu<sup>h</sup>  
 bare  
 of horsdowng<sup>t</sup> *and* dogges tordes, *and* sych ( ther gere, 98  
 And how yt happenyd a meruelous chance be-tyde: 99  
 Your felow was not suer of<sup>t</sup> foote, *and* yet he went very  
 brode,<sup>1</sup>  
 Butt in a cow tord<sup>e</sup> both d<sup>y</sup>d ye slyde;  
 And as I wene your nose *ther-in* rode, 102  
 Your face was be-paynt<sup>y</sup>d *with* sowters code;

[<sup>1</sup> substituted for wyde.]



I sey neuer sych a syzt, I make god a vow, [leaf 89]  
ye were so be-grymlyd *and* yt had bene a sowe. 105

Stabularius.

In fayth *thou* neuer syest me tyll *this* day: 106 'Why, you never  
I haue dwellyd *with* my master thys vij zere *and* more; saw me before  
ffull well I haue pleasyd hym, he wyll not say nay, to-day!'  
And mykyl he makyth of me therfore. 109

Seruus.

By my trowth *than* be ye changyd to a new lore; 'Then you're  
A seruand ye are *and* *that* a good, translated!  
ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood. You're a first-  
rate servant.' 112

Stabularius.

ffor soth *and* a hood I vse for to were, 113 'Go to! I wear  
ffull well yt ys lynyd *with* sylk *and* chamlett; a hood lined  
yt kepyth me fro the cold *that* the wynd doth me not with silk.'  
dere,  
nowther frost nor snow *that* I therby do sett. 116

Seruus.

yea, yt ys a dobyll hood *and* *that* a fett;  
he was a good man *that* made yt, I warant yow;  
he was nother horse ne mare<sup>1</sup>, nor yet yokyd sow. 119

[Here commyth the fyrst knyth to the stabyl grom,  
sayng':

Primus miles.

Now, stabyll grom, shortly bryng' forth away 120 Saul's Knight  
The best horse, for owur lorde wyll ryde. bids the Ostler  
bring out his  
best horse.

Stabularius.

I am full redy; here ys a palfray,  
There can no man a better bestryde: 123  
He wyll conducte owur lorde, *and* gyde

[<sup>1</sup> MS. mare.]

Thorow the world he ys sure *and* abyH  
 To bere a gentyllman, he [is] esy *and* prophetabyH. 126  
 [Her *the* knyth cummyth to saule *with* a horse.

*Primus miles.*

Saul's knight brings him his horses,	Behold, <i>sir</i> saule, your palfray ys com, fuH goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer To take yowur vyage thorow euery regyon.	127
[leaf 89, back]	Be nott in dowt, he wyH spede your mater, And we as <i>your seruantes</i> with glad chere Shall gyf attendance; we wyll nott gaynsay, But folow yow where ye go be ny3t or day.	130   133

and says his  
servants 'll  
follow him  
anywhere.

*Saulus.*

Saul starts on his journey.	Vnto Damask I make my <i>progressyon</i> , To pursue aH rebellyoūs beyng' froward <i>and</i> obstynate Agayns our lawes be ony transgressyon. <i>with</i> aH my delygens · my-self I wyH prepare, Concernyng' my purpose to oppres <i>and</i> separate; Non shaH reioyce that doth offend, But vtterly to reprove <i>with</i> mynde <i>and</i> intende. [Her sale rydyth forth <i>with</i> hys <i>seruantes</i> a-bowt <i>the</i> place, [&] owt of <i>the</i> pl[ace].	134   137   140
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*Caypha.*

The priests, Caypha and	Now saule hath takyn hys wurthy wyage To pursue rebellyous · of what degre <i>thei</i> be; He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue passage <i>with</i> -In aH thys regyon we be in <i>sertayn</i> : wherefor I commende hys goodly dygnyte, That he thus aluay takyth in hande By hys power to gouerne thus all thys lande	141   144   147
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*Anna.*

Anna, praise	We may lyue in rest by hys consolacion; He defendyth vs, where-for we be bownde	148
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To loue hym intyrelly *with our harttes affeccion*,  
 And honour hym as champyon in euery stownde; 151 Saul as their  
 ther ys non suche lyuyng' vpon *the grownde*, champion.  
 That may be lyke<sup>1</sup> hym nor be hys pere,  
 Be est nor west, ferre nor nere. 154

Poeta—si placet.

Conclusyon.

ffynally of *this* stacon thus we mak a conclusyon), 155 *Epilogue to*  
*Act I.*  
 besechyng' thys audyens to folow *and succede*  
 with all your delygens *this generall processyon*,  
 To vnderstande *this* matter wo lyst to rede 158  
 The holy bybyth for *the* better spede;  
 Ther shall he haue *the* perfyth intellygens,  
 And *thus* we comyt yow to crystys magnyfycens. 161

ffinis Istius stacionis, et altera sequitur.

[*2nd Station.*]

Poeta.

Honorable frendes, we beseche yow of audyens, 162 [*leaf 40*]  
 To here our intencion *and* also our prosses *Act II.*  
 Vpon our matter : be your fauorable lycens *Prologue.*  
 A-nother part of *the* story we wyll redres; 165  
 Here shalbe brefly shewyd *with all our besynes*  
 At thys pagent saynt poullys conuercyon;  
 Take ye good hede *and* ther-to gyf affeccion. 168 St. Paul's Con-  
 version is now  
 to be playd.

[Here commyth saule rydyng' in *with hys seruantes*.

Saulus.

My purpose to Damask fully I intende, 169 *Scene i.*  
 To pursuwe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply, *The Road to*  
 ffor to breke down the chyrchys thus I condescende. *Damascus.*  
 Non I wyll suffer that [they] shall edyfey, 172  
 perchauñce owur lawes than myzte ther-by,  
 And the pepuþ also turne *and* conuerte.

Saul declares  
 he'll persecute  
 Christ's dis-  
 ciples.

[<sup>1</sup> *a late to put above.*]

Saul vows he'll  
bring all the  
Christians  
bound to Jeru-  
salem.

whych shuld<sup>d</sup> be gret heuynes vnto myn hart. 175  
Nay, *that* shaft nott be butt layd a-part. 176  
*the* prynces haue gouyn me full potestacion.  
All that I fynd *thei* shaft nott start,  
But bounde to Ierusalem, *with* furyous vyolacion, 179  
Be-for cesar caypha, *and* annas presentacion,  
Thus shalbe subduyd · tho wretchys of *that* lyfe  
That non shall in-Ioy nother man chyde nor wyfe. 182

He's struck by  
lightning, and  
falls off his  
horse.

[Here commyth a feruent *with* gret tempest<sup>1</sup>, and  
saule faulyth down of hys horse : *that* done, godhed  
spekyth in heuyn].

Deus.

Christ rebukes  
him.

Saule, saule, why dost *thou* me pursue ? 183  
yt ys hard to pryke a-gayns *the* spore  
I am *thi* savyour *that* ys so trwe,  
whych made heuyn *and* erth *and* eche creature ; 186  
offende nott my goodnes I wyll *the* recure

[leaf 40, back]

Saulus.

Saul asks what  
Christ would  
have him do.

O lord, I am a-ferd, I trymble for fere,  
what woldyst I ded, tell me here. 189

Deus.

Christ bids him  
go into the city  
close by.

A-ryse *and* goo *thou* wyth glad chere 190  
In-to the Cyte a lytyll be-syde,  
And I shall *the* socor in euery dere  
That no maner of yth xalbe-tyde, 193  
And I wyll ther for the prouyde  
by my grete goodnes what *thou* shalt doo ;  
Hy *the* as fast thether as *thou* mast goo. 196

Saulus.

Saul is lame  
and blind.

O mercyfull god, what alyth me ? 197  
I am lame, my legges be take me fro,  
my sygh lykwyse I may nott see ;

<sup>1</sup> A plate of sheet-iron, probably, to imitate thunder.—P. A. D.

I can nott tell whether to goo : 200

my men hath forsake me also.

whether shall I wynde, or whether shall I pas?

lord, I beseche the, helpe me of thy grace. 203 Saul prays to God,

j<sup>us</sup> miles.

Syr, we be here to help the in *thi* nede, 204

with all our affyaunce we wyll not seise.<sup>1</sup>

Sauls.

Than in Damask I pray yow me lede

I godes name, accordyng<sup>t</sup> to my promyse. 207 and bids his knight lead him into Damascus.

2<sup>us</sup> miles.

To put forth yowur hand loke ye dresse,

Cum on your way, we shall yow bryng<sup>t</sup>

In-to *the* cyte with-owt taryng<sup>t</sup>. 210

[Here the knyghtes lede forth sale in-to a place, and *Act II. sc. ii. Damascus.*  
cryst apperyth to annanie, sayng<sup>t</sup> :

Deus.

Ananie, ananie : where art *thou*, ananie? 211 Christ calls Ananias,

Ananias.

Here, lord, I am here trwly.<sup>2</sup> [leaf 41]

Deus.

Go thy way *and* make *thi* curse

As I shall assyng<sup>t</sup> *the* by myn aduysse, 214 and bids him go into Straight Street,

Into *the* strete, qui dicitur rectus,

And in a certayn house of warantyse,

ther shall ye fynd · saule in humble vyse, 217 where he shall find Saul,

As a meke lambe, *that* a wolf before was namyd<sup>t</sup>; 218

Do my behest; be nothyng<sup>t</sup> a-shamyd<sup>t</sup>.

He wanty<sup>th</sup> hys syth, by my punyshment constrayned<sup>t</sup>. blind.

<sup>1</sup> serse? MS.    <sup>2</sup> In lines 212-24 the rymes get mixt.

prayeng' vnto me, I assure *thou* shalt hym fynd', 221  
 with my stroke of pyte, sore ys he paynyde,  
 wantyng' hys sygth, for he ys truly blynyde.

Ananias.

Ananias is  
 afraid to go to  
 Saul,

lord', I am aferd, for aluay in my mind' 224  
 I here so myche of hys furyous cruelte, 225  
 that for spekyng' of *thi* name to deth he will put me.

Deus.

nay, ananie, nay, I assure *the*  
 He wulbe glad of' thy cummyng'. 228

Ananias.

because he has  
 brought God's  
 Saints to death.

A, lord, but I know of' a certayn  
 that thy seyntes in Ierusalem: to deth he doth bryng'.  
 many yllys of hym I haue be kennying',  
 ffor he hath the pour' of' the princes aHe,  
 To saue or spyHe, do which he schall. 233

Deus.

Christ says that  
 Saul is a chosen  
 vessel, and shall  
 be

be nothyng a-drad, he ys a chosen wesseH, 234  
 To me assyngned by my godly eleccion.  
 He shall bere my name · be-fore the kynges · and chylder  
 of IsraeH.

[leaf 41, back]

a pinnacle of  
 the faith;

by many sharpe shoures sufferyng' correccion, . 237  
 a gret doctor of' benyngne compleccion,  
 The trwe precher of' the hye deuynete,  
 A very pynacle of *the* fayth, I ensure the. 240

Ananyas.

lorde, thy commandment I shall fullf;H; 241  
 Vn-to saule I wyH take my waye.

Deus.

Ananias is not  
 to fear him.

be nothyng' in dowte for good' nor yH.  
 fare-well, Ananie, tell saule what I do say. 244

[et exiat Deus.

Ananias.

Blyssyd lord, defende me as *thou* best may;  
 Gretly I fere hys cruell tyranny;  
 But to do *thi* precept my-self I shall applye. 247 Ananias obeys,  
 [Here Ananias goth toward saule. and goes to seek Saul.

1<sup>st</sup> myles.Act II. sc. iii.  
Damascus.

I maruayle gretly what yt doth mene, 248  
 To se owur master in thys hard stounde.  
 The wonder grett lythtys *that* were so shene,  
 smett hym doune of hys hors to *the* grownde, 251  
 And me thowt · that I hard a sounde  
 Of won spekyng · *with* voyce delectable,  
 Whych was to wonderfull myrable. 254 the voice speak-  
 ing to him,

2<sup>nd</sup> myles.

Sertenly thys lyzt was ferefull to see, 255  
 The sperkys of fyre were very feruent,  
 yt inflamyd so greuously about *the* countre,  
 That by my trowth I went we shuld a ben brent. 258 and the sparks  
 of fire that they  
 saw.  
 But now, serys, lett vs relente  
 Agayne to caypha and anna, to tell *this* chaunce,  
 How yt be-fell to vs thys greuauuns. 261

[Her saule ys in contemplacion.<sup>1</sup>

Saulus.

lord, of *thi* counfort moch I desyre, 262 Saul desires  
 comfort from  
 God.  
*thou* myzty prince of Israell · kyng of pyte,  
 whyche me hast punyshyd as *thi* presoner,  
 That nother ete nor dranke · thys dayes thre ; 265 [leaf 42]  
 But, gracyos lorde, of *thi* vysytacyon I thanke the. He has fasted  
 3 days.  
 Thy *seruant* shall I be as long as I haue breth,  
 Thowgh I therfor shuld suffer dethe. 268

[Here commyth anania to saule, sayeng :

<sup>1</sup> MS. contemplacion]

Ananias.

Ananias      Pease be in thys place *and* goodly mansyon ;      269  
 who ys *with-in* ? speke in crystys holy name !

Sa[u]lus.

I am here, saule ! *cum* in on goddes benyson !  
 what ys *your* wyll ? tell *with-owten* blame.      272

Ananias.

tells Saul he's      ffrom almyghty god, *sertanly* to the sent I am,  
 sent by God      and ananie men call me wher as I dweh.  
 to him.

Saulus.

what wold<sup>e</sup> ye haue : I pray yow me tell.      275

Ananias.

Gyfe me *your* hand for *your* awayle,      276  
 Ananias bids      for as I was commaundyd by hys *gracyos* sentens,  
 Saul be stedfast      & bad the be stedfast for *thou* shalt be hayle.  
 ffor thys same cause he sent me to *thi* presens ;      279  
 and remember      Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens,  
 God's excellence.      Be *the* same tokyn *that* he dyd *the* mete,  
 Toward<sup>e</sup> *the* cyte when he apperyd in *the* strete.      282

¶ Ther mayst *thou* know hys power celestyall,      283  
 How he dysposyth euery thyng<sup>e</sup> as hym lyst ;  
 God is almighty,      no thyng<sup>e</sup> may *withstand* hys myzte essency. H,  
 to lift up or cast      To stond vp-ryght, or els doun to thryste.      286  
 down.  
 Thys ys hys powur, yt may not be myste,  
 ffor who *that* yt wantyth / lackyth a frende.  
 Thys ys *the* message *that* he doth *the* sende.      289

[leaf 42, back]

Saulus.

Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom ;      290  
 I am ryght glad *that* yt ys thus.

The Holy Ghost  
 appears.

[Hic aparebit spiritus sanctus super eum.]



Ananias.

Be of good chere <i>and</i> perfyte Iubylacion,	Ananias
Discendet super te spirytus sanctus,	293
whych hath with hys <sup>1</sup> grace illumynynd vs ;	
put fo[r]th thi hond <i>and</i> goo wyth me,	
A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the.	296 restores Saul's sight.

Saulus.

Blyssyd lord, thankys to yow euer bee,	297	Saul blesses Christ for his sight,
The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne ;		
where I was blynyd <i>and</i> coud nott see,		
lord, thou hast sent me my syght agayne.	300	
ffrom sobbyng <i>and</i> wepyng I can not refrayne ;		weeps, and
my pensyue hart, full of contryccion		
ffor my offences, my body shal haue punycyon ;	303	
And where I haue vsed so gret persecucyon,	304	
Of thi descyplys thorow all Ierusalem,		vows that he'll help Christ's disciples.
I wyll [aid] <i>and</i> defende ther predycacyon,		
That th[e]y dyd tech on all this reme.	307	
wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streme,		He asks to be baptizd,
Baptyse me hartely I the praye,	309	
A-mong your numbyr, that I electe <i>and</i> chosen be may.		

Ananias.

On to this well of mych vertu,	311
we wyll vs hye with all our delygens.	

Saulus.

Go yow be-fore, <i>and</i> after I shall sewe,	
laudyng <i>and</i> praysyng our lordes benevolens ;	314 praises God,
I shall neuer offend hys myzty magnyfycens,	
But aluay obserue hys preceptys <i>and</i> kepe :	[leaf 48]
ffor my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth wepe.	317 and repents his sins.

Ananias.

knele ye down vpon thys grownde,	318
Receyuyng thys crystenynge with good intent,	

[<sup>1</sup> MS. hys hys.]

whyche shall make yow hole of your dedly wound,  
 That was infecte *with* venom nocent. 321  
 Yt purgyth synne, and fendes poures so fraudelent  
 It putyth a-syde; where thys doth at-tayne,  
 In euery stede he may not obtayne. 324

Ananias bap-  
 tizes Saul

¶ I crysten yow *with* mynd full perfyght, 325  
 reseuyngt yow in-to owur relygyon,  
 euer to be stedfast *and* neuer to flyt;  
 but euer constant, *with*-owt varyacyon. 328  
 now ys fulfyllyd all our obseruacyon,  
 concludyngt *thou* mayst yt ken,  
 In nomine patris et filij et spiritus sancti. Amen. 331

in the name of  
 Father, Son, and  
 Holy Ghost;

Saulus.

I am ryght glad as foule on flyte, 332  
 That I haue receyuyd *this* blyssyd sacrement.

Ananias.

bids him take  
 food, and stay  
 for a tyme in  
 Damascus.

Com on your way, saule, for nothyngt lett,  
 Take yow sum coumforth for your bodyes noryschment  
 ye shall abyde *with* the dyscyplys verament, 336  
 Thy's many dayes in damask cyte,  
 Vn-tyH *the* tyme more perfyte ye may be. 338

Saulus.

Saul will do as  
 he is bid.

As ye commande, holy father, ananie, 339  
 I full assent at yow[r] request,  
 To be gydyd *and* rulyd as ye wyll haue me,  
 Evyn at your pleasur, as ye thynk best : 342  
 I shall not offend for most nor lest.  
 Go forth yowur way; I wyll succede  
 In-to what place ye wyll me lede. 345

Conclusyo.

Epilogue to  
 Act II.

poeta.

Dauñce

Thus saule ys conuertyd, as ye se expres, 346  
 The very trw seruant of our lord Iesū.

non may be lyke to hys perfyzt holynes,  
 So nobyll a doctor, constant *and* trwe. 349  
 Aftyr hys conuersyon neuer mutable, but styll insue  
 the lawys of god to teche euer more *and* more,  
 As holy scryptur<sup>r</sup> tellyð who-so lyst to loke *ther-fore*. 352

¶ Thus we comyte yow all to *the* trynnye, 353  
 Conkludyng<sup>r</sup> thys stacion as we can or may,  
 vnder *the* correccyon of them *that* letteryð be ;  
 How be yt vnable as I dare speke or say 356  
 The compyler here-of shuld<sup>r</sup> translat veray  
 so holy a story • but *with* fauorable correccyon  
 of my fauorable masters of *ther* benygne supplexion. 359

The Compiler  
 begs learned  
 men to correct  
 his play

ffinis istius secunde stacionis et sequitur tarcia.

[3<sup>rd</sup> Station.]

Act III.

Poeta.

*Prologue.*

The myght of the fadires potenciall deite 360  
 preserue thys honorable *and* wurshypfult congregacion  
 That here be present of hye *and* low degre,  
 To vnderstond thys pagent at thys lytyll stacion, 363  
 whych we shall procede *with* all our delectac[i]on.  
 yf yt wyll plese yow : to gyf audyens fauorable,  
 Hark wysely ther-to ; yt ys good *and* profetable. 366

primus miles.

[leaf 44]

Nobyll prelates, take hede to owur sentens. 367  
 A wundryfull chaunce fyll *and* dyd be-tyde  
 vn-to owr master sauht when he departyd hens  
 In-to damaske purposyd to ryde. 370  
 A meruelous lyzt fro thelement dyd glyde  
 whyche smet doun<sup>1</sup> hym to grunde both horse *and* man  
*with* the ferfulest wether *that* euer I in cam. 373

Scene i.  
Jerusalem.

Saul's Knights  
 tell the Priests  
 how Saul was  
 struck off his  
 horse,

2<sup>nd</sup> miles.

It rauysshid<sup>r</sup> hym, *and* his spirites did be-noime : 374  
 A swete dulcet voyce spake hym vnto,

*and* a sweet  
 voice spoke to  
 him

<sup>1</sup> MS. doum.

And askyd<sup>r</sup> wherfor he made suche persecucion  
 A-geynst hys dyscyplys *and* why he dyd soo. 377  
 and bad him be baptized by Ananias. he bad hym in-to damaske to ananie goo,  
 And<sup>r</sup> ther he shuld<sup>r</sup> reseuyue baptym truly ;  
 and<sup>r</sup> now clene a-geyns owur lawys he ys trwly. 380

Caypha.

Caypha won't believe in Saul's conversion, I am sure thys tale ys not trw : 381  
 what ! saule conuertyd<sup>r</sup> from our law !  
 he went to damask for to pursue  
 All the dyscyplys that dyd *with*-draw 384  
 fro owur fayth : thys was hys sawe :  
 how say, ye, anna to thys mater ? *this* ys a mervelos  
 chans ;  
 I can not beleve *that* thys ys of assurans. 387

Anna.

nor will Anna. No, caypha, my mynde trwly do [I] teH, 388  
 that he wyll not turne in no maner wyse ;  
 but rather to deth put *and* expell  
 all myscreauntes *and* wretchys *that* doth aryse 391  
 agaynst our lawes · by ony enterpryse :  
 say the trwth *with*-[owt] ony cause frawdellent,  
 or els for *your* talys ye be lyke to be shent. 394

j<sup>us</sup> miles.

Saul's knight declares he's told the truth. Ellys owur bodyes may put to payn<sup>r</sup> : 395  
 all *that* we declare I sye yt *with* my nye,  
 nothyng<sup>r</sup> offendyng<sup>r</sup> but trwly do iustyfye.

[leaf 44, back]

Cayphas.

By the gret god, I do maruayle gretly : 398  
 and thys be trw *that* ye do rehearse  
 He shaH repent hys Rebellyous treytory,  
 That all shalbe ware of hys falsnes. 401  
 We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowtles,  
 ffor meny *perellys* *that* myght be-tyde  
 by hys subtyH meanys on euery syde. 404

Caypha vows  
 vengeance  
 against Saul.

Anna.

The law ys commytted to our aduysment,  
 wherfor we wyll not se yt decay,  
 but rather vphold<sup>d</sup> yt help *and* augment,  
 That ony reprove to vs fall may  
 of Cesar themprour<sup>d</sup> by nyzt or day  
 we shall to such maters harke *and* attende  
 accordyng<sup>t</sup> to the lawes<sup>r</sup> our wyttes to spende.

The priest  
 Anna declares  
 they'll uphold  
 their Law.

405

408

411

[<sup>1</sup> Here to enter a dyvel *with* thunder *and* fyre, *and*  
 to avauce hym sylfe, saying as folowyth; *and* hys  
 spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.

*Act III. sc. ii.*  
*[leaf 45]*  
 Diabolus.

*Scene of the*  
*Devils in Hell,*  
*inserted.*

belyall.

Ho, ho, be-holde me, *the* myzte prince of *the* partes  
 in-fernall,

I am the God  
 BELLAL, second  
 only to Lucifer.

412

Next vnto lucyfer I am in magestye;  
 By name I am nominate *the* god belyall,  
 non of more myzte nor of more excellencye;  
 my powre ys princypall, *and* now of most soferaynte;  
 In *the* temples *and* synogoges who deneyth me to honore,  
 my busshopes thorow my motyon *thei* wyl hym sone  
 devoure.

418

¶ I haue movyd my prelates cayphas *and* anna  
 to persew *and* put downe, by powre ryall  
 thorow *the* sytyes of damaske *and* liba,  
 All soch as do worship *the* hye god supernall,  
 ther deth ys conspyryd *with*-owt any fauoure at all,  
 my busshopys hathe chosyne won most rygorus  
 them to persew, howse name ys saulus.

419

422

425

I have set my  
 Bishops Caypha  
 and Anna to  
 put down the  
 Christians by  
 means of Saul.

¶ ho, thus as a god most hye in magestye,  
 I rayne *and* I rule ouer creatures humayne  
*with* souerayne sewte sowzte to ys my deyte,

426

<sup>1</sup> The parts within brackets are by a later hand, and inserted on 3 separate leaves. The 14 lines between 411 and here are crosst through, but are given below, where they are rewritten, p. 46-7, l. 502-15.

mans mynd ys applicant, as I lyst to ordeyne, 429  
 my law styll encreasyth wherof I am fayne,  
 yet of late I haue hard of no newys truly,  
 wherfor I long tyll I speke with my messenger  
 mercurye. 432

[leaf 45, back]  
 Mercury ap-  
 pears,

[Here shall entere a-nother devyll callyd mercurye,  
 with a fyeryng, commyng in hast, cryeng and roryng,  
 and shal say as folowyth :—

Marcury.

Ho, owzt, owzt! alas, thys sodayne chance! 433  
 and wails that Well may we bewaile *this* cursyd aduenture.

belyal.

Marcurye, what alyse *thou*? tell me thy grevaunce.  
 ys *ther* any *that* hath wrowzte vs dyspleasure? 436

mercury.

Dyspleasure I-nowgh *therof* ye may be sure;  
 our law, at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,  
 for yt decayth sore, and more wyl, I am a-frayd. 439

the Devil's law  
 'll soon be put  
 down.

belyal.

Ho, how can *that* be? yt ys not possyble; 440  
 co[n]syder, *thou* foole, *the* long contynuaunce.  
 decaye, quod a, yt ys not credyble;  
 of fals tydynges *thou* makyst here vtterance: 443  
 behold, how the peple hath no pleasaunce

Belial 'll not  
 believe it.

Folk delight but  
 in sin.

but in syn, and to folow our desyere.  
 pryde and voluptuósyte *ther* hartes doth so fyre, 446  
 thowge on do swauer away from our lore, 447  
 yet ys our powre of suche nobylite  
 to have hym a-gayne, and twoo therfore,  
*that* shal preferre *the* prayse of owre maiestye. 450

Why is Mercury  
 troubled?

what ys *the* tydynges? tell owt, lett vs see;  
 why arte *thou* amasyd so? declare afore vs  
 what fury ys fallyn *that* troblyth *the* thus? 453

Mercury.

[leaf 48]

Ho! owzt, owzte! he *that* I most trustyd to, 454 'Because our  
 & he *that* I thowzte wold haue ben to vs most specyall, special friend  
 ys now of late turnyd, *and* our cruell foo; has turnd our  
 our specyall frynd, our chosen saull, 457 cruel foe.  
 ys be-comme seruante to *the* hye god eternall.  
 as he dyd ryde on our enemyes persecutyon,  
 he was sodenly strykyn by *the* hye provysyon, 460  
 & now ys baptysyd, *and* promys he hath made 461 Saul has been  
 neuer to vary, *and* soch grace he hath opteynyd his faith in God  
*that* ondowtyd hys fayth from hym can-not fade; cannot fade.'  
 wherfor to complayne I am constraynyd, 464  
 for moch by hym shuld we haue prevaylyd.

belyal.

Ho! owzt, owzt! what haue we loste!  
 our darlyng most dere whom we lovyd moste: 467 Belial laments  
 but ys yt of trowth *that thou* doyst here specyfye? 468 the loss of his  
 darling Saul,

mercury.

yt ys so, vindowztyd; why shuld I fayne?  
 for thowzte I can do non *other* but crye.

[Here *thei* shal rore *and* crye, *and* then belyal shal saye: and the Devils  
 roar over it.

belyal.

owzte, *this* grevyth vs worse than hell payne: 471  
*the* conuersyon of synner certayne  
 ys more payne to vs, *and* persecutyon,  
 than all *the* furies of *the* Infernall dongyon. 474

Mercury.

[leaf 46, back]

yt doyth not away vs thus to lament, 475  
 but lett vs provyd for remedy shortlye;  
 wherfor let vs both by on assent  
 go to *the* busshopys, *and* moue *them* pryvely, 478 Mercury says,  
*that* by some sotyl meane *thei* may cause hym to dye; 'Set on your  
 than shal he in our law make no dysturbance, Bishops to  
 nor here-after cause vs to haue more greuauunce. 481 scheme his  
 death.'

belyal.

Wel sayd, mercurye, thy cowñcel ys *profytable*. 482  
 Belyal approves Mercury's ad-  
 vice, and says  
 Saul shall repent  
 his desertion.  
 Ho, saul, *thou* shalt repent thy vnstablenes ;  
 thou hadyst ben better to haue byn confyrmable  
 to our law ; for thys deth, dowltes 485  
 yt ys conspyryd to reward thy falsnes.  
 thowgh on hath dyssayvyd vs, yet now a days  
 xx<sup>ii</sup> doyth gladly folow oure layes ; 488  
 ¶ some by pryde, some thorowgh envye : 489  
 ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyauce :  
 ther was neuer a-mong crystyans lesse charyte  
 than ys at *this* howre, *and* as for concupysence 492  
 rayneth as a lord thorow my violence ;  
 [leaf 47]  
 Gluttony,  
 Wrath, Covet-  
 ousness prevail  
 over all.  
 glotony *and* wrath euery man doth devyse,  
 & most now ys praysyd my cosyn covytyce. 495  
 ¶ cum, mercury, let vs go *and* do as we haue sayd, 496  
 to delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.

mercury.

to bryng yt a-bowzt, I wold be wel apayd,  
 tell yt be done let vs not rest. 499  
 [. . . . .]

belyal.

They'll plot  
 Saul's death.  
 go we than shortly ; let vs departe,  
 Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not revart. 502  
 [Here *thei* shal vanyshe away with a fyrye flame *and*  
 a tempest.  
 [leaf 44, back] [Her apperyth saule in a<sup>1</sup> disciplis wede, sayng<sup>r</sup> :

<sup>2</sup>Saulus<sup>3</sup>.Act III. scene iii.  
Damascus.

Saul's Sermon.

God save you  
sitters and  
standers here !

That lord<sup>e</sup> *that* ys shaper of<sup>r</sup> see *and* of<sup>r</sup> sond<sup>r</sup>, 503  
 and hath wrowth with hys woord<sup>e</sup> all thyng<sup>r</sup> at hys wyH,  
 saue thys <sup>4</sup>semely *that* here syttyth or stonde,  
 ffor hys meke marcy *that* we do not spyH. 506

[<sup>1</sup> hys]

[<sup>2</sup> The 14 lines following are printed from leaf 44, back, of the  
 MS. They are collated here, for words, with the version of them on  
 leaf 47, back.]

[<sup>3</sup> Saulus, and Diabolus (p. 43), in margin, omitted.] [<sup>4</sup> asembly]



- grant me, good lord, thy pleasur to fulfyll,  
and send me suche speche that I the trwth say,  
my entencions proph[et]able to meve yf I may. 509
- ¶ Welbelouyd frendes, ther be vij mortall synnes, 510  
whych be provyd pryncypall and princes of poysoines;  
Pride, that of bytternes all bale begynnes,  
with-holdyng all fayth, yt fedyth and foysonnes, 513  
As holy scriptur beryth playn wyttnesse,—  
Inicium omnium peccatorum superbia<sup>1</sup> est,—  
That often dystroyeth both most and lest.<sup>2</sup> 516
- ¶ Off all vyces and foly pride ys the Roote; 517  
Humylte may not rayn ner yet indure;  
pyte, alak, that ys flower and boot,  
ys exlyd wher pride hath socour,— 520  
Omnis qui se exaltat humiliabitur,—  
good lord, gyf vs grace to vnderstond and perseuer,  
Thys wurd as thou bydyst to fulfyll euer. 523
- ¶ Who-so in pride beryth hym to hye, 524  
with mys[c]heff shalbe mekyd, as I mak mensyon,  
and I therfor assent and fully certyfy,  
In text as I tell the trw entencion 527  
of perfyzt goodnes and very locucion:  
noli tibi dico in altum sapere seð time;  
Thys ys my conseil, bere the not to hye, 530
- ¶ But drede alway synne and folye, 531  
wrath, enuy, couytys, and slugyshnes:  
Exeunt ow t of thy syzt, glotony and lechery,  
vanyte and vayneglory, and fals Idylnes: 534  
Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes:  
who that in hym thes vyces do Roote,  
He lackyth all grace, and bale ys the boote. 537
- ¶ Iern at my-self, for I am meke in hart: 538  
owr lorde to hys seruantes thus he sayth:  
ffor meknes I sufferyd a spere at my hart;

(Saul's Sermon  
on the Seven  
Deadly Sins.)

Pride is the root  
of all sins

and folly.  
[leaf 48]  
[the older hand  
(2) again]  
It banishes  
Humility and  
Pity.

Whoso is proud,  
he shall be  
brought low.

Putaway Wrath,  
Envy, Covetous-  
ness, Sloth,  
Gluttony,  
Lechery.

Learn of Christ;  
he is meek of  
heart;

[<sup>1</sup> subia (sic).]

[<sup>2</sup> man & best.]

- (*Saul's Sermon*  
continued.) meknes all vyces anullyth *and* delayeth; 541  
rest to soulis yt shall fynd in fayth :  
Discite a me, quia mitis sum, *et* corde humilis,  
Et invenietis requiem animabus vestris. 544
- and yeshall find  
rest for your  
souls. ¶ So owur sauour shewyth vs exampls of meknes, 545  
Thorow grace of hys goodnes mekly ys groundys ;  
Trwly yt wyll vs saue fro *the* synnes sekenes,  
ffor<sup>1</sup> pryde *and* hys progeny mekenes confoundys : 548
- [leaf 48, back] Quanto maior es, tanto humilia te in *omnibus* :  
Be lowly. The gretter *thou* art, the lower loke *thou* be ;  
Bere the neuer *the* hyer for *thi* degre. 551
- Keep from  
Sensuality. ¶ ffro sensualyte of fleshe thy-self loke *thou* lede, 552  
vnlefully therin vse not thy lyfe :  
whoso therin delyteth, to deth he must nede ;  
It consumyth natur<sup>r</sup>, the body sleyth *with-owt* knyft. 555  
also yt styntyth nott but manslawter *and* stryft,—  
Omnis fornicator aut *immundus non habet hereditatem*  
No unclean  
man shall  
inherit heaven. *Christi,—*  
non shall in heuyn posses / that be so vnthryft. 558
- Flee Fornica-  
tion. Speak not  
of it. ¶ ffile fornycacon, nor be no letchour<sup>r</sup>, 559  
but spare your speche, *and* spek nott theron :  
Ex habundancia cordis, os loquitur ;  
who movyth yt oft, chastyte louyth non ; 562  
of *the* hartes habundans *the* tunge makyth locucion :  
what manys mynde ys laboryd<sup>d</sup>, therof yt spekyth,  
That ys of suernes, as holy scryptur tetryth. 565
- Keep your body  
pure, and your  
sight steady. ¶ wherfor I reherse thys *with* myn owyn mowthe,—  
Caste viuentes, *templum Dei sunt,—*  
kepe clene your body from synne vncuth ;  
stabyth your syghtes, *and* look ye not stunt, 569  
ffor of a sertaynte I know at a brunt,—  
Oculus est nuncius peccati,—  
The eye is Folly's  
messenger. That the Iey ys euer *the* messenger of foly. 572

*seruus sacerdotum.*

whate, ys not thys saule *that* toke hys vyage 573 The Priest's  
 In-to Ierusalem<sup>1</sup>, the dyscyplys to oppresse? servant asks  
 bounde he wold bryng<sup>t</sup> them, yf ony dyd rage if this isn't Saul  
 vpon cryst: *this* was hys processe: 576 who was going  
 To *the* princes of *prestys*, he sayde dowlles, to bind the  
 Thorow all damask *and* also Ierusalem, Christians.  
 subdwe all templys *that* he founde of them. 579

Sa[u]lus.

[leaf 49]

yes, sertaynly, saule ys my proper name, 580 Saul says 'Yes,  
 That had in powr the full dominion,—  
 To hyde yt fro you, yt were gret shame,  
 And mortall synne, as in my opynyon,— 583  
 vnder cesar *and* *pristes* of the relygyon,  
 And templys of Iues *that* be very hedyous,  
 A-gayns almyghty cryst *that* Kyng<sup>t</sup> so precyous. 586

*seruus sacerdotum.*

To Anna *and* caypha · ye must make your recuse; 587  
 Com<sup>2</sup> on your way, *and* make no delacion.

Saulus.

I wyll yow succede, for better or wors,  
 To the prynces of *pristes* *with* all delectacion. 590 and I'll go with  
 you to the  
 Priests.

[Scene 4.]

Act III. sc. iv.  
 The Temple in  
 Damascus.

*seruus sacerdotum.*

Holy *pristes* of hye potestacion,  
 Here ys saule; lok on hym wysely:  
 he ys a-nother man than he was verely. 593

Saulus.

I am *the* seruant of Ihesu Almyghty, 594 Saul declares  
 Creator *and* maker of see *and* sonnd<sup>t</sup>, himself the  
 whiche ys kyng<sup>t</sup> conctypotent of heuyn<sup>d</sup> glory, servant of Jesus.  
 Chef comfort *and* solace: both to fre *and* bonde, 597

<sup>1</sup> P for Damascus[<sup>2</sup> MS. Con.]

A-gayns whos power nothyng<sup>i</sup> may stonde;  
 Emperowr he ys both of heuyn *and* heH,  
 whoys goodnes *and* grace al thyng<sup>i</sup> doth exceH. 600

[recedit paulisper.

Caypha.

Caypha thinks  
 the change in  
 Saul has been  
 wrought by  
 conjuring.

Vn-to my hart thys ys gret admyracion, 601  
 That saule ys thus *mervelously* changyð;  
 I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum *coniuracion*,  
 or els the devyH on hym ys auengyd. 604  
 Alas, to my hart yt ys dessendyd,  
 that he ys thus takyn fro *our* relygyon:  
 How say ye, Anna, to thys *conuercyon*? 607

[leaf 49, back]

Anna.

ffuH *mervelously*, as in my *concepcion*, 608  
 Thys wunderfull Case how yt be-feH;  
 To se thys chaunce so sodenly don,  
 vn-to my hart yt doth grete yH; 611  
 but for hys falsnes · we shall hym spyH;  
 by myn assent, to dethe we wyll hym bryng<sup>i</sup>,  
 lest *that* more myschef · of hym may spryng<sup>i</sup>. 614

Anna says they  
 must put Saul  
 to death,

Caypha.

Ye say very trew, we myzt yt all rewe; 615  
 But shortly in thys we must haue aduysement,  
 ffor thus a-gayns vs he may nott contynew;  
 perauentur than of Cesar we may be shent. 618

Anna.

or burn him.

nay, I had leuer in fyer he were brent,  
 Than of cesar we shuld haue dysp[<sup>i</sup>]easeure  
 ffor sych a rebell · and subtyl fals treator<sup>i</sup>. 621

Caypha.

The gates must  
 be guarded lest  
 Saul escape.

we wyH command the gates to be kept aboute, 622  
 & the wallis suerly on euery stede,  
 that he may not eskape no-where owzte;  
 for dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede. 625

Anna.

Thys traytour rebellyous, evyll mut he spede,  
That doth *this* vnhappynes A-gayns all!  
now euery costodyer kepe well hys waff. 628

*seruus sacerdotum.*

The gatys be shytt, he can-note skape; 629  
Euery place ys kepte well *and* sure,  
That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,  
gett owt of *the* cyte by ony coniecture. 632  
vpon *that* caytyf *and* fals traytour,  
loke ye be auengyd with deth mortall,  
& Iudge hym as ye lyst to what end he shaft. 635

[*Scene 5.*]

Angelus.

Holy saule, I gyf yow monycyon: 636  
The princes of Iues · entende sertayn  
To put yow to deth · but by goddes provysyon  
He wyll ye shaft lyue lenger, and optayn; 639  
And after thy deth *thou* shalt rayng!  
Above in heuyn, with owr lordes grace:  
Conuay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother place. 642

Saulus.

That lordes pleasur euer mut be down, 643  
both in heuyn *and* in hell, as hys wyll ys.  
In a beryng' baskett or a lepe, a-non  
I shall me co[n]uay with help of the dyscyplys: 646  
for euery gate ys shett *and* kept with mu'tytud of pepulh;  
but I trust in owr lord, that ys my socour,  
to resyst ther malyce *and* cruell furour. 649

Conclusyo.

[*Epilogue.*]

*Epilogue.*

Poeta.

Thus leue we saule with-in *the* cyte, 650  
The gates kep by commandment of caypha *and* Anna;  
Here we leave Saul.

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<sup>1</sup> The page-numbers are meant to mark the Scenes where the Actors come in, not every time they speak.

<sup>2</sup> There is no ground in the Bible for making Mary Magdalene one with Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus.

<sup>3</sup> Mary the mother of Jame. &c. and Mary Salome. are the same person, according to Biblical critics.

## [MARY MAGDALENE.]

[In the second, and rather later hand.]

[PART I. Scene 1.]

Part I. Scene 1.

Rome.

[leaf 93]

M. B. [*for* Miles Blomefylde.]

Inperator.

The Emperor.

I command sylens in þe peyn of forfetur,  
 to all myn adyeans present general.  
 of my most hiest and mytyest wolunte,  
 I woll it be knowyn to al þe word vnyversal,  
 That of heven and hell chyff rewar am I,  
 to wos Magnyfycens non stondyt egall,  
 for I am soverem of al soverens subjugal  
 On-to myn empere, beyngt in-comparable,  
 tyberius sesar, wos power is potencyall.  
 I am þe blod ryall most of soverente;  
 of all emperowers and kynges my byrth is best,  
 & all regeouns obey my myty wolunte;  
 lyfe and lem and goodes, all be at my request:  
 so of all soverens, my magnyfycens most mytyest  
 May nat be a-gayn-sayd of frend nor of foo;  
 But all abydyn lvgment and rewle of my lyst.  
 all grace vp-on erth from my goodnes commyt fro,  
 and þat bryng-is all pepell in blysse so;  
 for þe most worthyest, woll I rest in my sete.

5 I am Chief Ruler  
 of heaven and  
 hell.

9 I am the incom-  
 parable Tiberius  
 10 Caesar.

13 All lands obey  
 me.

16 All rule by my  
 pleasure.

18

serybyl.

¶ I syr, from your person growyt moch grace.

20

Inperator.

now for þin answer, belyall, blysse þi face!  
 mykyl presporyte I gyn to porchase;  
 I am wonddyn in welth from all woo.  
 Herke þou, provost, I gyft þe in commandment,  
 all your pepull preserve in pesabyl possession.  
 yff ony þer be to my goddes [dis]obedyent,

23 I am wrapt in  
 wealth against  
 [leaf 95, back]  
 woe.

Provost, find out  
 the Christians  
 who disobey my

Gods, and I'll  
kill em.

dyssever tho harlottes, and make to me declaracyon), 27  
& I xall make all swych to dye,  
Thos precharsse of<sup>t</sup> crystys incarnacyon).

¶ Provost.

¶ Lord of<sup>t</sup> all lorddes, I xall gyff<sup>t</sup> yow In-formacyon).

Inperator.

If any one  
disobeys my  
laws,

¶ Lo, how all þe word obeyit my domynacyon); 31  
that person) is nat born) þat dare me dysse-obey. 32

Syrybbe, I warne yow se þat my lawys  
In all your partyys have dew obeysavns;  
In-quere *and* aske, eche day þat davnnes,  
yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryoūs, 36  
contrary to me in ony chansse,

or grumbles  
against my Gods,  
I'll murder him.

or with my goldyn goddes grocth on) grone,  
I woll marre swych harlottes with mordor *and* myschanse;  
yf<sup>t</sup> ony swyche remayn), put<sup>t</sup> hem) in repreffe, 40  
& I xall yow releff<sup>t</sup>.

¶ Serybb.

¶ y<sup>t</sup> xall be don), lord, with-owtyn) ony lett or with-owt  
doth.

Inperator.

¶ lord *and* lad, to my law doth lowte;  
is it nat so? sey yow all with on) showte. 44

[Here anserryt<sup>t</sup> all þe pepul at ons, 3a, my lord, 3a.

¶ Inperator.

so, þe froward folkes, now am) [I] plesyd<sup>t</sup>;  
sett wyn) *and* spycys to my consell full cler.  
Now have I told<sup>t</sup> yow my hart<sup>t</sup>, I am) wyll plesyd<sup>t</sup>;  
Now lett vs sett don) alle, *and* make good chyr. 48

Set on wine and  
spices, and let's  
[leaf 96]  
make good  
cheer.

Part I. Scene 2.  
The Custle of  
Maudleyn,  
Bethany(?)

[PART I. Scene 2.]

[¶ Her entyr syrus, þe fader of mary mavdleyñ

syrus.

¶ Emperor, *and* ky[n]gges, *and* conquerors kene,  
Erlys, *and* borons, *and* knytes þat byn) bold<sup>t</sup>,



- Berdes in my bower, so semely to seſe,  
 I commav[n]d yow at onys my hestes to hold. 52  
 be-hold my person, glysteryng in gold,  
 semely be-syn of all other men :  
 Cyrus is my name, be cleffys so cold,  
 I command yow all, obedyent to beyn ; 56 Let all obey me.  
 wo-so woll nat, in bale I hem bryng, 57  
 And knett swyche cayftyys<sup>1</sup> in knottes of care.  
 thys castell of mawdleyne is at my wylddyng,  
 with all þe contre, bothe lesse and more,<sup>2</sup> 60  
 & Lord of Ierusalem, who agens me don dare.  
 Alle beteny at my beddyng be ;  
 I am sett in solas from al syng sore,<sup>2</sup>  
 and so xall all my posteryte,  
 thus for to leuen in rest and ryalte. 65  
 I have her a sone þat is to me ful trew, 66 I have a most comely son,  
 no comlyar creatur of goddes creacyon,  
 to amyabyll doctours full brygth of ble,  
 ful gloryos to my syth an ful of delectacyon.  
 Lazarus my son, in my resspeccyon. 70 [leaf 96, back]  
 Here is mary, ful fayr and ful of femynyte,  
 and martha, ful [of] bevre and of delycyte,  
 ful of womanly merrorys and of benygnyte,  
 þey haue fulfyllyd my hart with consolacyon. 74  
 Here is a coleccyon of circumstance, 75  
 to my cognysshon never swych a-nothyr,  
 as be demonstracyon knett incontynens,  
 save<sup>3</sup> a-lonly my lady, þat was þer mother.  
 Now Lazarus, my sonne, wech art þer brothyr, 79  
 The lordshep of Ierusalem I gyff þe after my<sup>4</sup> dysses,  
 and mary, thys castell, a-lonly, an non othyr ;  
 & martha xall haue beteny, I sey exprese :  
 thes gyftes I gravnt yow with-owtyn les, 83  
 whyll þat I am in good mynd. 84

I am Cyrus,  
glittering in  
gold.

This Castle of  
Maudleyne,

Jerusalem,  
and Bethany are  
mine.

[leaf 96, back]  
Lazarus,  
and 2 daughters,  
Mary and  
Martha.

After my death,  
I give Lazarus,  
the Lordship  
of Jerusalem ;  
Mary, the Castle  
of Maudleyne ;  
Martha,  
Bethany.

[<sup>1</sup> Pcautyfys.]      <sup>2</sup> The rymes require 'mare, sare'.  
 [<sup>3</sup> MS. Of crost thro, and save added.]      [<sup>4</sup> MS. mo.]

lazarus.

Lazarus thanks his father Cyrus for his gifts,	¶ Most reuerent father! I thank yow hartely of yower grett kyndnes shuyd on-to me! ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod, worthy Me to restreyn from all nessesyte.	85    88
and prays God for grace to live well.	now, good lord, & hys wyll it be gravnt me grace to lyue to thy plesowans, & a-3ens hem so to rewle me, Thatt we may have Ioye with-owtyn weryauns.	92

[leaf 97]

Mary mavdleyne.

Mary Magdalene praises God,	Thatt god of pes and pryncypall covnsell, More swetter is þi name þan hony be kynd!	93
and thanks her father Cyrus for his gifts.	we thank yow, fathyr, for your gyftes ryall, owt of peynes of poverte vs to on-bynd; thys is a preseruatyff from streyntes, we fynd, from wordly labors to my covmfortyng; for thys lyfflod is abyll for þe dowtter of a kyng, thys place of plesavns, þe soth to seye.	96   99 100

martha.

Martha also praises and thanks her father,	O ye good fathyr of grete degre, thus to departe with your ryches, consederyng ower lowlynes and humylyte, vs to save from wordly dessetres: 3e shew vs poyntes of grete Ientylnes, so mekly to meyntyn vs to your grace. hey in heuen a-wansyde mot yow be In blysse, to se þat lordes face, whan ye xal hens passe!	101    105  109
---	---	-----------------------------------

and prays that  
he may see  
God's face in  
heaven.

cyrus.

Cyrus orders wine and spices.	¶ Now I reioyse with all my myghtes; to enhanse my chyldryn, it was my delyte: now wyn and spycys, 3e Ientyll knyttes, on-to þes ladys of ientylnes.	110   113
----------------------------------	---	--------------------

[Here xal þey be servyd with wyn and spycys.]

## [PART I. Scene 3.]

Part I. Scene 3.  
Rome.

Inperator.

¶ syr provost, and skrybe, Iugges of my rem,  
my massenger I woll send in-to ferre cuntre,  
On-to my sete of Ierusalem,  
On-to Herowdes, þat regent þer ondyr me,  
and on-to pylat, Iugges of þe covntre :  
myn entent I woll hem teche.  
take hed, þou provost, my precept wretyn be,  
& sey I cummavnd hem, as þey woll be owȝt wrech,  
yf þer be ony in þe cuntre, ageyn my law doth prech,  
or ageyn my goddes ony trobyll telles,  
that thus agens my lawys rebelles,  
as he is regent, and in þat reme dwelles,  
& holdyth hys crown of me be ryth,  
yff þer be ony harlettes þat a-gens me make replycacyon,  
Or ony moteryng agens me make with malynacyon.

114 Tiberius Caesar  
resolves to send  
orders to Herod

[leaf 97, back]

120

123

to search out  
rebels against  
him, the  
Emperor,  
or his Gods,

126

[end of speech left out.] [and kill em.]

provost.

¶ syr, of all thys they xall have in-formacyon,  
so to vp-hold ȝower renovn and ryte.

130

[Inperator.]

now, massenger, with-owtyn taryng,  
Have here gold on-to þi fe;  
so bere thes lettys to Herowdes the kyng,  
& byd hem make In-quyrans in euery cuntre,  
as he is Iugge in þat cuntre beyng.

132 He bids his  
Messenger start.

mynceus.

¶ soueren, your arend it xall be don ful redy  
In alle þe hast þat I may;  
for to fullfyll your byddyng  
I woll nat spare nother be nyth nor be day.

136

The Messenger  
says he'll haste.

139

[¶ Here goth þe masenger to-ward herowdes.]

*Part I. Scene 4.*  
*Jerusalem.*

[leaf 98]

[PART I. Scene 4.]

Herowdes.

In þe wyld wanyng<sup>t</sup> word<sup>ð</sup>, pes all at onys ! 140

no noyse, I warne yow, for greveyng<sup>t</sup> of me !

HEROD, 'I'll  
hurl off any  
one's head who  
speaks.

yff yow do, I xal hovrle of<sup>t</sup> yower hedes, be mahondes

bones,

as I am<sup>ð</sup> trew kyng<sup>t</sup> to mahond so fre. 143

help, help, þat I had a swerd<sup>ð</sup> !

fall don<sup>ð</sup>, ye faytours, flatt to þe grovnd<sup>ð</sup> ! 145

Off hats !  
Stand barehead,  
you beggars !

Heve of<sup>t</sup> your hodes and hattes, I cummavnd yow alle :

stonð bare hed, ye beggars ! wo made yow so bold<sup>ð</sup> ?

I xal make yow know your kyng<sup>t</sup> ryall :

thus woll I be obeyyð<sup>ð</sup> thorow al the wor[ld]<sup>ð</sup> ; 149

& who-so wol nat, he xal be had in hold<sup>ð</sup> ;

& so to be cast in carys cold<sup>ð</sup>, 151

that werkyn<sup>ð</sup> ony wondyr a-zens my magnyfycens. 152

Look at my  
rubies and green  
pearl !

be-hold<sup>ð</sup> these ryche rubyys, red as ony fyr,

with þe goodly grene perle ful sett a-bowgth :

What king is  
equal to me ?

what kyng<sup>t</sup> is worthy or egall to my power ?

or in thys word<sup>ð</sup>, who is more had in dowt<sup>ð</sup> 156

than is þe hey name of<sup>t</sup> herowdes, kyng<sup>t</sup> of<sup>t</sup> Ierusalem,

Lord of<sup>t</sup> alapye, assye, and tyr,

of<sup>t</sup> abyron<sup>ð</sup>, berzaby, und bedlem<sup>ð</sup> ? 159

all thes byn<sup>ð</sup> ondyr my governouns. 160

Lo, all þes I hold<sup>ð</sup> with-owtyn<sup>ð</sup> reprobacyon<sup>ð</sup> ;

None but the  
Emperor  
Tiberius.

No man is to me egall, save a-lonly þe emperower

tyberys, as I have In provostycacyon<sup>ð</sup>. 163

[leaf 98, back]  
Speak, Philoso-  
phers !

How sey þe phylssoverys be my ryche reyne ? 164

Am<sup>ð</sup> nat I þe grettest<sup>t</sup> governower ?

Lett me ondyr-stond whatt can ye seyn<sup>ð</sup>. 166

phelysofyr.

¶ Soueren, and it plect yow I woll expresse : 167

ye be þe rewlar of<sup>t</sup> þis regyon<sup>ð</sup>,

& most<sup>t</sup> worthy sovereyn<sup>ð</sup> of<sup>t</sup> nobylnes

That euer in Iude barre domynacyon<sup>ð</sup> : 170

Bott, syr, skreptour gevytt informacyon),  
 & doth rehearse it werely,  
 that chylde xal remayn of grete renovn),  
 & all þe word of hem shold magnify,—  
 et ambulabunt gentes in lumine, et reges  
 In splendore<sup>1</sup> ortus tui.

171 'The Scripture  
tells of a Child  
of great renown,

174 in the glory of  
whose rising,  
kings shall  
walk.

176

Herowdes.

¶ and whatt seyst thou?

secundus phy[losophyr.]

¶ the same weryfyt my bok, as how  
 as þe skryptour doth me tell  
 of a myty duke xal rese and reyn),  
 whych xall reyn and rewle all Israell.  
 no kyng a-þens hys worthynes xall opteyn),  
 the whech in profesy hath grett eloquence,—  
 non averetur septrum Iuda, et dux de  
 femore eius, donec veniet Imitendus est.

178

This Child, a  
mighty Duke,  
shall rule  
all Israel,  
and excel all  
kings.

182

184

Herowdes.

[leaf 99]

A, owzt, owzt, now am [I] grevyd all with þe worst! 186  
 3e dastardus! ye dogges! þe dylfe mote yow draw!  
 with fleyyng flappes I byd yow to a fest.  
 A swerd, a swerd! þes lordeynnes wer slaw!  
 ye langbaynnes, loselles, for-sake 3e þat word!  
 þat caytyff xall be cawth, and suer I xall hem flaw;  
 for hym, many mo xal be marry with morder.

189

'The Devil tear  
you, dogs!',  
says Herod;  
  
192 'I'll catch that  
Caitiff,  
and slay him.'

1<sup>4</sup> miles.<sup>2</sup>

¶ My sovereyn lord, dysse-may yow ryth nowt!  
 they ar but folys, þer eloquens wantyng,  
 for in sorow and care sone þey xall be cawt;  
 a-þens vs þey can mak no dysstonddyng.

196

Herod's knights  
tell him not to  
mind these  
Philosopher-  
fools' talk.

ij<sup>4</sup> miles.

¶ my lord, all swych xall be browte before your avdyens,  
 and leuyndyr your domynacyon),

[<sup>1</sup> MS. spelndore.]

[<sup>2</sup> MS. milis.]

or elles dammyd to deth *with* mortal sentence,  
yf we hem gett onder ower gubernacyon). 200

Herowdes.

Herod is comforted by his knights' counsel, ¶ now thys is to me a gracyows exsortacyon), 201  
& grettly reioysyth to my sprytes in-dede ;

thow þes sottes a-ʒens me make replycacyon),  
I woll suffer non to spryng<sup>t</sup> of þat kenred<sup>t</sup> ; 204

some woyes in my lond<sup>t</sup> shall sprede,  
prevely or pertely in my lond a-bowth :

[leaf 99, back]  
and makes sure  
he'll be able to  
catch Christ.

whyle I haue swych men), I nede nat to drede,  
But þat he xal be browt<sup>t</sup> on<sup>der</sup>, *with*-owtyn doth. 208

[¶ Her commyt<sup>t</sup> þe emperowers [masenger] thus  
saying<sup>t</sup> to herowdes :

Masenger.

Tiberius Cæsar's Messenger hails Herod, ¶ Heyll, prynse of bovntyows-nesse ! 209

Heyll, myty lord of to magnyfy !

Heyll, most<sup>t</sup> of worchep of to expresse !

Heyll, reytus rewlar in þi regensy ! 212

My sofereyn), tyberyuus, chyff<sup>t</sup> of chyfalry,

His soveren) sond hath sent to yow here :

He desyrth ʒow, *and* preyyt<sup>t</sup> on<sup>t</sup> eche party,  
to fulfyll his commavndment and desyre. 216

and gives him  
his Master's  
letters.

[¶ Here he xall take þe lettys on-to þe kyng<sup>t</sup>.

Herawdes.

¶ Be he sekyr I woll natt spare 217

for [to] complyshe his cummavnddment,

Herod promises  
to kill all rebels,

*with* scharp swerddes to perce þe bare,  
In all covntres *with*-in thys regent<sup>t</sup>, 220

for his love, to fulfyll his in-tentt :

non swych<sup>1</sup> xall from ower handys stertt,  
for we woll fulfyll his ryall luggement,  
*with* swer<sup>t</sup> *and* spere to perce thorow þe hartt. 224

and orders the  
letter to be  
taken to Pilate.

but<sup>t</sup>, masenger, reseyyve thys letter wyth,  
and<sup>t</sup> berytt on-to pylatt-ys syth.

[<sup>1</sup> MS. swych swych.]

**mesenger.**

[leaf 100]

My lord, it xall be don ful wygth;  
In hast I woll me spede.

228

[PART I. Scene 5.]

Part I. Scene 5.  
Jerusalem.**Pylatt.**

¶ now ryally I reyne In robys of rych[e]sse,  
kyd *and* knowyn both ny *and* ferre,  
for Iuge of Ierusalem, þe trewth to expresse,  
Ondyr the emperower tyberius cesar.

229 Pilate proclaims  
his power as  
Judge of Jeru-  
salem,

perfor I rede yow all, be-warre

232

ye do no pregedyse a-ȝen þe law,

for and ȝe do, I wyll yow natt spare

tyl he haue Iugment to be hangyd *and* draw;

236 and declares  
he'll hang and  
draw all who  
offend the Laws.

for I am pylat pr[o]mmyssary *and* pres[e]dent,

alle renogat robber Inper-rowpent,

to put hem to peyn, I spare for no pete.

my *ser-jauntes* semle, quat sye ye?

240

of þis rehersyd, I wyll natt spare.

plesauntly, serryys, avnswer to me,

for in my herte I xall haue þe lesse care.

243

**I<sup>us</sup> seriunt.**

¶ as ye haue seyde, I hold it for þe best,

yf ony swych a-mong vs may we know.

244 His servants  
promise to back  
him.**ij<sup>us</sup> serjawnt.**

¶ for to gyff hem Iugment I holdd yt best,

& so xall ye be dred of hye *and* low.

247

**pylat.**

¶ A, now I am restoryd to felycyte.

248

[Her comyt þe emprores masenger to pylat.

[leaf 100, back]

**Masenger.**

Heyll, ryall in rem in robis of rychesse!

Heyl, present þou prynsys pere!

Heyl, Iugge of Ierusalem, þe trewth to expresse!

Tiberius Caesar's  
letters are de-  
livered to him.

Tyberius þe emprower sendyt wrytyng herre,

252

and prayt yow, as yow be his lover dere,  
 Of þis wrytyng to take a-vysement  
 In strenthyng of his lawys cleyr,  
 as he hath set yow In þe state of Iugment. 256

[Her pylat takyt þe lettyrs with grete reverens.

pylat.

Pilate declares  
 he will uphold  
 Tiberius Cæsar's  
 laws,  
 Now, be martes so mythy, I xal sett many a snare, 257  
 His lawys to strenth in al þat I may;  
 I rejoyse of his renown and of his wylfare;  
 and gives the  
 Messenger gold.  
 & for þi tydyngges, I geyff þe þis gold to-day. 260

masenger.

a largeys, 3e lord, I crye þis day;  
 for þis is a 3eft of grete degre. 261

pylat.

Masenger, on-to my sovereyn þou sey,  
 On þe most specyall wyse recummend me. 264

[Her a-voydyt þe masengyr, and syrus takyt his  
 deth.

Part I. Scene 6.  
 The Castle of  
 Maudleyn,  
 Bethany.

[PART I. Scene 6.]

syrus.

A! help! help! I stond in drede,  
 syknes is sett onder my syde! 265  
 A! help! deth wyll a-quate me my mede!  
 Cyrus is stricken  
 with death,  
 [leaf 101]  
 A! gret gode! þou be my gyde;  
 268  
 How I am trobyllyd both bak and syde,  
 and asks to be  
 help to his  
 deathbed.  
 now wythly help me to my bede.  
 A! this rendyt my rybbys! I xall never goo nor ryde!  
 the dent of deth is hevyar þan led. 272  
 A! lord, Lord! what xal I doo þis tyde?  
 He prays to God  
 for mercy,  
 A! gracyows god! have ruth on me,  
 In thys word no lengar to a-byde.  
 and blesses his  
 children.  
 I blys yow, my chyldyrn, god mot with vs be! 276

[Her a-voydyt syrus sodenly, and than [comyt]  
 sayyng, lazarus.



[Lazarus.]

Alas, I am sett in grete hevynesse ! 277

per is no tong my sorow may tell,

so sore I am browth in dystresse ;

in feyntnes I falter, for [p]is fray fell ; 280

Lazarus grieves  
greatly for his  
father Cyrus's  
death.

thys dewresse wyl lett me no longer dwelle,

But god of grace sone me redresse.

A ! how my peynes don me repelle !

Lord, with-stand þis duresse ! 284

mary magleyn.

the in-wyttissymus<sup>1</sup> god þat euer xal reyne, 285

[<sup>1</sup> L. infinitissimus]

be his help, an sowlys sokor !

to whom it is most nedfull to cum-playn,

he to bry[n]g vs owȝt of ower dolor, 288

Mary Magdalene  
prays God to  
bring them out  
of their sorrow.

he is most mytyest governowr,

from soroyng, vs to restryne. 290

martha.

[leaf 101, back]

A ! how I am sett in sorowys sad, 291

That long my lyf y may nat in-devre !

thes grawous peynes make me ner mad !

vndyr clower is now my fathyr's cure, 294

þat sumtyme was here ful mery and glad.

Ower lordes mercy be his mesure,

& defeynd hym from peynes s. & ! 297

lazarus.

now, systyrs, ower fatherys wyll we woll<sup>2</sup> exprese : 298

[<sup>2</sup> fullylle crost out.]

thys castell is owerys, with all þe fee.

martha.

as hed and governower, as reson is,

and on þis wyse abydyn with yow, wyl wee ; 301

but she and  
Mary 'll live  
with Lazarus,  
and obey him.

we wyll natt desevyr, whatt so be-falle.

maria.

Now, brothyr and systyrs, wel-cum 3e be.

& ther-of speccially I pray 3ow all. 304

Part I. Scene 7.  
? Where.

## [PART I. Scene 7.]

[Her xal entyr þe kyng of þe word, [þen þe kyng of] þe flesch, and [þen] þe dylfe, with þe seuenedly synnes, a bad angyll an an good angyl, þus seyyng þe word.

## [The King of the World.]

The World says I am þe word, worthyest þat eyr god wrowth, 305  
he is the first & also I am þe prymatt portatur  
potentate next to Heaven,

next heueyn, yf þe trewth be sowth,—

& that I Iugge me to skryptur ;— 308

& I am he þat lengest xal Induer,

and also most of domynacyon ;

[leaf 102]

yf I be hys foo, woo is abyll to recure,

for þe whele of fortune with me hath sett his sentur.

and guides the  
Wheel of  
Fortune.

In him rests  
the order of the  
Seven Metals  
knit each to a  
Star :—

¶ in me restyt þe ordor of þe metelles seuyñ, 313

þe whych to þe seuen planyttes ar knett ful sure ;

gold perteynyng to þe sonne, as astronomer nevyñ ;

sylvyr, to þe mone whyte and pure ; 316

Iryñ, on-to þe maris þat long may endure ;

þe fegetyff mercury, on-to mercuryus ;

as Copper to  
Venus, Tin to  
Jupiter, Lead to  
Saturn ;—

copyr, on-to venus red In his merroure ; 319

the frangabyll tyn, to Iubyter, yf 3e can dycuss ; 320

On þis planyt saturne, ful of rancur,

þis soft metell led, nat of so gret puernesse :

wherewith the  
Seven Princes of  
Hell are  
enricht.

Lo, alle þis rych tresor with þe word doth indure 323

the vij prynsys of hell of gret bowntosnesse.

now, who may presume to com to my honour ?

## pryde.

Pride and

3e worthy word, 3e be gronddar of gladnesse, 326

to þem þat dwellyng ondyr yower domynacyon. 327

## covetyse.

Covetousness  
praise him.

& who-so wol nat, he is sone set a-syde,

wher-as I couetyse take mynystracyon.

## mundus.

of þat I pray yow make no declareracyon ; 330

make swych to know my soverreynte,

& than þey xal be fayn to make supplicacyon  
yf þat þey stond In ony nesessyte.

333

[Her xal entyr þe kyng of flesch with slowth, [leaf 102 back],  
gloteny, lechery.

## flesch.

I, kyng of flesch, florychyd in my flowers,  
Of deynty delycyows I have grett domynacyon,  
so ryal a kyng was neuyr borne In bowrys,  
nor hath more delyth ne more delectacyon,  
for I haue comfortat ywys to my comfortacyon,  
dya, galonga, ambra, and also margaretton,  
alle þis is at my lyst a-zens alle vexacyon;  
alle wykkyt thynges I woll sett a-syde,  
clary, pepur long, with granorum paradys,  
zenzybyr and synamom at euery tyde;  
lo, alle swych deyntyys delycyus vse I;  
with swyche deyntyys I have my blysse.  
who woll covett more game and gle,  
my fayer spowse lechery to halse and kysse,  
Here ys my knyth gloteny, as good reson is,  
with þis plesavnt lady to rest be my syde;  
Here is slowth, anothyr goodly of to expresse:  
A more plesavnt compeny doth no-wher a-byde.

334 The King of the  
Flesh has  
delights in his  
flowers,

337

galingale (?),

340

341

Grains of Para-  
dise and Cina-  
mon,

344

347 and in his  
spouse Lechery,  
his knight  
Gluttony, and

his friend Sloth.

351

## luxuria.

O ye prynse, how I am ful of ardent lowe,  
with sparkylles ful of amerowsnesse;  
with yow to rest, fayn wold I a-prowe,  
to shew plesavns to your lentylnesse.

352

355

## þe flesch.

O þe bewtews byrd, I must yow kysse,  
I am ful of lost to halse yow þis tyde.

357

He kisses  
Lechery, and  
desires her.

[Here xal entyr þe prynse of dylles In a stage,  
and Helle ondyr-neth þat stage, þus seyyng þe  
dylfe.

[leaf 103]

[Satan, The Prince of the Devils.]

Prince Satan is a Now I, prynse pyrked prykyd in pryde, 358

satan<sup>n</sup> ower sovereyn, set with euery cyrcumstanse,  
for I am a-tyred in my tower to tempt yow þis tyde;

King, with  
Wrath and Envy  
in his retinue. as a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns, 361  
with wroth [and] Invy at my ryall retynawns;

the boldest in bower I bryng<sup>t</sup> to a-baye;  
Mannis sowle to be-segyn<sup>n</sup> and bryng<sup>t</sup> to obeysavns,

He strives to  
ruin men,  
body and soul,  
because they  
gaind what  
Lucifer lost. 3a [with] tyde and tyme I do þat I may, 365  
for at hem<sup>n</sup> I haue dysspyte þat he xold<sup>t</sup> haue þe Ioye  
That lycyfer, with many a legyown<sup>n</sup>, lost for þer pryde;

þe snares þat I xal set, wher never set at troye,  
so I thynk to besegyn<sup>n</sup> hem<sup>n</sup> be every waye wyde; 369  
I xal getyn<sup>n</sup> hem<sup>n</sup> from<sup>n</sup> grace, wher-so-euer he abyde,  
That body and sowle xal com to my hold<sup>t</sup>,

Hym<sup>n</sup> for to take. 372

He calls his  
Knights to  
council, Now my knyhtes so stowth, 373  
with me ye xall ron<sup>n</sup> In rowte,

My consell to take for a skowte,  
whytl<sup>y</sup> þat we wer<sup>t</sup> went for my sake. 376

wrath.

how to make  
Mary Magdalene with wrath or whylles we xal hyrre wyne. 377

envy.

sin, or with sum sotyllte sett hur in synne.

dylfe.

com of þan, let vs be-gynne  
to werkyn hur<sup>t</sup> sum wrake. 380

[leaf 103, back] [Her xal þe deywl go to þe word with his compeny.

satan.

Heyle word<sup>t</sup>, worthiest<sup>t</sup> of a-bowndans! 381

In hast<sup>t</sup> we must<sup>t</sup> a conseyll take;

and serve the  
Devils. ye must aply yow with all your afyavns,  
A woman<sup>n</sup> of whorshep ower servant to make. 384

*mundus.*

satan, with my consell I wyll þe a-wansse,		The King of the
I pray þe cum vp on-to my tent.		World asks
were þe kyng of flesch her with his a-semلائns!		Satan to his
Masenger, a-non þat þu werre went	388	tent,
thys tyde!	389	
sey þe kyng of flesch with grete renown,		and sends for
with his consell þat to hym be bown,		the King of the
In alle þe hast þat euer they mown,		Flesh.
com as fast as he may ryde.	393	

*masenger.* [*Sensuality.*]

My lord, I am your servant sensvalyte,	394	World's
your masege to don, I am of glad chyr;		Messenger,
Ryth sone in presens 3e xal hym se,		Sensuality,
your wyl for to fulfyll her.	397	
[Her he goth to þe flesch, thus seyynge.		
Heyl, lord in lond, led with lykyng!	398	
Heyl, flesch in lust, fayrest to be-hold!		tells the Flesh
Heyl, lord and ledar of empror and kyng!		
þe worthy word, be wey and wold,	401	
Hath sent for yow and your consell.		he is wanted at
satan is sembled with his howshold;		Satan's Council
your covnseyl to haue, most fo[r] a-weyle.	404	

*flesch.*

[leaf 104]

Hens! In hast, þat we þer wh[e]re!	405	Flesh hastes
lett vs make no lengar delay!		away

*senswalite.*

gret myrth to þer hertes shold yow arere,	
be my trowth, I dare safly saye.	408

[Her comyt þe kyng of flesch to þe word, þus to World, seyynge.

[*flesch.*]

Heyl be yow, soverens lefe and dere!		and greets the
why so hastely do 3e for me send?		Kings.

## mundus.

A! we ar' ryth glad we haue yow here.  
 Ower covnsell to-gethyr to comprehend. 412  
 Calld on by World, Now, satan, sey your devyse. 413

## satan.

Satan opens the debate on Mary Magdalene. Serys, now ye be set, I xal yow say: 414  
 syrus dydd þis odyr day;  
 Now mary his dowctor, þat may,  
 of þat castel beryt þe pryse. 417

## mundus.

If she keeps virtuous, she'll be able to destroy Hell. sertenly, serys, I yow telle, 418  
 yf she in vertu styлле may dwelle,  
 she xal byn abyll to dystroye helle,  
 but yf your covnseyll may othyrwyse devyse. 421

## flesch.

Therefore Lechery now, þe lady lechery, yow must don your attendans,  
 for yow be flower fayrest of femynyte;  
 yow xal go desyrr servyse, and byn at hur' atendavns,  
 must seduce her. for 3e xal soncst enter 3e beral of bewte. 425

## lechery.

serys, I abey your covnsell in eche degre; 426  
 strytt waye þethyr woll I passe.

## satan.

The Evil Spirits shall tempt her. spirits malyngny xal com to þe,  
 Hyr to tempt in euery plase. 429  
 The 6 now here now alle þe vj þat her be,  
 [leaf 104, back] wysely to werke, hyr fawor to wyne,  
 to entyr hyr person be þe labor of lechery, 432  
 þat she at þe last may com to helle.  
 shall help to bring her to Hell. ¶ How, how, spirits malyng! þou wottyst what I mene!  
 Cum ow3t, I sey! heryst nat what I seye? 435

bad angyl.

synus, I obey your covnsell In eche degree; 436 The Bad Angel  
strytt waye þathyr woll I passe;  
speke soft, speke soft. I wrotte hyr to tene,  
I prey þe pertly make no more noyse. 439

starts to tempt  
Mary

[Her xal alle þe vij dedly synnes be-sege þe castell  
tyll [they] A-gre to go to Ierusalem. lechery xall  
entyr þe castell with þe bad angyl, þus seyyng  
lechery.

[PART I. Scene 8.]

Part I. Scene 8.  
The Castle of  
Maudleyn,  
Bethany.

[Lechery, or *Luxuria*.]

Heyl, lady most laudabyll of alyauvns! 440  
Heyl, oryent, as þe sonne In his reflexite!  
Myche pepul be comfortyd be your benyng afyavns,  
Bryter þan þe bornyð, is your bemys of bewte,  
most debonarius, with your aungelly delycyte! 444

Lechery greets  
Mary Magda-  
lene, and praises  
her angelic  
beauty.

Marya.

cwat persone be 3e þat þus me comende<sup>1</sup>?

[MS. comen-  
dyd]

luxurya.

your servant to be, I wold comprehend.

mary.

your debonarius obedyauzs ravyssyt me to trankquelyte! Mary is  
now, syth ye desyre In eche de-gree, 448 flattered,  
to receyve yow I have grett delectacyon;  
3e be hartely welcum com-to me!  
your tong is so amyabyll devydyd with reson. 451

welcomes  
Lechery,

Luxurya.

[leaf 105]

now, good lady, wyll 3e me expresse, 452  
why may þer no gladdnes to yow resort?

mary.

for my father, I haue had grett heuynesse;  
whan I remembry, my mynd waxit mort.

and tells her she  
is nigh dead, for  
her father's  
death.

455

**luxsurya.**

Lechery cheers  
Mary up, and  
advises her to  
amuse herself.

3a lady, for all þat, be of good comfort, 456  
for swych obusyouns may brede myche dysese;  
swych desepcyouns, potyt peynes to exsport,  
prynt yow in sportes whych best doth yow plese. 459

**mary.**

So Mary bids  
Lazarus and  
Martha good-  
bye.

for-sothe ye be welcum to myn hawdyens,  
ye be my hartes leche; 461  
brother lazarus, and it be yower plezauns, 462  
& 3e systyr martha also in substawns,  
Thys place I commend on-to your governours,  
and on-to god I yow be-take<sup>1</sup>. 465

**lazarus.**

now, systyr, we xal do your intente, 466  
in thys place to be resydent  
whyle þat 3e be absent,  
to kepe þis place from wreche. 469

Part I. Scene 9.  
A Tavern in  
Jerusalem

**[PART I. Scene 9.]**

**[Here takyt mary hur way to Ierusalem with  
Luxsurya, and þey xal resort to a taverner, þus  
seyy[n]g þe taverner.**

**[Taverner.]**

The Taverner  
declares he's the  
best in Jerusa-  
lem.  
[leaf 105, back]

He sells  
Malmsey,  
Claret,

Guelder

and Guyenne  
wine, and  
Vernage.

I am a taverner wytty and wyse, 470  
that wynys haue to sell gret plente.  
of all þe taverners I bere þe pryse  
that be dwellyng with-inne þe cete; 473  
of wynys I haue grete plente,  
both whyte wynne and red þat [ys] so cleyr<sup>1</sup>: 475  
Here ys wynne of mawt and Malmeseyn, 476  
clary wynne and claret, and other moo,  
wyn of gyldyr and of galles, þat made at þe grome, [?]   
wyn of wyan and vernage, I seye also;  
Ther be no better<sup>2</sup>, as ferre as 3e can goo. 480

<sup>1</sup> The ryme wants 'beteche'.

[<sup>2</sup> MS. bertter.]



## luxsu[r]ya.

lo, lady, þe comfort *and* þe sokower, 481  
 go we ner *and* take a tast,  
 thys xal bryng<sup>t</sup> your sprytes to fawor.  
 Taverner, bryng vs of þe fynnest þou hast. 484

Lechery orders  
 some of the  
 best wine,

## taverner.

here, lady, is wyn, a re-past 485  
 to man, *and* woman a good restoratyff;  
 3e xall nat thynk your mony spent in wast,  
 from stodyys *and* hevynes it woll yow relyff. 488

to cheer them  
 up.

## mary.

I-wys 3e seye soth, 3e grom of blysse;  
 to me 3e be covrtes *and* kynde. 490

## Her xal entyr a galavnt þus seyyng

galavnt. [*Curiosity, a Dandy.*]

Hof, hof, hof, a frysch new galavnt, 491  
 ware of thyrst, ley þat a-doune!  
 what! wene 3e, syrrys, þat I were a marchant,  
 be-cavse þat I am new com to town? 494  
 with sum praty taspysster wold I fayne rown<sup>1</sup>; 495  
 I haue a shert of reynnes with slevys peneawnt,  
 a lase of sylke for my lady constant!  
 a! how she is bewtefull *and* ressplendant! 498  
 whan I am from hyr presens, lord, how I syhe! 499  
 I wol a-wye sovereyns; *and* soiettes I dys-deyne.  
 In wynter a stomachyr, In somer non att al;  
 My dobelet *and* my hossys euer to-gether a-byde; 502  
 I woll, or euen, be shavyn, for to seme 3yng;  
 with her a-3en þe her, I love mych pleyng;  
 that makyt me lle3ant *and* lusty in lykyng;  
 thus I lefe in þis word; I do it for no pryde. 506

A smart Gallant  
 comes, and

[<sup>1</sup> MS rowned]

[leaf 106]  
 wants a pretty  
 Barmaid to chat  
 to.

His love is a  
 beauty.

He wears no  
 stomacher in  
 summer,

and likes his hair  
 against a girl's.

## luxsurya.

lady, þis man is for 3ow, as I se can; 507  
 to sett yow I sporttes *and* talkyng þis tyde.

mary.

Mary bids the  
Taverner call  
the Gallant in.

cal hym In, taverner<sup>1</sup>, as 3e my loue wyll han,  
& we xall make ful mery yf<sup>1</sup> he wolle a-byde 510

taverner.

How, how, my mastyr<sup>1</sup> coryossyte? 511

coryoste.

what is your wyll, syr ? what wyl 3e with me ?

taverner<sup>1</sup>.

Her<sup>1</sup> ar Ientyll women dysyor<sup>1</sup> your presens to se,  
& for to dryng<sup>1</sup> with yow thys tyde. 514

coryoste.

He comes, and  
makes love to  
Mary Magda-  
lene,

A dere dewchesse, my daysys Iee ! 515  
splendavnt of<sup>1</sup> colour, most of<sup>1</sup> femynyte,  
your sofreynd<sup>1</sup> coloures set with synseryte !

[leaf 106, back]

conseder<sup>1</sup> my loue in-to yower alye,  
or elles I am<sup>1</sup> smet with peynnes of<sup>1</sup> perplexite ! 519

mari.

Why, sir, wene 3e þat I were a kelle ? 520

corioste.

calls her his  
Princess and  
Sweetheart,

nay, prensess parde, 3e be my hertes hele,  
so wold<sup>1</sup> to god 3e wold<sup>1</sup> my loue fele.

mari.

qwot cavse þat 3e love me so sodenly ? 523

corioste.

and says he  
can't help  
loving her.

o nedys I mvst<sup>1</sup>, myn<sup>1</sup> own<sup>1</sup> lady,  
your person, itt<sup>1</sup>is so womanly,  
I can<sup>1</sup> nat refreynd<sup>1</sup>, me swete lelly. 526

mari.

sir, curtesy doth it yow lere. 527

## corioste.

Now, gracyus gost, *with-owt*; n̄ pere

Mych nortur is þat 3e conne;

529 He asks Mary to  
dance with him.

But wol yow dawns, my own dere ?

530

## mary.

sir, I asent In good maner ;

She agrees,

go 3e be-fore ; I sue yow ner' ;

for a-man at alle tymys beryt reverens.

533

## corioste.

Now, be my trowth, 3e be *with* other ten ;

534

felle a pese, taverne', let vs sen),

and will take  
sopa-in-wine  
with him.

soppes in wyne, how love 3e ?

536

## mari.

As 3e don, so doth me ;

I am ryth glad þat met be we ;

She begins to  
love him ;

my loue, In yow gynnyt to close.

539

## coryoste.

Now, derlyng dere, wol yow do be my rede ?

540

[leaf 107]

we haue dronkyn *and* ete lytyl brede.

wyll we walk to a-nother stede ?

542

## mari.

Ewyn at your wyl, my dere derlyng !

543

may, will go to  
the end of the  
world with him,  
and die for his  
sake.

thowe 3e wyl go to þe wordes eynd,

I wol neuer from yow wynd,

to dye for your sake.

546

[Here xal mary & þe galont a-woyd. & þe bad  
angyll goth to þe word, þe flych, & þe dylfe, þus  
sayyng þe bad angyl.

## [PART I. Scene 10.]

Part I. Scene 10.  
Hell

## [Bad Angyl.]

a lorges, a lorges, lorddes alle at onys !

547

The Bad Angel  
tells the Devils  
of Mary Magda-  
lene's fall.

3e haue a *servant* fayer *and* afyabyll,

for she is fallyn in ower grogly gromys ;

3a, pryde callyd corioste, to hur' is ful lavdabyll,

550

She has granted  
Curiosity all he  
askt.

and to hur' he is most preysse-abyll, 551  
for she hath gravnttyd hym al his bones;  
she thynkyt his person so amyabyll,  
to her' syte he is semelyar' þan ony kyng in trones. 554

diab[o]lus.

The Devil sends  
Lechery back to  
keep Mary in  
sin.

a! how I tremyl and trott for ȝese tydynges! 555  
she is a soveryn servant' þat hath hur' fet in synne.  
go thow agayn, and ewer be hur gyde;  
þe lavdabyll lyfe of lecherry let' hur neuer lynne,  
for of hur' al helle xall make reioysseyngt. 559

Here goth þe bad angyl to mari a-gayn.

rex diabolus.

Satan and the  
World, and the  
Flesh, bid one

fare-well, fare-well, ȝe to nobyl kynges þis tyde, 560  
for hom' in hast' I wol me dresse.

[leaf 107, back]

mundus.

another fare-  
well.

fare-well, satan, prynsse of pryde!

flesch.

fare-well, sem[l]yest' all sorowys to sesse! 563

[Here xal satan go hom to his stage, and mari xal  
entyr in-to þe place alone, save þe bad angyl and  
al þe seuen dedly synnes xal be conveyyd in-to þe  
howse of symont leprovs, þey xal be a-rayyd lyke  
vij dylf: þus kept closse, mari xal be in an erbyr,  
þus seyyngt.

Part I. Scene 11.  
Jerusalem.  
An Arbour.

[PART I. Scene 11.]

mari.

Mary Magdalene  
thinks of her  
darling lovers,

A! god be with my valentynges, 564  
My byrd swetyngt, my lovys so dere!  
for þey be bote for a blossom of blysse;  
me mervellyt sore þey be nat here, 567

and will rest in  
the Arbour till  
one comes to  
her.

but I woll restyn in þis erbyr'  
A-mons thes bamys precyus of prysse,  
Tyll som lover wol apere,  
that me is wont to halse and kysse. 571

Her xal mary lye down, and slepe in þe erbyr.

## [PART I. Scene 12.]

symond leprus.

Part I. Scene 12.  
Bethany.  
The House of  
Simon the Leper.

Thys day holly I po. in rememberowns 572

to solas my gestes to my power,

I haue ordeynnyd a dyner of substawns,

My chyff freyndes þerwith to chyr; 575

In-to þe sete I woli a-pere,

ffor my gestes to make porvyawns,

for tyme drayt ny to go to dyner,

and my offycys be redy with þer ordynowñs. 579

¶ so wold to god I myte have a-queyntowñs 580

of þe profyth of trew perfytnesse,

to com to my place and porvyowñs;

it wold rejoyse my hert in gret gladnesse; 583

for 3e report of hys hye nobyll-nesse

rennyt in contreys fer and ner;

Hys precheyng is of gret perfythnes,

of rythwysnesse, and mercy cleyr. 587

for His preach-  
ing is of Right-  
ousness and  
Mercy.Her entyr symont in-to 3e place, þe good angyl  
þus seyyng to Mary.

## [PART I. Scene 13.]

[good angyl.]

Part I. Scene 13.  
Mary's Arbour  
in Jerusalem.

woman, woman, why art þou so on-stabyll? 588

ful bytterly thys blysse it wol be bowth;

why art þou a-3ens god so veryabyll?

wy thynkes þou nat god made þe of nowth?

In syn and sorow þou art browth, 592

fleschly lust is to 3e full delectabyll;

salue for þi sowle must be bowth,

and leue þi werkes wayn and veryabyll. 595

Remembyr, woman, for þi pore pryde,

How þi sowle xal lynn in helle fyr! 596

¶ A! remembyr how sorowful itt is to a-byde

with-owtyn eynd in angur and Ir[e]! 599

remembyr þe on<sup>1</sup> mercy make þi sowle cleyr!

I am þe gost of goodnesse þat so wold 3e gydde.

The Good Angel  
warns Mary toseek healing  
for her soul,which else shall  
be in the fire of  
hell.<sup>1</sup> ? MS. may be eu = cum.

[leaf 108, back]

mary.

Mary Magdalene A ! how þe speryt of goodnesse hat promtyt me þis tyde,  
 And temtyd me *with* tytyll of trew perfythnesse.  
 laments her sin ; A-las ! how betternesse In my hert doth a-byde ! 604  
 I am) wonddyd *with* werkes of gret dystresse. 605  
 A ! how pynsynesse potyt me to oppresse,  
 that I haue synuyd on) euery syde.  
 and asks who shall deliver her. O lord ! wo xall put me from) þis peynfulnesse ? 608  
 A ! woo xal to mercy be my gostly gyde ?  
 She resolves ¶ I xal porsue þe prophett, wherso he be,  
 for he is þe welle of perfyth charyte ; 611  
 be þe oyle of mercy he xal me relyff.  
 to seek Christ. *with* swete bawmys I wyl sekyn) hym) þis syth,  
 and sadly folow his lordshep in eche degre. 614

Part I. Scene 14.  
 Bethany.  
 Simon's House.

[PART I. Scene 14.]

[Here xal entyr þe prophet *with* his desyplys, þus  
 seyyng symont leprus.]

[symont leprus.]

Christ enters, and Simon beseeches Him Now ye be welcom), mastyr, most of magnyfycens, 615  
 I be-seche yow benyngly 3e wol be so gracyows  
 yf þat it be lekyng) on) to yower hye presens  
 to dine with him. thys daye to com) dyne at my hows. 618

Iesus.

god a mercy, symont, þat þou wylt me knowe ! 619  
 I woll entyr þi hows *with* pes and vnyte ;  
 I am) glad for to rest ; þer grace gynnyt grow ;  
 for *with*-inne þi hows xal rest charyte, 622  
 And þe bemys of grace xal byn) Illumynows. 623  
 [leaf 109]  
 and enters Simon's house. But syth þou wytyst saff a dyner on) me,  
*with* pes and grace I entyr þi hows.

symond.

Simon thanks him, I thank yow, master, most benyng and gracyus, 626  
 that yow wol of your hye soverente ;  
 to me Ittis a Ioye most speceows,

with-Inne my hows þat I may yow se!

now syt to þe bord, mastys alle.

630 and bids all sit  
down to table

[Her xal mary folowa-longe, with þis lamentacyon,

mary.

O I, cursyd cayftyff, þat myche wo hath wrowth

631 Mary Magdalene  
reproaches her-  
self for her sin,

A-ȝens my makar, of mytes most;

I have offendyd hym with dede and thowth,

But in his grace is all my trost,

634 but trusts in  
God's grace.

Or elles I know well I am but lost,

body and sowle damdpnyd perpetuall.

ȝet, good lord of lorddes, my hope perhenuall,

637

with þe to stond In grace and fawour to se,

thow knowyst my hart and thowt in especyal;

He knows her  
heart.

therfor, good lord, after my hart reward me.

640

[Her xal mary wasche þe fett of þe prophet with  
þe terres of hur yys, whyping hem with hur herre,  
and þan a-noynt hym with a precyus noyttment.

She washes  
Christ's feet  
with her tears,  
wipes them with  
her hair, and  
anoins them

Iesus dicit.

symond, I thank ȝe speceally

641 Iesus says,

for þis grett r[e]past þat her hath be;

But, symond, I telle þe factually

[leaf 109, back]

I have thynges to seyn to þe.

644

Symond.

Master, quat your wyll be,

645 "Simon, I have  
somewhat to  
say to thee :

and it plese yow, I well yow her,

seyth your lykyng on-to me,

& al þe plesawnt of your mynd and desyir.

648

Iesus.

symond, þer was a man in þis present lyf,

649 A man had 2  
poor debtors.

the wyche had to dectours well suer,

þe whych wher pore, and myth make no .restoratyf,

But styll in þe ded in-duour;

652

þe on owȝt hym an hondyrd pense ful suer,

One owd him  
100 pence, the  
other 50; and

& þe other fefty, so be-fell þe chauce;

& be-cawse he cowd nat his mony recure,

655

he forgave them both. they askyd hym for-ȝewnesse; and he for-ȝaf in substans :  
 but, symont, I pray ȝe, answer me to þis sentens, 657  
 which was most beholden to him ?" whych of þes to personnes was most be-holddyn to þat  
 man ?

Simon :

symond.

" The one that  
 owd him most !"

Master, and it pleȝe your hey presens,  
 He þat most owȝt hym, as my reson ȝef can). 660

Jesus :

Iesus.

" Thou hast judgd rightly. Recte iudicasti ! þou art a wyse man 661  
 and þis quesson hast dempte trewly.  
 yff þu In þi concyens remembyr can),

Ye two are the debtors : ȝe to, be ȝe dectours þat I of specefy. 664  
 [leaf 110] But, symond, be-hold þis woman in al wyse,

this woman has washt my feet with her tears, anointed them, and wiped them with her fair hair. she wassheth my fete, and dothe me servyse,  
 and anoy[n]tyt hem with onymentes, lowly knelyng, 668  
 & with her her, fayer and brygth shynnyng,

she wypeth hem agayn with good In entent ;  
 ¶ But, symont, syth that I entyrd þi hows, 671

Thou didst  
 neither.

To wasshe my fete þou dedyst nat aplye,  
 Nor to wype my fete þou wer nat so faworus ;  
 wherfor In þi consceyē þou owttyst nat to repleye. 674

Woman, I  
 forgive thee,  
 and make thee  
 whole in soul !"

But, woman, I sey to þe werely,  
 I for-geyffe þe þi wrecchednesse,  
 And hol In sowle be þou made þerby ! 677

Mary Magd. :

maria.

" Blessed be  
 thou, Lord of  
 Life !

O blessyd be þou, lord of euer-lastyng lyfe ! 678  
 & blyssyd be þi berth of þat puer vergynne !  
 Blyssyd be þou, repast contemplatyf,  
 A-ȝens my seknes, helth, and medsyn ! 681  
 and for þat I haue synnyd In þe synne of pryde,

I will clothe me  
 in Humility,

I wol en-abyte me with humelyte ;  
 A-ȝens wrath and envy, I wyl devyde

Patience and  
 Charity."

Thes fayer vertuys, pacyens and charyte. 685



Iesus.

[leaf 110, back]

Woman, in contrysse) þou art' expert', 686 Iesus bids Mary

And in þi sowle hast' Inward mythe

That' sumtyme were In desert',

and from) therknesse hast' porchasyd' lyth; 689

thy feyth hath savyt' þe, and made þe bryth;

Wherfor I sey to þe, "vade In pace." 691 depart in peace.

[With þis word vij dyllys xall de-woyde frome þe 7 Devils go out  
woman, and the bad angyll enter into hell with of her into Hell.  
thondyr.

[Maria.]

O þou gloryus Lord! þis rehersyd for my sped, 692 She thanks  
sowle helth attes tyme for-to recure. Iesus.

Lord, for þat I was In whanhope, now stond I In dred',

But þat þi gret mercy with me may endure; 695

My thowth þou knewyst' with-owtyn) ony dowth;

now may I trost' þe techeyng' of Izaye in scrip'tur,

Wos report' of' þi nobyllnesse rennyt fer' abowt. 698

Iesus.

Blyssyd be þey at alle tyme, 699 He tells her to

that sen me nat', and have me in credens; .

With contrysse) þou hast' mad a recumpens,

þi sowle to save from) all dystresse;

be war, and kepe þe from) alle neclygens,

and after þou xal be pertener of' my blysse. 704 be careful;  
and she shall  
partake of his  
bliss

[Here devodyte Iesus with his desipylles, þe good [leaf 111]  
angyll reioysynge ofe mawdleyne.

bonus angelus.

Holy god, hyest of omnipotency, 705 The Good Angel

The astat of good governours to þe I recummed,

Humbylly be-secheyng' þyn) Inperall glorie, prays Iesus to

In þi devyn) vertu vs to comprehend. 708

¶ and delectabyll Iesu, soverreyn) sapyens,

Ower feyth we recummed' on-to your purpete,

Most mekely prayyng' to your holy aparens,

Illumyn) ower ygnorans with your devynyte! 712 enlighten their  
ignorance.

DIGBY MYST.

G

The Good Angel ye be clepyd Redempcyon of sowlys defens, 713  
 whyche shal ben obscuryd be þi blessyd mortalyte.  
 O lux vera, gravnt vs 3ower lucense,  
 that with þe spryte of errour I nat seduet be! 716

prays the Holy Spirit and the Trinity that And sperytus alme, to yow most benyne,  
 thre persons In trenyte, and on god eterne,  
 Most lowly ower feyth we consyngne,  
 þat we may com to your blysse gloryfyed from malyngne,  
 they may come to bliss. & with your gostely bred to fede vs, we desyern. 721

Part I.  
 Scene 15. Hell.

[PART I. Scene 15.]

**Rex deabolus.**

A, owt, owt, and harrow! I am hampord with hate! 722  
 In hast wyl I set on Iugment to se;  
 with thes betyll browyd bycheys I am at debate.

[leaf 111, back]  
 The King of the  
 Devils calls up  
 Belfagour and  
 Belzabub, to  
 judge the

How! belfagour and belzabub! com vp here to me! 725

[Here aperytte to dyvyllys be-fore þe master.

**secundus diabolus.**

Here, lord, here! quat wol 3e?

**tercius diabolus.**

the Iugment of harlottes here to se,  
 setting In Iudycyal lyke a state. 728

Bad Angel who  
 faild with Mary  
 Magdalene.

How, thow bad angyll! a-pere before my grace!

**spiritus malignus.**

as flat as fox, I falle before your face.

**I<sup>us</sup> Diabolus.**

thow theffe, wy hast þou don alle þis trespas,  
 to lett þen woman þi bondes breke? 732

**mali[g]nus spiritus.**

the speryt of grace sore ded hyr smyth,  
 & temptyd so sore þat Ipocryte.

**I<sup>us</sup> diabolus.**

He's to be  
 beaten on his  
 buttocks,

3a! thys hard balys on þi bottokkys xall byte!  
 In hast on þe I wol be wroke. 736

cum vp, 3e horsons, *and* skore a-wey þe yche! 737

& with thys panne 3e do hym pycche!

cum of, 3e harlottes, þat yt wer don! 739

[Here xall þey *serua* all þe *seuyne* as þey do þe freste.

and so are all  
the other 7  
Devils who  
came out of  
Mary.

**Primus Deabolus.**

Now have I a part of my desyer: 740

goo In-to þis howsse, 3e lordeynnes here,

& loke ye set yt on a feyer,

& þat xall hem a-wake. 743

[Here xall þe tother deylye sette þe howse on a  
fyere, and make a sowth, and mari xall go to lazar  
and to martha.

[leaf 112]  
The other Devils  
set fire to the  
house [? whose.]

**I<sup>us</sup> diabolus.**

So, now have we well afrayyd þese felons ffals! 744

They be blasyd both body *and* hals!

Now to hell lett vs synkyn als,

to ower felaws blake. 747

[PART I. Scene 16.]

**mari mavgleyne.**

O brother, my hartes consolacyown! 748

O blessyd In lyffe, *and* solytary!

the blyssyd prophet, my comfortacyown,

He hathe made me clene *and* delectary,

the wyche was to synne a subiectary. 752

Thys kyngt cryste consedyryd his creacyown;

I was drynchyn In synne deversarye

tyll þat lord relevyd me be his domynacyon,

grace to me he wold never de-nye; 756

thowe I were nevyr so synful, he seyð 'revertere'!

and bade her  
'Turn again.'

O, I synful creature, to grace I woll a-plye;

the oyle of mercy hath helyd myn Infyrmyte.

**martha.**

now worchepyð be þat hey name, Iesu, 760

the wyche In latyn is callyd savyower!

fulfylling þat word ewyn of dewe,

to alle synfull *and* seke he is sokour. 763

He is the suc-  
cour of all  
sinners

**Lazarus.**

[leaf 112, back]  
Lazarus wel-  
comes his sister  
Mary Mag-  
dalene.

systyr, 3e be welcum on-to yower towere ! 764  
glad In hart of yower obessyawmse,  
wheyl þat I leffe, I wyl serve hym with honour,  
that 3e have forsakyn synne and varyawñs. 767

**mary Mavdeleyn.**

She prays  
Christ

Cryst, þat is þe lyth and þe cler daye, 768  
He hath on-curyd þe therknesse of þe clowdy nyth.  
of lyth þe lucens and lyth veray,  
Wos prechynge to vs is a gracyows lyth,  
Lord, we be-seche þe, as þou art most of myth, 772  
Owt of þe ded slep of therknesse de-fend vs aye !  
gyff vs grace ewyr to rest In lyth,  
In quyet and In pes to serve þe nyth and day ! 775

to give them  
grace to serve  
Him ever.

[Here xall lazar take his deth, þus seyynge.

**[Lazarus.]**

Lazarus is  
stricken with  
death, and calls  
to his sisters  
for help.

A, help, help, systyrs ! for charyte ! 776  
a-las ! dethe is sett at my hart ;  
a ! ley on handes ! wher ar' 3e ?  
a ! I faltyr and falle ! I wax alle on-quarte ! 779  
A ! I bome a-bove ; I wax alle swertt !  
A, good Iesu, thow be my gyde !  
A ! no lengar now I reverte !  
I yeld vp þe gost, I may natt a-bye ! 783

[leaf 113]

**mary Mavdeleyn.**

Mary Magdalene  
comforts him.

O good brother, take covmforth and myth, 784  
and lett non heuynes In 3ower hart a-bye ;  
Lett a-way alle þis feyntnesse and fretth,  
& we xal gete yow leches, 3ower peynes to devyde. 787

**martha.**

Martha says

A ! I syth and sorow, and sey, a-las ! 788  
thys sorow ys a-poynt to be my confusyon).

they'll go for  
Christ.

Ientyl syster, hye we from þis place,  
for þe prophe[t] to hym hatt grett delectacyon ; 791

good brother', take somme comfortacyon),  
for we woll go to seke yow cure.

793

[Here goth mary and martha, and mett with Iesus,  
pus seyynge.

[PART I. Scene 17.]

[Mary & Martha.]

Part I.  
Scene 17.  
Beyond Jordaa

O lord Iesu, ower melleffueus swettnesse,  
thowe art grettest lord In glorie,  
Lover to þe lord In all lowlynesse!

794

Comfort þi creatur þat to þe crye!  
be-hold yower lover, good lord, specyally,  
How Lazar' lyth seke In grett dystresse!  
He ys þi lover, lord, suerly;  
on-bynd hym, good lord, of his heuynesse!

797

Mary and  
Martha tell  
Jesus that  
Lazarus is sick,

801

and ask Him to  
heal him.

Iesus.

of all In-fyrmyte, þer is non to deth,  
for of all peynnes þat is Inpossyble.  
To vndyr-stand be reson, to know þe werke,  
the Ioye þat is in Ierusallern heuenly,  
Can never be complyd be covnyng of clerke,  
to se þe Ioyys of þe fathyr In glory,  
the Ioyys of þe sonne whych owth to be magnyfied,  
And of þe therd person, þe holy gost truly,  
& alle iij but on In heuen gloryfyed.

802

804

[leaf 113, back]

807

810

Now, women, þat am In my presens here,  
of my wordys take a-wysement;  
go hom a-ȝen to yower brothyr Lazere;  
my grace to hym xall be sent.

814

Jesus bids them  
go home.  
His grace shall  
be sent to  
Lazarus.

mary *Mawdeleyn*.

O thow gloryus lord, here present,  
We yeld to þe salutacyon!  
In ower weyys we be expedyent;  
now, Lord, vs defend from trybulacyon!

815

They thank  
Him,

818

[Here goth mary and martha homvard, and Iesus  
devodyte.

and go home to  
Bethany.

*Part I.  
Scene 18.  
The Castle of  
Maudleyn, and  
the Sepulchre  
in Bethany.*

## [PART I. Scene 18.]

**Lazarus.**

A ! In woo I waltyr, as wawys In þe wynd ! 819

A-wey ys went all my sokour !

A ! deth, deth, þou art on-kynd !

Lazarus bids  
his sisters fare-  
well, and dies.

A ! a ! now brystyt' myn hartt ! þis is a sharp shower !  
fare-well, my systers, my bodely helth ! 823

[mortuis est.]

**mary Maudleyn.**

Iesu, my lord, be yower sokowr,

And he mott be yower gostes welth ! 825

**primus miles.**

goddes grace mott be hys governour, 826

In Ioy euerlastyng' for' to be !

[leaf 114]

**secundus miles.**

A-monge alle good sowlys send hym favour

as þi power' ys most' of' dygnyte ! 829

**martha.**

Martha says

Now syn þe chans is fallyn soo 830

that deth hath drewyn hym don þis day,

they must  
bury Lazarus.

we must' nedys ower devyrs doo,  
to þe erth to bryng' hym with-owt delay. 833

**mary Maudleyn.**

Mary adds,

as þe vse is now, and hath byn aye, 834

'with Weepers

with wepers to þe erth yow hym bryng' ;

alle þis must be donne as I yow saye,

clad in black.'

Clad In blake, with-owtyn lesyng'. 837

**primus miles.**

gracyows ladyys of' grett honour, 838

Neighbours  
come weeping.

thys pepull is com' here In yower syth,

wepyng' and welyng with gret dolour

be-cavse of' my lordes dethe. 841

The grave is  
made ready.

[Here þe one knyghth make redy þe stone, and  
other bryng in þe wepers arayyd in blak.

*primus miles.*

Now, good fryndes þat here be, 842 Lazarus is  
Take vp thys body *with* good wyll, laid in his tomb.  
& ley it In his sepoltur semely to se.  
good lord, hym save from alle maner ille! 845

[*Lay hym In.*

Here al þe pepyll resort to þe castell, þus seyynge

*Iesus.*

[*PART I. Scene 19.*

[*Iesus.*

*Part I.  
Scene 19  
Beyond Jordan*

Tyme ys comyn, of very cognysson). 846  
My dyssepelys, goth *with* me,  
for to fulfyll possybyll peticion).  
go we to-gether In-to Iude, 849  
Ther lazarus, my frynd, is he;  
gow we to-gether as chyldyurn of lyth;  
and, from grevos slepe, sawen heynd wyll we.

*Jesus bids his  
Disciples go into  
Judea with him,*

[leaf 114, back]

*to save Lazarus  
from sleep.*

*Dissipulus.*

Lord, it plesse yower myty volunte, 853  
thow he slepe, he may be sayyd be skylle.

*Iesus.*

That is trew, *and* be possybilyte;  
therfor of my deth shew yow I wyll. 856  
¶ My fathyr, of nemyows charyte,  
sent me, his son), to make redemcyon),  
wyche was conseyyd be puer verginyte,  
And so In my mother had cler Incarnacyon); 860  
and þerfor must I suffyr grewos passyon)  
ondyr povnse pylat, *with* grett perplexite,  
betyn), bobbyd, skoernyd, crowmyd *with* thorne:  
Alle þis xall be þe soferons of my deite. 864

*He tells them  
how his Father  
sent him,  
born of a pure  
Virgin,*

*to be beaten,  
and crown'd  
with thorns.*

¶ I, therfor, hastily folow me now,  
for Lazar is ded verely to preve;  
whe[r] (for I am) Ioyfull, I sey on-to yow,  
that I knowlege yow þer-with, þat ye may it beleve. 868

*And that  
Lazarus is dead.*

[*Here xal Iesus com with his dissipules; and one  
Iew tellyt martha.*

*Part I.  
Scene 20.  
Bethany.*

## [PART I. Scene 20.]

[*Iew.*]

A! martha, Martha! be full of gladnesse! 869  
for þe prophett ys comyng!, I sey trewly,  
with his dyssypyles In greit lowlynesse;  
He shall yow comfortt with his mercy. 872

[leaf 115]  
Martha runs  
to greet Christ,  
and says,

[Here martha xall ronne a-ȝene Iesus, þus seyyng.

[*Martha.*]

a, Lord! me, sympyl creatur, nat denye! 873  
thow I be wrappyd In wrecchydnesse!  
Lord, and þou haddyst byn her', werely  
My brother had natt a byn ded; I know well thysse. 876

If he'd been  
there,  
her brother 'ud  
not have died.  
Jesus says that

Iesus.

Martha, docctor! on-to þe I sey, 877  
thy brother xall reyse agayn.

martha.

yee, lord, at þe last day;  
that I be-leve ful pleyen. 880

Iesus.

all who believe  
in him shall  
have everlasting  
life.

I am þe resurreccyon of lyfe, þat euer xall reynne; 881  
& whoso be-levyt verely In me  
Xall have lyfe euerlastyng, þe soth to seyn.  
martha, be-levyest thow þis [truly]? 884

martha.

ȝe, forsoth, þe prynsse of blysch! 885  
I be-leve In cryst, þe son of sapyens,  
whyche with-owt eynd ryngne xall he,  
To redemyn vs frell from ower Iniquite. 888

[Here mary xall falle to Iesus, þus seyyng mary.

[leaf 115, back]

mary M.

Mary tells Jesus  
that if he had  
been with em,  
their brother  
had not died.

O þou rythewys regent, reynyng in equite, 889  
þou gracyows lord, þou swete Iesus!  
And þou haddyst byn her', my brothyr a-lyfe had be.  
good lord, myn hertt doth þis dyscus. 892



Iesus.

Wher have ȝe put hym? sey me thys.

893 Iesus orders

mary M.

In his mo[nu]ment, lord, is he.

Iesus.

to that place ȝe me wys;

Thatt grave I desyre to se.

896

take off þe ston of þis monvment!

The agrement of grace, her shewyn I wyll.

898

the stone to be  
taken off  
Lazarus's tomb

martha.

A, lord, ȝower preseptt fulfyllyd xall be;

899

thys ston I remeve with glad chyr.

gracyows lord, I aske þe mercy,

thy wyll mott be fulfyllyd here.

902

Martha takes it  
off.

[Here xall martha put off þe grave-stone.

Iesus.

Now, father, I be-seche thyn hey paternyte,

903

that my prayour be resowndable to þi fathyr In glory,

to opyn þeyn eryl to þi son In humanyte!

nat only for me, but for þi pepyll verely,

906

That þey may be-leue, and be-take to þi mercy.

fathyr! for þem I make supplycacyon.

gracyows father! gravnt me my bone!

Lazer! Lazer! com hethyr to me!

910

[Here xall lazar a-ryse, trossyd with towelles, In  
a shete.

[leaf 116]  
and bids  
Lazarus com:  
to him.  
Lazarus rises  
from his tomb,

Lazar.

A! my makar, my savyowr! blyssyd mott þou be!

911

Here men may know þi werkes off wondyr!

Lord, no thy[n]g ys on-possybyll to the,

for my body and my sowle was departyd asonder!

914

I xuld a<sup>l</sup>-rottyt, as doth þe tondyr

fleysch from þe bonys a<sup>l</sup>-consumyd a-way.

916

and blesses  
Jesus.

[<sup>l</sup> a = have]

Lazarus pro-  
claims God's  
goodness.

Now is a-loft, þat late was ondyr ! 917  
the goodnesse of god hath don for me here ;  
for he is bote of all baly's to on-bynd,  
that blyssyð lord þat here ded a-pere. 920

The folk say  
they believe in  
Jesus.

[Here all þe pepull, and þe Iewys, mari, and martha  
with one woys sey þes wordes : we be-leve in yow  
savyowr, Iesus, Iesus, Iesus !

[Iesus.]

of þowre good hertes I have ad-vertacyounes, 921  
where thorow, In sowle holl made 3e be ;  
be-twyx yow and me be never varyacyounes,

He bids them  
depart in peace.

Wherfor I sey, " vade In pace." 924

[Here devoydyt Iesus with his desypylles ; mary,  
and martha, and lazare, gone home to þe castell ; and  
here [the kyng of Marcyll] be-gynnyt hys boste.

PART II.

[PART II. Scene 21.]

Scene 21.  
Marcylle.

[Kyng of Marcyll.]

[leaf 116, back]  
The King :-  
'Why don't ye  
bend low to me,  
ye blabber-lip  
bitches ?

A-wantt, a-want þe, on-worthy wrecchesse ! 925  
Why lowtt 3e nat low to my lawdabyll presens,  
ye brawlyng breelles, and blabyr-lyppyd bycchys,  
obedyenly to obbey me with-owt of-fense ? 928  
I am a sofereyn semely, þat ye se butt seylð ; 929  
non swyche onder sonne, þe sothe for to say ;  
whanne I fare fresly and fers to þe feld,  
my fomen fle for fer of my fray.

ewen as an enperower I am onored ay, 933  
Wanne baner gyn to blasse, and bemmys gyn to blow.

I'm the Head of  
all Heathendom,

Hed am I heyest of all hethenness hollð ! 935  
both kyngges and cayseres, I woll þey xall me know,  
Or elles þey bey the bargayn, þat ewer þey wer so bold.

King of  
Marcylle !

¶ I am kyng of marcyll, talys to be told ; 938  
Thus I wold it wer knowyn ferre and ner.  
Ho sey contraly, I cast heym In cares cold,  
and he xall bey the bargayn wondyr dere. 941

I have a lovely  
wife.

I have a favorows fode, and fresse as the fakown, 942  
she is full fayer In hyr femynyte ; 943

whan I loke on þis lady, I am lofty as the lyon;

In my syth,

945

of delycyte most delycyows,

946

She's the most  
delicious  
creature alive.

of felachyp most felecycows,

of alle fodys most favarows,

o! my blysse! In beuteus brygth!

949

**regina.**

[leaf 117]

O of condycyons, and most onorabyll!

950

The Queen of  
Marcylle thanks  
the King for his  
praise of her.

Lowly I thank yow for þis recummendacyon!

951

the bovntheest, and the boldest onder baner bryth!

no creatur so coroscant to my consolacyon!

whan the regent be resydent, ittis my refeccyon;

954

yower dilectabyll dedes devydytt me from dyversyte;

In my person I privyde to put me from polucyon;

To be plezant to yower person, ittis my prosperyte.

957

**rex.**

now godamercy, berel brytest of bewte!

958

He declares  
she's the Beryl  
of Beauty,

godamercy, rubu rody as þe rose!

ye be so ple[s]avnt to my pay, 3e put me from peyn.

now, comly knyghths, loke þat 3e forth dresse

both spycys and wyn her In hast.

962

and orders wine  
and spices.

[Here xall þe knyghtes gete spycys and wyne, and  
here xall enter a dylle In orebyll a-ray, þus seyng.

[PART II. Scene 22.]

[A Dylle.]

Part II.  
Scene 22.  
Marcylle

Owzt! owzt! harrow I may crye and yelle,

963

A yelling Devil  
tells how Christ  
has harrowed  
Hell.

for lost is all ower labor! wherfor I sey, alas!

for of all holddes þat ever hort non so as hell.

965

ower barres of Iron ar all to-brost! stronge gates of brasse!

the kyng of Ioy enteryd In þer-at, as bryth as fyr's blase!

for fray of his ferfull baner, ower felashep fled asondyr;

whan he towcheyd it, with his toukkyng þey brast as

He broke their  
iron gates like  
glass

ony glase,

969

and rofe asonder, as it byn with thondor.

970

now ar we thrall, þat frest wher fre,

971

[leaf 117, back]

Be þe passon of his manhede.  
 'Christ's Cross  
has destroyd  
Hell's work,  
and emptid  
Limbo of Adam,  
&c.  
 O[n] a crosce on hye hangyd was he,  
 whych hath dystroyd ower labor *and* alle ower dede. 974  
 He hath lytynnyd lymbo, *and* to paradyse ȝede. 975  
 þat wondyr-full worke werkytt vs wrake :  
 Adam *and* abram, *and* alle hyr kynred,  
 Owȝt of ower preson, to Ioy wer þey take : 978  
 all þis hath bym wrowth syn freyday at noon ; 979  
 brostyn don ower gates þat hangyd wer full hye.  
 Now is he resyn, his resurreccyon is don,  
 And is procedyd In-to galelye. 982  
 with many a temtacyon we tochyd hym to a-trey,  
 to know whether he was god or non.  
 He's wiped  
our eye,  
 ȝe[t], for all ower besynes, bleryd is ower eye, 985  
 for with his wylde werke he hath wonne hem everychon.  
 now for þe tyme to come 987  
 þer xall non falle to ower chause,  
 and we shall  
lose our victims.  
 But at his deleverans,  
 And weydyd be rythfull balans, 990  
 And ȝowyn be rythfull dome.  
 I'll go to Hell.<sup>1</sup> I telle yow alle, In fine to helle wyll I gonne. 992  
 [leaf 118] **[Here xall enter þe iij mariis a-rayyd as chast  
women, with sygnis of þe passion pryntyde vp-  
one þer breste, þus seyyng Mawdelyn.]**

Part II.  
Scene 23.  
Jerusalem, and  
the Sepulchre.

[PART II. Scene 23.]

[Mawdlyn.]

Mary Magda-  
lene, and Mary  
the mother of  
James, lament  
Christ's death.  
 Alas ! alas ! for þat ryall bem ! 993  
 A ! þis Percytt my hartt worst of all ;  
 for here he turnyd a-ȝen to þe woman of Ierusalem,  
 And for wherynesse lett þe crosse falle. 996

M[ary] Jacobe.<sup>1</sup>

Thys sorow is beytten ar þan ony galle ; 997  
 for here þe leys spornyd hym to make hym goo ;

<sup>1</sup> This Mary was supposed to be the supposed Virgin Mary's sister, the wife of Alpheus, the mother of the Apostle James, &c., and Christ's Aunt. She is always identified with Mary Salome, who is here a distinct person.

and þey dysspytyd þæt k<sup>ing</sup> ryall :  
that clyvytt myn hart *and* makett me woo. 1000

**M. salome.**

yt ys In-tollerabyll to se or to tell, 1001 *Mary Salome*  
for any creature, þat stronk<sup>g</sup> tourmentry. *grieues with*  
O lord ! þou haddyst a mervelows mell !  
yt is to hedyows to dyscry. 1004 *them.*

[*al þe maryys with one woyce sey þis folowyng.*

[*Maryys.*]

Heylle, gloryows crosse ! þou baryst þat lord on hye, *The 3 Maryes*  
whych be þi mygth deddyst lowly bowe don, *hail the Crosse,*  
mazzys sowle to bye from all thraldam,  
that euer-more In payne shold a-be, 1008  
Be record of davyt, with myld<sup>st</sup> steryn,  
Domine, inclina celos tuos, et dessende ! 1010 *and pray God to*  
*come down.*

**M. magdley.**

[*leaf 118, back*]

Now to þe monument lett vs gon, 1011 *They will go to*  
wher as ower lord *and* savyowr layd was, *the Sepulchre*  
to a-noynt hym body *and* boñe,  
To make a-mendes for ower trespas. 1014  
Ho xall put don þe leð of þe monvment,  
thatt we may a-noy[n]t his *gracyus* wovndes ? *and anoint*  
with hartt *and* my[n]d to do ower Intentt, *Christ's wounds.*  
with *precyus* bamys, þis same stovnddes. 1018

**M. salome.**

Thatt blyssyd body *with*-In þis bovndes 1019  
here was layd *with* ryfull mones ;  
Never creature was borne vp-on gronddes  
þat mygth sofer' so hediows a payne at onys. 1022

[*Here xall a-pere ij angelus In whyte at þe grave.* *Two angels*  
*appear to them*  
*at the Tomb.*

[*I<sup>us</sup>*] *angelus.*

þe womenz presentt, dredytt yow ryth nowth ? 1023  
*Iesus* is resun, and is natt here.

The Angels say  
that Christ shall  
appear to his  
disciples

Loo! here is þe place þat he was In-browth. 1025  
go, sey to his dyspylles *and* to peter he xall a-pere.

*ij<sup>us</sup> angelus.*

in Galilee.

In galeye, *with-owtyn* ony wyre, 1027  
þer xall ye se hym, lyke as he sayð.  
goo yower way, *and* take comfortt *and* chyr,  
for þat he sayd, xall natt be delayyð. 1030

[Here xall þe maryys mete with peter *and* Ihone.

*Part II.  
Scene 24.  
The Road to  
Jerusalem.*

[PART II. Scene 24.]

[leaf 119]

*M. mavylyn.*

Mary Magdalene  
tells Peter and  
John that  
Christ's body is  
carried away.

o peter *and* Ihon! we be be-gylyð! 1031  
ower lordes body is borne a-way!  
I am aferd ittis dyfflyð!  
I am so carefull, I wott natt whatt to saye. 1034

*Peter.*

They resolve to  
go to the Sepul-  
chre,

of þes tydynggys, gretly I dysmay! 1035  
I woll me thether hye *with* all my myth.  
now, lord defend vs as he best may!  
of þe sepulture we woll have a syth. 1038

*Ihon).*

lamenting his  
sufferings

¶ A! myn Invard sowle stondyng In dystresse,— 1039  
þe weche of my body xuld have a gyde,—  
for my lord stondyng In hevynesse,  
whan I remembyr his wovndes wyde! 1042

*Peter.*

The sorow *and* peyne þat he ded drye 1043  
for ower offens *and* abomynacyon!  
& also I for-soke hym In hys turmentry;  
I toke no hede to his techyng *and* exortacyon. 1046

[How peter *and* Ihon go to þe sepulcur, *and* þe  
maryys folowyng.

## [PART II. Scene 25.]

Part II.  
Scene 25  
*The Sepulchre.*

[Peter.]

A! now I se *and* know þe sothe! 1047  
but, *gracyus* lord, be ower protexcyon!  
Here is nothyng left butt a sudare cloth,  
þat of þi beryyng xuld make mencyon. 1050

Ihon.

I am a-ferd of wykkytt opressyon; 1051  
where he is be-cum, it can-natt be devysyd;  
butt he seyð, after þe iij<sup>d</sup> day he xuld have resur<sup>r</sup>exon. St. John says  
Long be-fo<sup>r</sup>m, thys was promysyd. 1054 that Christ  
[leaf 119, back]  
promist to rise  
ere the 3rd day.

M. magdley<sup>n</sup>.

Alas! I may no lengar a-byde, 1055  
for dolour *and* dyssese þat In my hartt doth dwell.

Ius angelus.

woman! woman! wy wepest þou? 1057  
wom sekest þou with dolar thus?

M. magdley<sup>n</sup>.

A! fayn wold I wete, *and* I wyst how,  
wo hath born a-way my lord Iesus. 1060  
[Hic aparuit Iesus. Mary Magdalene  
asks the Angel,  
Who has carrid  
off her lord,  
Jesus?  
Jesus appears,

[Iesus.]

woman! woman! wy syest thou? 1061  
wom sekest þou? tell me þis. *and asks Mary  
whom she seeks.*

M. magdlyn.

A, good syr! tell me now  
yf þou have born away my lord Iesus, 1064  
for I have porposyd In eche degre She asks him  
to have hym with me werely, 1065 if he has borne  
away her lord  
Jesus.  
the wyche my specyall lord hath be,  
and I his lover *and* cavse wyll phy. 1068

*Iesus.*

He calls her Mary. O mari ! 1069

*M. magdley.*

She knows him, A, *gracyus master and* lord ! yow it is þat I seke ! 1070

and wants to anoint Lett me a-noynt yow *with* þis bamys sote.

Lord ! long hast þou hyd þe from my spece,  
and kiss him. Butt now wyll I kesse þou, for my hartes bote. 1073

*Iesus.*

Jesus bids Mary not to touch him. Towche me natt, mary ! I ded natt asenð 1074  
to my father In deyyte, *and on-to* yowers ;

[leaf 120] Butt go sey to my brotheryn, I wyll pretende  
To stey to my father In heu[n]ly towers. 1077

*M. magdley.*

She at first thought he was the gardener. whan I sye yow fyrst, lord, verely 1078  
I wentt ye had byn symovd, þe gardener.

*Iesus.*

Jesus says he is the Gardener of man's Heart, so I am, for-sothe, mary :  
mannys hartt is my gardyn here ; 1081

þer-In I sow sedys of vertu all þe 3ere ;  
whence he plucks the Weeds of Vice. þe fowle wedes *and* wycys, I reynð vp be þe rote.  
whan þat gardyn is watteryð *with* terys clere,  
than spryng' vertuus, *and* smelle full sote. 1085

*M. Magdley.*

O, þou dere worthy *emperowere*, þu hye devyne ! 1086  
to me þis is a Ioyfull tydyng,

And on-to all pepull þat after vs xall reyngne, 1088

thys knowlege of þi deyyte,  
to all pepull þat xall obteyne  
and know þis be posybyl[it].e. 1091

*Iesus.*

He will appear to all sinners who seek him. I woll shew to synnars, as I do to þe, 1092  
yf þey woll *with* veruens of love me seke.



be stedfast, *and* I xall ever *with* þe be,  
and *with* all tho þat to me byn meke. 1095

[Here a-voydȝt Iesus sodenly, þus seyyng mary M.

O, systyr! þus þe hey *and* nobyll Infliventt grace 1096 Mary says that  
Christ's appear-  
ing  
[leaf 120, back]  
Of my most blessyd lord Iesus, Iesus, Iesus!  
He a-peryd *on-to* me at þe sepulcur þer I was!  
þat hath releryd my woo, *and* moryd my blysche! 1099 has relerhd her  
woe.  
ittis In-nvmerabyll to expresse,  
Or for ony tong' for to tell,  
of my Ioye how myche ittes,  
so myche my peynnes itt doth excelle. 1103

M. salome.

Now lett vs go to þe sette, to ower lady dere, 1104 Mary Salome  
proposes to tell  
Christ's Mother  
and his disciples.  
Hyr to shew of his wellfare,  
and also to dysspylles þat we have syn here :  
þe more yt xall rejoyse þem from care. 1107

M. Iacob.

Now, systyr magdleyz, *with* glad chyr; 1108  
so wolde, þat good lord, we myth *with* hym mete!

Iesus.

To shew desyrows hartes I am full nere; 1110 Jesus appears to  
them,  
women, I a-pere to yow, *and* sey 'awete.' 1111

salome.

Now, gracyus lord, of yower nymyos charyte,— 1112  
With hombyll hartes to þi presens complayne,—  
gravantt vs þi blyssyng' of þ. hye deyte,  
gostly ower sowlys for to sosteynne. 1115

Iesus.

alle tho byn blyssyd þat sore refreyne : 1116 blessees them,  
we blysch yow, father, *and* son, and holy gost,  
all sorow *and* care to constrayne, [leaf 121]  
Be ower power of mytes mo:t, 1119

DIGBY MYST.

H

*In nomine patrys ett felii et spiritus sancti, amen!*

and bids them  
tell his Disciples  
to go into  
Galilee.

goo ye to my brethryn, and sey to hem þer, 1121

þat þey procede and go In-to gallelye;

& þer xall þey se me, as I seyð be-fore,

bodyly, with here carnall yye. 1124

**Here Iesus devoydytt a-ȝen.**

**magdley.**

Mary biesses  
Christ,

O þou gloryus lord of heuen regyon, 1125

now blyssyð be þi hye devynyte,

thatt ever thou tokest In-carnacyon

thus for to vesyte þi pore *servantes* thre. 1128

and will fulfil  
his best.

þi wyll, *gracyows* lord, fulfylllyð xall be

As þou commavndyst vs In all thyng;

Ower *gracyows* brethryn we woll go se,

with hem to seyn all ower lekeyng. 1132

**Here devoyd all þe iij maryys; and þe kyng ofe  
marcyll xall be-gynne a sacryfyce.**

*Part II, Scene 26.*  
*Palace of*  
*Marcyll.*

[PART II. Scene 26.]

**rex mercyll.**

The King of  
Marcyll proposes  
to sacrifice to  
his Gods,

Now, lorddes and ladyys of grett a-prise, 1133

a mater to meve yow is in my memoryall,

þis day to do a sacryfyce

with multetude of myrth be-fore ower goddes all, 1136

specially

with preors In a-specyall be-fore his presens,

eche creature with hartt de-mvre. 1138

[leaf 121, back]

**Regina.**

to Mahound.

To þat lord curteys and keynð, 1139

mahonð, þat is so mykyll of myth,

with mynstrelly and myrth In mynð,

lett vs gon ofer In þat hye kyngis syth. 1142

**Here xall enter an hethene preste and his boye.**

## [PART II. Scene 27.]

Part II. Scene 27.  
*Marcell.*  
*The Temple*

*presbyter.*

now, my clerke, Hawkyn, for loue of me	1143	The Priest bids his boy get the altar ready, and ring the bells.
Loke fast myn awter we'r a-rayd;		
goo ryng' a bell to or thre!		
lythly, chylde, it be natt delayd,	1146	
for here xall be a grett solemnyte.		
loke, boy, þou do it with a brayd!	1148	

*clericus.*

whatt, master, woldyst þou have þi lemmman to þi beddes syde?		The boy says,
thow xall a-byde tyll my servyse is sayd.	1150	"Do you want your wench?"

*presbyter.*

boy! I sey, be sentt coppyn,	1151
no swyche wordes to þe I spake.	

*boy.*

wether þou ded or natt, þe fryst Iorny xall be myn,		But I'll have first turn.
for, be my feyth, þou beryst wattas pakke;	1154	
but, syr, my master grett morell,	1155	
ye have so fellyd yower bylly with growell,		Your belly's as big as the Devil's
þat it growit grett as þe dywill of hell.		
on-shaply þou art to see!	1158	
whan women comme to here þi sermon,		
pratly with hem I can houkkyn,		I can houk Kyrchon and [leaf 122]
with kyrchon and fayer maryon.		Marion - they love me better than you.
þey love me better þan 3e,	1162	
I dare sey and þou xulddes ryde,	1163	
þi body is so grett and wyde,		You're so fat that you'd break a horse's back."
þat never horse may þe a-byde,		
exsept þou breke his bakk asovndyr	1166	

*presbyter.*

A! þou lyyst, boy, be þe dyvill of hell!	1167	The Priest declares he'll flog the Boy.
I pray god mahond mott þe quell!		
I xall whyp þe tyll þi ars xall belle!		
On þi ars com mych wondyr.	1170	

boy.

The Boy calls  
the Priest the  
Devil's uncle.

A fartt, master, *and* kysse my grenne ! 1171  
þe dyvll of hell was þi emme ;  
þis kenreð is a-sprongyn late.  
Loo, mastys, of swyche a stokke he camð. 1174

presbyter.

mahovndes blod, precyows knave ! 1175  
stryppys on þi ars þou xall have,  
& rappys on þi pate ! 1177

bete hym.

rex dicitt.

The King asks  
to hear the  
service.

Now, prystes *and* clerkys, of þis tempyll cler, 1178  
yower servyse to sey, lett me se.

presbyter.

The Priest calls  
for his book, &c.

A, soveryn lord, we shall don ower devyr.  
boy, a boke a-non þou bryng me ! 1181  
now, boy, to my awter I wyll me dresse ; 1182  
On xall my westment *and* myn aray.

boy.

The Boy says a  
mocking non-  
sensical service.

now þan, þe lesson I woll expresse,  
lyke as longytt for þe servyse of þis day :— 1185  
¶ ‘ *Leccyo mahowndys, viri fortissimi sarasenorum,*

[leaf 122, back]

*glabriosum ad glvmandum glvmardinorum,*  
*gormondorum alocorum, stampatinantum cursorum,*  
*Cownthtes fulcatum, congrvryandum tersorum,* 1189  
*mursum malgorum, Mararazorum,*  
*skartum sialporum, fartum cardiculatorum,*  
*slavndri strovmppum, corbolcorum,*  
*snyguer snagoer werwolfforum,* 1193  
*standgardum lamba beffettorum,*  
*strowtum stardy strangolcorum,*  
*rygor dagor flapporum,*  
*castratum ratyrybaldorum,* 1197

Howndes and hogges, In hegges and helles,  
 snakes and todde's mott be yower belles;  
 ragnell and roffyn, and other, In þe wavys,  
 gravntt yow grace to dye on þe galows.'

1198 May snakes and  
 toads be your  
 bells, and all  
 the lot of you  
 die on the  
 gallows'

1201

**presbyter.**

Now, lordes and ladyys, lesse and more,  
 knele all don with good devocyon;  
 yonge and old, rich and pore,  
 do yower oferyng to sentt mahownde,  
 & ye xall have grett pardon,  
 þat longytt to þis holy place;  
 & receyve þe xall my benesown,  
 and stond In mahowndes grace.

1202 The Priest bids  
 them all kneel,

and offer to  
 St Mahomet,  
 1206 and get pardon.

1209 [leaf 123]

**rex dicitt.**

mahownd, þou art of mytes most,  
 In my syth a gloryus gost;  
 þou comfortyst me both In contre and cost  
 with þi wesdom and þi wytt;  
 for truly, lord, In þe is my trost.  
 good lord, lett natt my sowle be lost!  
 all my cownsell well þou wotst.  
 Here In þi presens as I sett,  
 thys besawnt of gold, rich and rownd,  
 I ofer ytt for my lady and me,  
 þat þou mayst be ower covnfortes In þis stownd.  
 sweth mahovnd, remembyr me!

1210 The King prays  
 Mahomet

1213

1214

not to let his  
 soul be lost.

1217 He offers a gold  
 besant for him-  
 1218 self and his  
 Queen.

1221

**presbyter.**

now, boy, I pray þe lett vs have a song!  
 Ower servyse be note, lett vs syng, I say.  
 cowff vp þi brest, stond natt to long,  
 be-gyune þe offyse of þis day.

1222 The Priest bids  
 his Boy sing

1225

**boy.**

I home and I hast, I do þat I may,  
 with mery tyne þe trebyll to syng.

1226 The Boy hums,  
 and then they  
 both sing.

**syngge both.**

*presbyter.*

The Priest slangs his Boy,	Hold vp ! þe dyvll mote þe a-fray, for all owȝt of rule þou dost me bryng!	1229
and shows the King, &c., his relics,	butt now, <i>ser</i> kyng, <i>quene</i> , and knyth, be mery In hartt everychon; for here may ye se relykes brygth,	
Mahomet's neck-bone, and [leaf 123, back]	mahowndes own nekke bon,— And ȝe xall se er ewer ye gon whatt-so-mewer yow be-tyde; & ye xall kesse all þis holy bon;—	1233
eyelid	Mahowndys own yee-lyd, ȝe may have of þis grett store, & ye knew þe cavse wherfor,	1237 1238
that'll blind em,	ytt woll make yow blynd for ewer-more. þis same holy bede, Lorddes and ladyys, old and ynge, mahownd þe body(?), and dragon þe dere;	1241 1242
while Goliath'll send em to Belial.	golyas so good, to blysse may yow bryng, with belyall, In blysse ewer-lastyng, þat ye may þer In Ioy syng be-fore þat comly kyng, þat is ower god In fere.	1244 1248

*Part II. Scene 28.*  
*Jerusalem.*  
*Pilate's House.*

## [PART II. Scene 28.]

*pylatt.*

Pilate asks his servants about the death of Jesus, who was killed unjustly,	Now, ȝe <i>serjauntes</i> semly, <i>quat</i> sey ȝe ? ȝe be full wetty men In þe law; of ȝe dethe of Iesu I woll awysyd be; Ower soferyn sesar þe soth mvst nedes know. Thys Iesu was a man of grett vertu, And many wondrys In his tyme he wrowth; He was put to dethe be cawsys on-tru,	1249 1252 1253
[leaf 124]	weche mater stekytt In my throwth; & ȝe know well how he was to þe erth browth, wacchyd with knyghts of grett aray.	1256
has risen again, and taken away Joseph of Arimathea.	He is resyn agayn, as be-fore he tawth, & Ioseph of baramathye he hath takyn away.	1260

[*Primus*] *serjant*.

soferyn Iuge, all þ's is soth þat 3e sey;	1261	The servants tell Pilate to report, in a letter to Cæsar, that Jesus's disciples stole his body.
But all þis mvst be curyd be sotylte,		
& sey how his dyspylles stolyn hym away;		
And þis xall be þe answer, be þe asentt of me.	1264	

*secundus serjant*.

so it is most lyllly for to be;	1265
yower covncell is good and commendabyll;	
so wryte hym a pystyll of specyallte,	
& þat for vs xall be most prophytabyll.	1268

*pylatt*.

now, masengyr, In hast hether þou com!	1269	Pilate bids his messenger bear his letter to the Emperor, but first to tell Herod about it.
on masage þou mvst, with ower wrytyng,		
to þe soferyn emperower of rome.		
but fryst þou xall go to herodes þe kyng,	1272	
And sey how þat I send hym knowyng		
of crystes deth, how it hath byn wrowth.		
I charge þe make no lettyng		
tyll þis letter to þe emperower be browth.	1276	

*Nvncyus pylatus*.

[leaf 124, back]

My Lord, In hast yower masage to spede	1277	The Messenger promises to make haste.
On-to þat lordes of ryall renown,		
Dowth 3e nat, my lord, it xall be don In-dede;		
now hens woll I fast owt of þis towne.	1280	

Her goth þe masenger to Herodes.

[PART II. Scene 29.]

Part II. Scene 29.  
King Herod's Palace.

*nvncyus*.

Heyll! soferyn kyng! onder crown!	1281	Pilate's Messenger shows his letter to Herod.
þe prysys of þe law recummede to yower heynesse,		
& sendytt yow tydynges of crystes passon,		
As In þis wrytyng doth expresse.	1284	

*Herodes*.

¶ A! be my trowth, now am I full of blys!	1285
þes be mery tydynges þat þey have þus don!	

Herod is glad of the news, and to be at one with Pilate.

now certes I am glad of þis ;  
 for now ar we frendes, þat afore wher fonð. 1288  
 hold a reward, masenger, þat thou wer' gonð,  
 & recummend me to my soferens grace ;  
 shew hym I woll be as stedfast as stonð,  
 ferr and nere, and In every place. 1292

Here goth þe Masenger to þe emperower.

Part II. Scene 30.

Rome.

The Emperor's  
 Palace.

[PART II. Scene 30.]

envoyus.

The Messenger greets the Emperor and gives him Pilate's letters.

Heyll ! be yow sofereyn, setting In solas ! 1293  
 Heyll ! worthy with-owtyn pere !  
 Heyll ! goodly to gravntt all grace !  
 Heyll ! emperower of þe word ferr and nere ! 1296  
 soferyn, and itt plese yower hye empyre, 1297  
 [leaf 125] I have browth yow wrytyng of grett a-prise,  
 wyche xall be pleseyng to yower desyre,  
 from pylatt yower hye Iustyce. 1300  
 He sentt yow word with lowly In-tentt,  
 In ewery place he kepytt yower cummavndement,  
 as he is bovd be his ofyce. 1303

emperower.

The Emperor orders his Judges to attend, and explain Pilate's letter.

A, welcum masenger of grett plejeavns ! 1304  
 þi wrytyng a-non lett me se !  
 my Iugges anon gyffe a-tendans,  
 To onderstond whatt þis wrytyng may be, 1307  
 wethyr it be good ar ony deversyte,  
 Or elles natt for myn awayll ;  
 Declare me þis In all þe hast. 1310

provost.

The Provost says

syr, þe sentelles<sup>1</sup> we woll dyscus, 1311  
 & it plese yower hye exseleyns,  
 the In-tentt of þis pystull is þus :  
 the letter is about the Prophet Jesus, pylatt recummendytt to yower presens, 1314  
 And of a prophett is þe sentelles,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ? read sentens.



whos name was callyd *Iesus*.  
 He is putt to dethe *with vyolens*,  
 for he chalyngyd to be kyng<sup>t</sup> of *Iewys*; 1318 who was crucified because he claimed to be King of the Jews,  
 þerfor he was crucyfied to ded<sup>e</sup>, 1319  
 And syn<sup>n</sup> was beryyd<sup>e</sup>, as þey thowth reson<sup>n</sup>;  
 also he cleymyd hym-sylf son<sup>n</sup> of þe godhed<sup>e</sup>.  
 þe therd nygth he was stollyn<sup>n</sup> away *with treson*, 1322 [leaf 125, back]  
 with his desypylles þat to hym had dyleccyon<sup>n</sup>, 1323 and whose body was stolen by his Disciples,  
 so *with hym* away þey 3ode.  
 I merveyll how þey ded *with þe bodyys corrupcyon*;  
 I trow þey wer fed *with a froward<sup>e</sup> fode*. 1326

**Imperator.**

crafty was þer connyng, þe soth for to seyn<sup>n</sup>. 1327 The Emperor says the fact shall be chronicled.  
 thys pystyll I wyll kepe *with me yif I can*;  
 \* also I wyll have cronekylyd<sup>e</sup> þe 3er<sup>e</sup> *and þe reynne*,  
 þat never xall be for-gott, who-so loke þer-on<sup>n</sup>. 1330  
 masengyr<sup>e</sup>, owt of þis town<sup>n</sup> *with a rage*!  
 Hold<sup>e</sup> þis gold<sup>e</sup> to þi wage,  
 mery for to make. 1333

**nvncyus.**

fare-well, my lord<sup>e</sup> of grett renown<sup>n</sup>,  
 for owt of town<sup>n</sup> my way I take. 1335

*Here entyr mawdleyne with hyr dysypyll, þus seyng<sup>e</sup>.*

## [PART II. Scene 31.]

*Part II. Scene 31.  
Jerusalem.*

**mavdlyn.**

A! now I remembyr my lord þat put was to ded<sup>e</sup> 1336 Mary Magdalene speaks of Christ's death and resurrection,  
 with þe *Iewys*, *with-owt*ty<sup>n</sup> gyltt or treson<sup>n</sup>:  
 þe therd nygth he ros be þe myth of his godhed<sup>e</sup>;  
 vp-on þe sonday had his gloryus resurrexcyon<sup>n</sup>; 1339  
 And now is þe tyme past of his gloryus asencyon<sup>n</sup>;  
 He steyyd to hevyn<sup>n</sup>, and þer he is kyng<sup>t</sup>:  
 A! his grett kendnesse may natt fro my mencyon<sup>n</sup>.  
 ¶ of Alle maner tongges he 3af vs knowyng<sup>t</sup>, 1343 and the Gift of Tongues. His disciples have gone abroad to preach the Gospel.  
 for to vnderstond<sup>e</sup> every langwage; 1344  
 Now have þe dysypylles take þer passage  
 [leaf 126]

to dyvers contreys her *and* 3ondyr,  
 to prech *and* teche of his hye damage :  
 full ferr ar my brothyrn de-partyd asondyr. 1348

Part II. Scene 32.  
 Heaven.

[PART II. Scene 32.]

Her xall hevyn opyne *and* Iesus xall shew [hym-  
 self.]

Iesus.

Jesus says he has rested in the Moon,	O, þe on-clypsyð sonne, tempyll of salamon!	1349
	In þe mone I restyd, þat never chonggyd goodnesse ;	
	In þe shep of noee, fles of Iudeon ;	
	she was my tapyrnakyll of grett nobyllnesse,	1352
	she was þe paleys of phebus brygthnesse,	
the vessel of Purity,	she was þe wessell of puer' clenness,	
	wher my godhed 3aff' my manhod myth,	
his Mother,	My blyssyd mother, of demvre femynyte	1356
	for mankynd, þe feynddes defens,	1357
Queen of Jeru- salem and Empress of Hell.	quewne of Iherusalem, þat heuently cete,	
	empresse of hell, to make resystens.	
	she is þe precyus pyn full of ensens ;	1360
	the precyus synamver, þe body thorow to seche ;	
	she is þe mvske a-3ens þe hertes of vyolens,	
	þe lentyll Ielopher a-3ens þe cardyakylles wrech ;	1363
No tongue can express her goodness.	The goodnesse of my mother', no tong' can expresse,	
	ner' no clerke, of hyr, hyr Ioyys can wryth.	1365
	Butt now of my servantt I remembyr þe kendnesse ;	
	with heuently masage I cast me to vesyte,—	
[leaf 120, back] He will send Raphael to bid Mary Magdalene go to Marcyll, and convert it.	Raphaell, myn angell, In my syte ;—	1368
	to mary Mavdleyne decende In a whyle,	
	Byd her' passe þe se be my myth,	
	And sey she xall converte þe land of marcyll.	1371

angelus.

O gloryus lord, I woll resortt 1372  
 to shew your servant of yower grace.  
 she xall labor for þat londes comfortt,  
 from heuynesse þem to porchasse, 1375  
 tunc decendet angelus.

[PART II. Scene 33.]

¶ Abasse þe novtt, mary, In þis place;	1376	<i>Part II. Scene 33. Jerusalem. Mary Magdalene's House.</i>
Ower lordes preceptt þou mu:st full-fyll,		
to passe þe see In shortt space		
On-to þe lond of marcyll.	1379	<i>The Angel Raphael tells Mary to go to Marcyll, convert</i>
Kyng and quene converte xall 3e,	1380	<i>the land, and be an Apostoless.</i>
An i byn a-myttyd as an holy apostylesse;		
Alle þe lond xall be techyd alonly be the;		
goddess lawys on-to hem 3e xall expresse.	1383	
þer-for hast yow forth with gladnesse,		
goddess commavddement for to fullfyll.	1385	

**mari Mawdley.**

[leaf 127]

He þat from my person vij dewilles mad to fle,	1386	
be vertu of hym alle thyng was wrowth;		<i>She says she is ready to go,</i>
to seke thoys pepyll I woll rydy be.		
as þou hast commavnddytt, In vertv þey xall be browth.		
¶ with þi grace, good lord, In deite,	1390	<i>and starts to find a ship to sail in.</i>
Now to þe see I wyll me hy,		
sum sheppyng to asspy.		
Now spede me, lord, In eternall glory!		
now be my spede, allmyty trenite!	1394	

[PART II. Scene 34.]

*Part II. Scene 34.  
Coast of Judea*

**Here xall entyre a shyp with a mery song.**

**shep-man.**

stryke! skryke! lett fall an ankyr to grownd!	1395	<i>The Shipman bids his men anchor,</i>
Her is a fayer haven to se!		
comnyngly In, loke þat ye sownd;		
I hope good harbarow have xal wee!	1398	
loke þat we have drynke, boy þou.	1399	

**boy.**

I may natt for slep, I make god a wow;	
þou xall a-byde ytte, and þou wer my syer.	1401

**shepman.**

why, boy, we ar rydy to go to dynere.	1402	<i>and asks his boy for their dinner.</i>
xall we no mete have?		

[leaf 127, back]

boy.

The Boy declares  
he can't get the  
dinner, he's so  
bad with the  
cramp:

Natt for me be of good chyer,  
thowe ye be sor hongord tyll 3e rave, 1405  
I tell yow pleny be-form; 1406

for swyche a cramp on me sett is,  
I am a poynt to fare þe worse;  
I ly and wryng tyll I pysse,  
And am a poynt to be for-lorn. 1410

þe master.

now, boy, whatt woll þe þis seyll? 1411

boy.

but a fair  
damsel's coming  
to help him.

Nothyng butt a fayer damsell;  
she shold help me, I know it well,  
Ar elles I may rue þe tyme þat I was born. 1414

þe master.

Be my trowth, syr boye, 3e xal be sped;  
I wyll hyr bryng on-to yower bed;  
now xall þou lern a damsell to wed,  
she wyll nat kysse þe on skorn. 1418

The Shipman  
beats the boy.

bete hym.

þe boy.

A skorn, no, no, I fynd it herneſt!  
the dewille of hell motte þe brest,  
for all my corage is now caſt;  
alasse! I am for-lorn! 1422

mav[d]leyn.

Master of þe shepe, a word with the. 1423

[leaf 128]

master.

The Master tells  
Mary Magdalene

All redy, fayer woman, whatt wol 3e?

mary [maudleyn.]

of whense is thys shep? tell 3e me;  
and yf 3e seyle with-in a whyle. 1426

master.

that his ship  
sails at once to  
Marcylle.

We woll seyle þis same day,  
yf þe wynd be to ower pay. 1427

þis shep þat I of sey,  
is of þe lond of marcyll. 1430

**Mary** [maudleyn.]

syr, may I natt with yow sayle?  
& 3e xall have for yower awayle. 1431

**master.**

Of sheppynge þe xall natt faylle;  
for vs þe wynd is good *and* saffe. 1434  
yond þer is þe lond of torke,  
I wher full loth for to lye. They sail,  
see Turkey

**now xall þe shep-men syng.**

of þis cors we thar nat a-baffe,  
yender is þe lond of satyllie. 1437  
¶ stryk! be-ware of sond!  
cast a led, & In vs gyde!  
of marcyll, þis is þe kyngges lond. 1438 and Satalye,  
go a lond, þow fayer woman, þis tyde,  
to þe kyngges place; yonder may 3e se. 1441 and land Mary  
sett of, sett of from lond! Magdalene at  
Marcyille.

**þe boy.**

All redy, master, at thyn hand. 1445 [leaf 128, back]

**Her goth þe shep owt of þe place.**

**Mary** [Maudleyn.]

O Iesu! þi mellyfluos name 1446  
Mott be worcheppyd with reverens!  
lord! gravnt me vyctore a-3ens þe fyndes flame,  
And yn þi lawys gyf þis pepyll credens. 1449 She prays Christ  
to grant her  
power to show  
forth his  
Godhead.  
I wyll resortt be grett convenyens,  
On his presens I wyll draw ner  
of my lordes lawys to she[w] þe sentens,  
bothe of his godhed *and* of his power. 1450  
1453

**Here xall mary entyr be-fore þe kynga.**

[PART II. Scene 35.]

Now, þe hye kyng crist, mannes redempcyon), 1454 Part II. Scene 35.  
Marcyille.  
The King's  
Palace.  
mote save yow, ser kyng, regnyng In equite,

Mary Magdalene & mote gydde yow yow þe [way] toward sauasyon),  
 in Jesus's name Iesu, þe son of þe mythyty trenite,  
 begs the King of Marcylle to let her dwell there. That was, *and is, and ever* xall be, 1458  
 for mannes sowle þe reformacyon);  
 In his name, lord, I be-seche þe,  
 with-In þi lond to have my mancyon). 1461

**rex** [King of Marcylle.]

[leaf 123] Iesu! Iesu! *quat* deyll is hym)? þat? 1462  
 The King abuses Jesus and her, I defye þe *and* þyn a-penyon)!  
 thow false lordeyn), I xal fell þe flatt!  
 who made the so hardy to make swych rebon)? 1465

**mary.**

syr, I com natt to þe for no decepcyon), 1466  
 But þat good lord crist hether me compassyð;  
 to receyve hys name, ittis yower refeccyon),  
 and þi forme of mysbele[f] be hym may be losyð. 1469

**rex.**

asks who Jesus is, And whatt is þat lord þat thow speke of her? 1470

**Mary.**

Ið est saluator, yf thow wyll ler',  
 þe secunde person þat hell ded conquar',  
 & þe son of þe father In trenyte. 1473

**Rex.**

of what power, And of whatt power is þat god þat 3e reherse to me?

**Mary**

He mad hevyn *and* erth, lond *and* see,  
 and all þis he mad of nowthe. 1476

**Rex.**

woman, I pray 3e answer me. 1477  
 and how he was made. whatt mad god at þe fyrst be-gynnyng)?  
 thys processe ondyrstond wol we,  
 that wold I lerne; Ittis my plesyng'. 1480

[<sup>1</sup> MS. & and all.]

## mary.

(Iesu, mercy!<sup>1</sup>)

- syr, I wyll declare al *and* sum, 1482 [leaf 129, back]  
 what from god fyrst<sup>t</sup> ded procede :  
 He seyð, ' In principio erat *verbum*,'  
 & with þat he provyð his grett godhed<sup>t</sup> ; 1485  
 He mad heuen<sup>n</sup> for ower spede,  
 wher-as he syth In trones hyee.  
 His mynystyrs next, as he save nede,  
 His angelus *and* archangylles all the compeny. 1489  
 vp-on þe fyrst day god mad all þis, 1490  
 as it was plezyng<sup>t</sup> to his Intent.  
 on þe munday he wold natt mys 1492  
 To make sonne, mone, *and* sterry<sup>s</sup> & þe fyrmament ;  
 The sonne to be-gynne his cors In þe oryent<sup>t</sup>, 1494  
 & ever labor with-owtyn<sup>n</sup> werynesse,  
 & keyytt his covrs In-to þe occedent<sup>t</sup>.  
 The twysday, as I onðyrstond þis, 1497  
 grett grace for vs he gan<sup>n</sup> to In-cresse ;  
 þat day he satt vp-on<sup>n</sup> wateris,  
 as was lykyng to his goodnesse, 1500  
 As holy wrytt berytt wettnesse. 1501  
 þat tyme he made both see *and* lond<sup>t</sup>,  
 All þat werke of<sup>t</sup> grett nobyll-nesse,  
 as it was plezyng<sup>t</sup> to his gracyus sonð. 1504  
 On þe weddysday, ower lord of<sup>t</sup> mythe 1505  
 made more at his plezyng<sup>t</sup> ;  
 fysche In flod, *and* fowle In flyth ;  
 And all þis was for ower hellpyng<sup>t</sup>. 1508  
 On the thorsday, þat nobyll kyng<sup>t</sup>  
 mad dyverse bestes grett *and* smale ;  
 He yaff hem<sup>n</sup> erth to ther fedyng<sup>t</sup>,  
 and bad hem<sup>n</sup> cressyn<sup>n</sup> be hylle *and* dale. 1512  
 And on<sup>n</sup> þe fryday, god mad man<sup>n</sup>, 1513  
 as it plezett his hynesse most<sup>t</sup>,  
 in his own  
 likenesse.

<sup>1</sup> 'Iesu merry' is at the bottom of the page, in the margin.

after his own semelytude than,  
 and ȝaf hem lyfe of þe holy gost. 1516  
 On Saturday, he  
 blest his works  
 and had 'em  
 multiply; and O[n] þe satyrday, as I tell can,  
 All his werkys he gan to blysse;  
 He bad them multiply *and* Incesse than,  
 as it was pleȝyng to his worthynesse. 1520  
 on Sunday he  
 rested. And on þe sonday, he gan rest take, 1521  
 as skryptur declarytt pleyn,  
 þat al shold reverens make  
 to hyr makar þat hem doth susteyn, 1524  
 vp-on þe sonday to leuen In his servyse,  
 & hym alonly to serve, I tell yow pleyn. 1526

rex.

The King says  
 his Gods did  
 these things, Herke, woman, thow hast many resonnes grett; 1527  
 I thyngk, on-to my goddes aperteynyng þey beth.  
 but þou make me answer son, I xall þe frett,  
 & cut þe tonge owt of þi hed. 1530

[leaf 130, back]

Mary.

syr, yf I seyð amys, I woll retur[n] agayn. 1531  
 leve yower encomberowns of perturbacyon,  
 & lett me know what yower goddes byn,  
 And how þey may save vs from trevbelacyon. 1534

rex.

and orders all to  
 go to their  
 Temple. Hens to þe tempyll þat we war, 1535  
 and þer xall thow se a solom syth.  
 Com on all, both lesse *and* more,  
 thys day to se my goddes myth. 1538

Here goth þe Kyng with all his a-tendavnt to  
 þe tempyll.

Part II. Scene 36.  
 The Temple at  
 Marcyll.

[PART II. Scene 36.]

The King of  
 Marcyll prays  
 his God to speak  
 to Mary  
 Magdalene. Loke now, q watt seyyst thow be þis syth? 1539  
 How pleȝeavnttly þey stond, se thow how!  
 lord, I besech þi grett myth,  
 speke to þis *chrisetyn* þat here sestt þou. 1542  
 ¶ speke, god lord, speke! se how I do bow!



Herke, þou pryst! *qu'at* menytt all this?  
 what! speke, good lord! speke! *what* eylytt þe now?  
 speke, as thow artt bote of all blysse! 1546

**prysbiter.**

lord, he woll natt speke wyle *chriseten* her' is.

The God won't  
 speak while a  
 Christian's  
 near.

**Mary.**

syr kyng, *and* it pleze þower gentyllnesse,  
 gyff me lycens my prayors to make  
 on-to my god In heven blysch,  
 sum merakyll to shewyn for þower sake.

1548 Mary asks leave  
 to try her God,

to show a  
 miracle for the  
 King's sake.

**Rex.**

pray þi fylle, tyll þen knees ake.

1552

**mary.**

*Domirus*, illuminacio mea, quem timebo!  
*Dominus*, protecctor vite mee, a quo trepedabo!

She prays,

[leaf 131]

**Here xal þe mament tremyll and quake.**

and the Idol  
 quakes

Now, lord of lordes, to þi blyssyd name sanctificatt,  
 most mekely my feyth I recummend.

1556

She prays again  
 to God to show  
 his power.

pott don þe pryd of mamentes violatt!

lord, to þi lover þi goodnesse descend;

1558

lett natt þer pryd to þi poste pretend;

wher-as is rehersyd þi hye name Ihesus.

good lord, my preor I feythfully send;

Lord, þi rythwysnesse here dyscus!

1562

**Here xall comme a clowd frome hevene, and sett  
 þe tempyl One a fyre, and þe pryst and þe cler[k]  
 xall synke; and þe kyng gothe home, þus seyyng,**

The Temple is  
 set on fire,  
 and the Priest  
 sinks.

**[Rex.]**

A! owzt! for angur I am þus deludyd.

1563 [leaf 131, back]

I wyll be-wreke my cruell tene.

alas! *with*-In my-sylfe I am concludytt.

þou woman, comme hether *and* wete whatt I mene;

My wyff *and* I to-gether many zerys have byn,

& never myth be concevyd with chylde,

1568

The King tells  
 Mary that if  
 she can make  
 his wife with  
 child,

he'll obey her      yf þou for þis canst fynd a mene,  
God.      I wyll a-bey þi god, *and to hym be meke and myld.* 1570

Mary.

Now, syr, syn þou seyst so, 1571  
to my lord I pr[a]ye with reythfull bone;  
be-leve In hym *and* In no mo,  
& I hope she xall be conceyvyd sone. 1574

**Rex.**

Now he is sick, A-woyð, awayð, I wax all seke, 1575  
and will go to  
bed. I wyll to bed þis same tyde.  
I am so wexyd with 3en) sueke,  
þat bath ner' to deth me dyth. 1578

Here þe Kynge goth to bed In hast, *and* mary goth  
In-to an olde logge with-owt þe gate, þus seyynge.

mary.

Mary prays to  
Christ to send  
her food and  
drink.

Now, cryst, my creatur, me conserve *and* kepe, 1579  
þat I be natt confunddyd with þis reddure!  
for hungor<sup>r</sup> *and* thurst, to þe I wepe;  
lord, demene me with mesuer! 1582  
as þou savydyst<sup>d</sup> daniell from þe lyounes rigur,  
Be abacuk þi masengyr<sup>r</sup>, relevyd with sustynovns,  
good lord, so hellpe me *and* sokore,  
lord, as itt is þi hye plezewaĩs. 1586

*Part II. Scene 37.  
Heaven; then,  
outside Marcyllé  
Palace.*

[PART II. Scene 37.]

**Jesus.**

My grace xall grow, *and don* descend 1587  
to mary my lover, þat to me doth call,  
Hyr assatt for to a-mend;  
she xall be relevyð *with* sustinons corporall. 1590  
now, awngelus, dyssend to hyr In especyall,  
And lede hyr to þe pryssys chambyr ryth.  
bed hyr axke of his good be weys pacyfycal;  
and goo yow be-fore hyr *with* reverent lyth. 1594

*Primus angelus.*

Blyssyd lord, In þi syth  
we dyssend om̃-to mary. 1595 The Angels  
come down

*ij<sup>us</sup> angelus.*

We dyssend̃ from̃ yower blysse bryth;  
Om̃-to yower cummarndement we aplye. 1598 to Mary Mag  
dalene,  
Tunc dissenditt *angelus.*

*primus dyxit.*

mary, ower lord wyll comfortt yow send̃ : 1599  
he bad, to þe kyng̃ ye xulð take þe waye,  
hym̃ to a-say, yf̃ he woll condesend̃;  
as he is slepyng̃, hem̃ to a-saye. 1602  
and tell her that  
Jesus bids her  
go to the King  
of Marcyll,

*ij<sup>us</sup> angelus.*

Byd hym̃ releve yow to goddes pay, 1603 [leaf 132]  
And we xal go be-fore yow with solem̃ lyth;  
In a mentyll of whyte xall be ower araye;  
The dores xall opyñ a-zens vs be ryth. 1606  
while they walk  
before her with  
lights,  
clad in mantles  
of white,

*Mary.*

O, gracyus god, now I vndyrstond̃ ! 1607  
thys clothynge of whyte is tokenyng̃ of mekenesse.  
now, *gracyus* lord, I woll natt wonð,  
yower preseptt to obbey with lowlynesse. 1610 Mary will obey.

Here goth mary, with þe *angelus* be-fore hyre, to  
þe *Kyngges* bed, with lythys berynge, þus seyyng  
mary.

[PART II. Scene 38.]

[*Mary.*]

thow froward Kyng̃, trobelows and woodð, 1611  
that hast at þi wyll all worddes wele,  
Depart with me with sum of þi goodð,  
that am̃ In hongor, threst, and cold ! 1614  
godð hath þe sent warnyngys felle;  
I rede þe torne, and amend̃ þi mood;  
Be-ware of þi lewdnesse, for þi owñ hele !  
And̃ thow qwen, tvrne from̃ þi goodð. 1618

Here mari woydyt; and þe *angel* and mary  
chong[e] hyr clotheynge, þus seyyng̃ þe *Kyng*.

Part II. Scene 38.  
Marcyll. The  
King's Palace.

Mary bids the  
King share some  
of his goods  
with her,  
and turn from  
his evil ways.

She warns the  
Queen too,  
and puts on the  
Angel's garment.

## [Kyng.]

The King of Marcylle [leaf 132, back]	A! þis day is com! I am mery and glad; The son is vp, and shynyth bryth.	1619
says that in his sleep a fair Woman in white,	A merelows shewyng, In my slep I had, That sore me trobelyð, þis same nyth :	1622
led by an angel, appeared to him,	A fayer woman I saw In my syth, All In whyte was she cladd; Led she was with an angyl bryth, to me she spake with wordes sad.	1626

## regina [The Queen of Marcylle.]

and, as the Queen adds, bade them help the needy with their goods.	I trow, from good þat þey wer' sentt; In ower hartes we may have dowte; I wentt ower chambyr shollð a brentt, for þe lyth þat þer was all a-bowth. to vs she spake wordes of dreð, that we xulð help þem þat haue nede, with ower godes, so god ded byd, I tell yow with-owtyn dowthe.	1627  1630  1634
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## rex.

The King sends a knight to fetch the Woman.	Now, semely wyff, 3e sey ryth well. A knyth a-non with-owtyn delay! now, as þou hast byn trew as styll, goo fett þat woman be-fore me þis daye.	1635  1638
--	--	------------------

## Miles.

[leaf 133]	my sovereyn lord, I take þe waye; she xall com at ower pleseawñs. yower soveryn wyll I wyll goo saye, ittis almesse hyr to a-wawns. thunc transiunt miles ad mariam.	1639  1642
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## [PART II. Scene 39.]

Part II. Scene 39.  
Marcyll. Out-  
side the Palace;  
then, inside.

sped well, good woman! I am to þe sentt, yow for to speke with þe Kyng!	1643
--	------

**Maria.**

gladly, *ser*, at hys Intentt,  
I come at his owne plezeyng.

1646 Mary comes  
gladly.

**Tunc transytt maria ad regem.**

The mythe *and* þe powere of þe heye treunte,  
the wysdom of þe son, mott governe yow In ryth!

1647 Mary greets  
the King,

the Holy gost mott *with* yow be!

what is yowre wyll? sey me In sythe.

1650 and asks what  
he wants.

**Rex.**

thow fayer woman, ittis my delyth,

1651 He says,

þe to refresch is myn Intentt,

*with* mete *and* mony, *and* clothys for þe nyth,

to give her food  
and money.

And *with* swych grace as god hathe me lentt.

1654

**Maria.**

Than fullfille 3e goddes cummavndement,  
pore folk In mysch[ef], þem to susteyn.

1655 Mary bids him  
help the poor,

**Rex.**

Now, blyssyd woman, reherse here presentt,  
the loyys of yower lord In heven.

1658

**Mary.**

¶ A! blyssyd þe ower, *and* blyssyd be þe tyme,

1659 and blesses the  
time in which  
he turned to  
God.

þat to goddes lawys 3e wyll gyff credens,

to yower selfe 3e make a glad pryde

A-3ens þe fenddes Malycyows violens.

1662

from god a-bove, comit þe In-fluens,

[leaf 138, back]

Be þe Holy gost In-to þi brest sentt down,

for to restore þi of-fens,

1663

þi sowle to bryng to ewerlastyng salvacyon.

Thy wyffe, she is grett *with* chylde;

Lyke as þou desyerst, þou hast þi bone.

1668 She tells him his  
wife is great  
with child.

**Regina.**

A! 3e! I felytt ster In my wombe vp *and* down; 1669

I am glad I have þe In presens.

The Queen feels  
the child quick  
within her.

O blyssyd womman, rote of ower savacyon,

þi god woll I worshep *with* dew reverens.

1672

**Rex.**

The King asks  
Mary her name,      Now, fayer womman, sey me þe sentens,      1673  
I be-seche þe, whatt is þi name?

**Mary.**

ser, a-3ens þat I make no resystens,  
Mary mardleyñ with-owtyn blame.      1676

**rex.**

and thanks her,      O! blyssyd mary, ryth well is me      1677  
þat ewer I have abedyn þis daye.  
now thanke I þi god, and specyally 3e,  
And so xall I do whyle I leve may.      1680

**mary.**

3e xall thankytt peter, my master, with-owt delay. 1681  
He is þi frend, stedfast and cler;  
[leaf 134] To allmythy god he halp me pray,  
and he xall crestyn yow from þe fynddes power, 1684  
In þe syth of god an hye.

**rex.**

now suerly 3e answer me to my pay;  
I am ryth glad of þis tyddynges.  
and gives her      Butt, mary, In all my goodes I sese yow þis day, 1688  
possession of      for to byñ at yower gydyng,  
all his goods,  
to do what she      And þem to rewlyn at yower plezeyng 1690  
likes with till      Tyll þat I comme hom a-gayn.  
he comes home      I wyll axke of yow neythyr lond nor rekynyng,  
from being bap-      But I here delever yow power pleyñ. 1693  
tizd by St. Peter.

**regina.**

Now, worshepful lord, of a bone I yow pray, 1694  
And it be plezeyng to yower hye dygnite.

**Rex.**

Madam, yower dysyer on-to me say.  
what bone is þat 3e desyer of me?      1697

**regina.**

Now, worshipfull sovereyn, In eche degre, 1698 The Queen begs  
 þat I may with yow goo, that she may go  
 A crestyn womman made to be. with him  
 gracys lord, it may be soo. 1701

**Rex.**

A-las! þe wyttes of wommen, how þey byn wyllt! The King dis-  
 And þer-of fallytt many a chance. suades his wife  
 A! why desyer it? and yow ar with chylð. (leaf 134, back)  
 from going 1704

**regina.**

A! my sovereyn, I am knett In care, 1705  
 but 3e consedyr now þat I crave;  
 for all þe lowys þat ever ware,  
 be-bynd yow þat 3e me nat leve. 1708 She begs him  
 not to leave her  
 behind.

**Rex.**

wyff, syn þat 3e woll take þis wey of pryse, 1709 and he agrees to  
 þerto can I no more seyn, take her.  
 now, Iesu be ower gyd, þat is hye Iustyce,  
 And þis blyssyd womman, mary mavgleyn! 1712

**Mary.**

syth 3e ar consentyd to þat dede, 1713  
 the blyssyng of god gyff to yow wyll I;  
 He xall save yow from all dreð,  
 In nomine patrys, et filij, et spiritus sancti. amen! 1716 Mary blesses  
 them.

**Ett tunc navis venit In placeam, et navta dicit.**

[PART II. Scene 40.]

Part II. Scene 40.  
 Marcyllie shore.

[Navta.]

Loke forth, grobbe, my knave, 1717  
 & tell me quat tydynges þou have,  
 & yf þou a-spye ony lond. 1719

**boy.**

In-to þe shrowdes I woll me hye.  
 be my fythe, a castell I aspye,  
 & as I ondyrstonð. 1722 The Shipman's  
 boy Grobbe  
 sees a Castle

navta.

The ship arrives  
at Marcyllle, sett þer-with, yf we mown, 1723  
for I wott itt is a havyn town  
þat stondyt vp-on a strond. 1725

Ett tunc transitt rex ad navem, et dicit rex.

[leaf 133]

[Rex. The King of Marcyllle.]

and the King How, good man, of whens is þat shep? 1726  
I pray 3e ser, tell þou me.

navta.

ser, as for þat, I take no kepe;  
for quat cavse enquire 3e? 1729

rex.

wants to sail off in her. for cavsys of nede, seyle wold we; 1730  
ryth fayn we wold ower byn.

navta.

The Shipman suggests that he's stolen some man's wife, and wants to carry her away; 3ee, butt me thynkytt, so mote I the,  
so hastely to passe, yower spendyng is thyn. 1733  
I trow, be my lyfe, 1734  
þou hast stollyn sum mannes wyffe;  
þou woldyst lede hyr owt of lond. 1736  
never þe-les, so god me save,  
lett se whatt I xall<sup>1</sup> have,  
or elles I woll nat wend. 1739

rex.

but, for 10 marks, he agrees to take the King and Queen to the Holy Land. Ten marke I wyll 3e gyff,  
yf þou wylt set me vp at þe cleyff  
In þe holy lond. 1742

navta.

set of, boy, In-to þe floc! 1743

boy.

I xall, master, þe wynd is good;  
Hens þat we wer. 1745

lamentando regina.

[<sup>1</sup> MS. xall xall.]



## [PART II. Scene 41.]

## [Regina.]

Part II Scene 41  
At sea. A rock  
on an island. The  
Holy Land.

A! Lady! help In þis nede.  
þat In þis floð we drench natt.  
O blyssyd lady! for-ȝete me nowth!  
A! mary, mary, flower of wommanned!

1746

1748 The Queen of  
Marcylle calls  
on Mary to help  
her.

## Rex.

[leaf 135, back]

a! My dere wyffe! no dred ȝe have,  
butt trost In mary mavidleyn,  
And she from perelles xall vs save;  
to god for vs she woll prayn.

1750

1755

## regina.

A! dere hosbond, thynk on me,  
& save yower sylfe as long as ȝe may;  
for trewly itt wyll no other-wyse be;  
full sor my hart it makytt þis day.  
A! þe chylð þat be-twyx my sydes lay,  
þe wyche was conseyyd on me be ryth!  
Alas! þat wommannes help is away;  
an hery departyng is be-twyx vs In syth;  
for now departe wee.  
for de-fawte of wommen here In my nede,  
deth my body makyth to sprede.  
now, mary mavidleyn, my sowle lede!  
In manus tuas, domine!

1754

1757

She is in child-  
birth,

1761

1763 and having no  
woman's help,

commits her  
soul to God,  
and dies.

1766

## Rex.

Alas, my wyff is ded!  
alas! þis is a carefull chans!  
so xall my chylð, I am ad-dred,  
& for defawth of sustynouns.  
good lord, þi grace gravnte to me!  
A chylð be-twen vs of Incese,  
an it is mother-les!  
Help me, my sorow for to relese,  
yf þi wyl it be!

1767 The King  
laments his  
wife's death,

1770

1771 and prays God  
to keep his child  
[leaf 136]  
alive.

1775

navta.

benedicite, benedicite ! 1776  
 The storm  
 increases. quat wethyr may þis be ?  
 ower mast woll all a-sondyr. 1778

boy.

The men want  
 to throw the  
 Queen's corpse  
 overboard. Master, I þer-to ley myn ere ; 1779  
 it is for þis deð body þat we here ;  
 cast hyr owt, or elles we synke ond[yr.] 1781  
 make redy for to cast hyr owt.

Rex.

nay, for goddes sake, do natt so ! 1782  
 & 3e wyll hyr In-to þe se cast,  
 gyntyll seres, for my love do.  
 The King begs  
 them to put it  
 and his child on  
 a rock. 3endyr is a roch In þe west : 1785  
 as ley hyr þer-on all a-bove,  
 and my chylð hyr by. 1787

navta.

as þer-to I a-seut well. 1788  
 & she were owt of þe wessell,  
 all we xuld stond þe more In hele,  
 I sey yow werey. 1791

Rex.

The corpse and  
 child are laid  
 there, ly here, wyff, and chylð þe by. 1792  
 blyssyð mavdleyñ, be hyr rede !  
 with terys wepyng, and grett cavse why,  
 and the King  
 kisses them. I kysse yow both In þis sted. 1795  
 now woll I pray to mary mylð  
 to be þer gyde her. 1797

tunc remigat a montem, et navta dicit.

[leaf 136, back]

[Navta].

The ship reaches  
 the Holy Land. pay now, ser, and goo to lond, 1798  
 for here is þe portt 3af I ondyrstonð,  
 ley down my pay In my hond,  
 & be-lyve go me fro. 1801

ex.

I gravnt þe, ser, so god me save.	1802	The King of
lo, here is all þi connownt,		Marcylye pays
all-redy þou xall it have,		the Shipman
and a marke more þan þi gravnt.	1805	and his Boy,
& þou page, for þi good obedyentt,	1806	a mark each
I gyff yow be-syde yower styntt,		extra.
Eche of yow a marke for yower wage.	1808	

nawta.

now he þat mað bothe day and nyth,	1809
He sped yow In yower ryth,	
well to go on yower passage!	1811

[PART II. Scene 42.]

Part II. Scene 42  
Jerusalem

peter.

now all creaturs vp-on mold,	1812	St. Peter says
þat byn of crystes creacyon,		that all folk are
to worchep Iesu þey ar be-hold,		bound to wor-
nor never a-gens hym to make waryacyon.	1815	ship Iesus.

rex [The King of Marcylye.]

ser, feythfully I be-seche yow þis daye;	1816	The King of
wher peter þe apostull is, wete wold I.		Marcylye asks
		for Peter,

peter.

ittis I, syr, with-owt delay;	
of yower askyng tell me qwy.	1819

rei.

ser, þe soth I xall yow seyn,	1820	
and tell yow myn Intentt with-In a whyle.		[leaf 137]
þer is a woman hyth mary mavdleyne,		and says that
þat hether hath laberyd me owt of mercyll;—	1823	Mary Magdalene
on-to þe wyche woman I thynk no gyle,—		has sent him to
and þis pylgramage cavyd me to take.		
I woll tell yow more of þe styлле,		
for to crestyn me from wo and wrake.	1827	be baptizd by
		Peter.

**peter.**

O, blyssyd be þe tyme þat 3e ar<sup>t</sup> falle to grace, 1828  
 & 3e wyll kepe yower be-leve after my techeyng<sup>t</sup>,  
 & alle-only for-sake þe fynd saternas,  
 the commavndme[n]ttes of<sup>t</sup> god to have In kepyng<sup>t</sup>.

**rex.**

The King of  
 Marcyll de-  
 clares his belief  
 in the Trinity,  
 for-soth, I be-leve In þe father, þat is of all wvldyng<sup>t</sup>,  
 And In þe son, Iesu Cryst, 1833  
 also In þe holy gost, his grace to vs spredyng<sup>t</sup>.  
 Christ's death  
 and uprising,  
 I be-leve In crystes deth and his vprysyng<sup>t</sup>. 1835

**Petyr.**

ser, þan<sup>t</sup> whatt axke 3e? 1836

**Rex.**

and prays Peter  
 to baptize him.  
 Holy father, bapty[n]<sup>t</sup>, for charyte,  
 Me to save In eche degre  
 from þe fyndes bond. 1839

**petyr.**

In þe name of<sup>t</sup> þe trenite, 1840  
 with þis water I baptyse 3e,  
 þat þou mayst strong<sup>t</sup> be,  
 A-3en<sup>t</sup> þe fynd<sup>t</sup> to stond. 1843

*Tunc aspargit illum cum aqua.*

[leaf 137, back]

**rex.**

A! holy fathyr, how my hart wyll be sor, 1844  
 of<sup>t</sup> cummav[n]ddementt and 3e declare nat þe sentens.

**petyr.**

syr, dayly 3e xall labor<sup>1</sup> more and more,  
 tyll þat 3e have very experyens; 1847  
 with me xall 3e wall<sup>2</sup> to have more eloquens, 1848  
 & goo vesitye þe stacyons by and by;  
 to nazareth and bedlem<sup>t</sup> goo with delygens,  
 & be yower own<sup>t</sup> In-speccyon<sup>t</sup> yower feyth to edyfy. 1851

and bids the  
 King visit the  
 Stacions and go  
 to Nazareth and  
 Bethlehem.

[<sup>1</sup> MS. labor.] [<sup>2</sup> ? dwell: wall is to well, flow.]

Rex.

now, holy father, derevorthy <i>and</i> dere,	1852	The King of Marcylle says
myn Intent now know 3e,		
ittis gon full to 3ere,		
þat I cam to yow ower þe se,	1855	
crystes servont <i>and</i> yower to be,	1856	
& þe lave <sup>1</sup> of hym ever to fulfyll.		[lawe]
now woll I hom In-to my contre.		he will go home.
yower pver blyssynd, gravnt vs tylle,		
þat, feythfully I crave.	1860	

petrus.

now In þe name of Iesu,		Peter gives him his blessing.
Cum patre et sancto spiritu,		
He kepe þe <i>and</i> save!	1863	

et tunc rex transit ad navem, et dicit rex.

[PART II. Scene 43.]

Part II Scene 43.  
The Holy Land  
Shore

[Rex.]

Hold ner, shepman, hold, hold!	1864	The King of Marcylle sees his
--------------------------------	------	----------------------------------

boy.

ser, 3endyr is on callyd after cold.

navta.

A, ser! I ken yow of old.		old Shipman,
be my trowth, 3e be welcum to me.	1867	

Rex.

[leaf 138]

now, gentyll marraner, I þe pray,	1868	and asks him to take him back to Marcylle.
what-so-ewer þat I pay,		
In all þe hast þat 3e may,		
Help me ower þe se.	1871	

navta.

In good soth we byn a-tenddawnt;	1872	The Shipman gladly agrees,
gladly 3e xall have yower gravnt.		
with-owtyn ony connownt.		
comme In, In goddes name!	1875	

and tells Grobbe to haul up the sail. grobbe, boy! þe wynd is nor west! 1876  
 fast a-bowth þe seyle cast!  
 rere vp þe seyll In all þe hast,  
 as well as þou canð. 1879

et tunc navis venit ad-circa placeam: rex dicit.

Part II. Scene 44.  
 At sea The  
 Rock. Marcylls  
 strand.

[PART II. Scene 44.]

[Rex.]

They see the Rock master of þe shyp, cast forth yower yee! 1880  
 me thynkyt þe rokke I gyn to a-spye.  
 gentyll master, 3ether vs gye;  
 I xall qwyt yower mede. 1883

navta.

I feyth it is þe same stonð 1884  
 þat yower wyff lyeth vp-on);  
 where they laid the Queen's corpse, with her child. ye xall be þer even) a-non,  
 werely Indede. 1887

[leaf 138, back]

Rex.

The King sees his babe all sound, O þou myty lord of heven) region, 1888  
 3endyr is my babe of myn) own) nature,  
 preserveyd and keptt from) all corrupcyon!  
 blyssyd be þat lord þat þe dothe socur', 1891  
 and his wife too. And my wyff lyeth her' fayer and puer!  
 fayer and cler' is hur color to se!  
 a! good lord, yower grace with vs Indure, 1894  
 My wyvys lyfe for to illumyn). 1895  
 A, blyssyd be þat puer vergyn),  
 She awakes from her trance, from) grevos slepe she gynnyt revyve!  
 A! þe sonne of grace on) vs doth shynne!  
 now blyssyd be god, I se my wyff a-lyve! 1899

regina.

and blesses Mary Magdalene for saving her, O vergo salutata, for ower savacyon! 1900  
 O pulcra et casta, cum of nobyll alyavns!  
 O almyty maydyn, ower sowlys confortacyon!  
 O demvr mavdyn), my bodyys sustyñavns! 1903

- þou hast wr[a]ppyd vs In wele from all waryawys, 1904 and for taking  
 & led me with my lord I[n]-to þe holy lond. her with her  
 I am baptysyd, as ye ar, be maryys gyddavns, husband into  
 of sent peterys holy hand. 1907 the Holy Land,  
 I sve þe blyssyd crosse þat cryst shed on his precyvs see Christ's  
 bloð; 1908 Cross and  
 Sepulchre,  
 His blyssyd sepulcur also se I;  
 whe[r]for, good hosbond, be mery In mode,  
 for I have gon þe stacyounes by and by. 1911 and go the  
 Stacions.

## Bex.

- I thanke it, Iesu, with hart on hye;  
 now have I my wyf and my chylð both. 1912 The King  
 thanks Jesus,  
 I thankytt, mavidley and ower lady, and Mary  
 Magdalene.  
 & ever shall do with-owtyn othe. 1915
- et tunc remigant a monte, et navta dicit.

## [Navta.]

[leaf 139]

- Now ar 3e past all perelle;  
 Her is þe lond of mercyll; 1916  
 now goo a lond, ser, whan 3e wyll,  
 I pr[a]ye yow for my sake. 1919 The King and  
 Queen reach  
 Marcyll,

## rex.

- godamercy, lentyll marraner!  
 Her is x ti of nobylles cler, 1920 pay the Ship-  
 And euer þi frynd both ferre and ner; man £10, and go  
 cryst save þe from wo and wrake! 1923 ashore.  
 Here goth the shep owȝt of the place, and mavid-  
 [ley n] seyth.

## [PART II. Scene 45.]

Part II. Scene 45

## [Mary Maudleyn.]

- o, dere fryndes! be In hart stabyll,  
 & [thynk] how dere, cryst hathe yow bowth! 1924 Mary Magdalene  
 A-ȝens god be nothyng vereabyll; exhorts the folk  
 thynk how he mad all thyng of nowth. 1927 to be steadfast,  
 thow yow In poverte sumtyme be browth,  
 [y]itte be In charyte both nyth and day, and bear their  
 troubles  
 patiently,

for Poverty is God's house. for þey byn blyssyd þat so byn sowth,  
for pavpertas est domum Dei; 1931  
Blessed are the meek, god blyssyt alle þo þat byn meke *and* good,  
& he blyssyd all þo þat wepe for synne.  
and the feeders of the hungry. þey be blyssyd þat þe hungor *and* þe thorsty gyff fode,  
þey be blyssyd þat byn mercyfull a-ȝen wrecched men,  
They who destroy sin are the Children of Life. þey byn blyssyd þat byn dysstroccyon of synne, 1936  
thes byn callyd þe chyldyren of lyfe,  
leaf 139, back] On-to þe wyche blysse bryngi both yow *and* me,  
that for vs dyyd on þe rode tre. amen. 1939

The King and Queen kneel down before  
**Here xall þe kyng *and* þe quene knele down: rex dicit.**

[The King of Marcyll.]

Mary Magdalene and hail her as their help  
Heyll be þou, mary! ower lord is *with* the! 1940  
the helth of ower sowles *and* repast contemplatyff!  
Heyll, tabyrnakyll of þe blyssyd trenite!  
Heyll, covnfortabyll sokor for man *and* wyff! 1943

### Regina.

and the savor of the Queen and her boy.  
Heyll þou chosyn *and* chast of women alon! 1944  
it passyt my wett to tell þi nobyllnesse!  
þou relevyst me *and* my chylð on þe rokke of ston,  
& also savyd vs be þi hye holynesse. 1947

### Mary.

Mary welcomes them,  
welcum hom), prynse *and* prynsses bothe! 1948  
welcum hom), yong prynsse of ðew *and* ryth!  
welcum hom) to your own erytage *with*-owt othe,  
and to alle yower pepyll present In syth! 1951  
and says they have become God's own knights.  
now ar ȝe be-cum goddes own knygh, 1952  
for sowle helth salve ded ȝe seche,  
In hom) þe holy gost hath take resedens,  
& drevyn a-syde all þe desepecyon of wreche; 1955  
& now have ȝe a knowle[ge] of þe sentens,  
How ȝe xall com) on-to grace.  
She gives the King back his goods.  
[leaf 140] but now In yower godes a-ȝen I do yow sese;  
I trost I have governyd þem) to yower hertes ese; 1959



now woll I labor forth, god to plese, 1960 Mary Magdalene  
more gostly strenkth me to purchase.

rex.

O, blyssyd mary, to comprehend, 1962 is askt by the  
Ower swete sokor, on vs have pete! King and Queen

regina.

To departe from vs why shold 3e pretende? not to leave  
O blyssyd lady, putt vs nat to þat povertē! 1965 them.

Mary.

Of yow *and* yowers I wyll have remembravns, 1966  
& dayly y<sup>r</sup>ower bede woman for to be, She promises to  
þat alle wyckydnesse from yow may have deleverans, pray for them;  
In quiet *and* rest þat leve may 3e. 1969

rex.

now thazne, yower puer blyssyng gravnt vs tulle!

mari.

The blyssyn of god mott yow fulfyll! 1971 she blesses  
ille vos benedicatt, qui sene<sup>1</sup> fine vivit et regnat! them,

Her goth mary In-to þe wyldyrnesse, *and þus* and then goes  
seyyng Rex. into the Wilder-  
ness.

Rex.

A! we may syyn *and* wepyn also, 1973 The King and  
þat we have for-gon þis lady fre; Queen of  
it brynggytt my hart In care *and* woo, Marylle weep  
þe whech ower gydde *and* governor shold a be. 1976 at Mary's going.

Regina.

þat doth perswade all my ble, 1977  
þat swete sypresse þat she wold so;  
In me restytt neyther game nor gle,  
that she wold from owere presens goo. 1980 [leaf 140, back]

Rex.

now of hyr goyng I am nothyng glad, 1981 The King  
But my londdes to gyddyn I mvst a-plye: resolves to guide  
his folk.

[<sup>1</sup> for sine.]

Lyke as *sancte peter* me badde,  
 The King of Chyrchys In cetyys I woll edyfyē, 1984  
*Mareylle will* & who-so a-zens ower feyth woll replye,  
*build churches,*  
 punish heretics, I woll ponynsch [s]wych personnes with perplyxycyon;  
 Mahonð and his lawys I defye. 1987  
 A! hys pryde owt of my love xall have polucyon,  
 and give him- & holle on-to Iesu I me be-take. 1989  
 self wholly to  
 Jesus.

Part II. Scene 46.  
 The Wilderness.

[Part II. Scene 46.]

Mari In herimo.

In þis deserte abydyn wyll wee; 1990  
 My sowle from synne for to save,  
 Mary Magdalene I wyll ever abyte me with humelyte,  
 resolves to live in humility, & put me In pacyens, my lord for to love; 1993  
 and charity, In charyte my werkes I woll grave,  
 and abstinence, And In abstynens all dayys of my lyfe.  
 Thus my concyeñs of me doth crave; 1996  
 than why shold I with my consyens st[r]yffe? 1997  
 & ferdar-more I wyll leven In charyte,  
 at þe reverens of ower blyssyd lady,  
 In goodnesse to be lyberall, my sowle to edyfyē; 2000  
 of wordly fodes I wyll leve all refectyon;  
 feeding only on food from heaven. Be þe fode þat comyt from heven on hye,  
 [leaf 141] thatt god wyll me send, be contemplatyff. 2003

Part II. Scene 47.  
 Heaven.

[Part II. Scene 47.<sup>1</sup>]

Iesus.

O! þe swettnesse of prayers sent on-to me, 2004  
 fro my wel-belovyd frynd with-owt waryovñs!  
 with gostly fode relevyd xall she be.  
 angelles! In-to þe clowdes ye do hyr havñs; 2007  
 þer fede with manna to hyr systynovns;  
 with Ioy of angylles þis lett hur receyve;  
 Byd hur In Ioye with all hur afyawñs, 2010  
 for fynddes frawd xall hur noz deseyve. 2011

Jesus bids  
 Angels draw  
 Mary up into  
 the clouds,  
 and there feed  
 her with manna.

<sup>1</sup> The upper stage of the Pageant-Waggon. No doubt a curtain was drawn before Mary on the lower stage.

ij<sup>th</sup> angelus.

O þou redulent rose þat of a vergyn sprong!<sup>1</sup>

The Angels  
praise Mary  
Magdalene,

O þou precyus palme of wytory!

O þou osanna, angelles song!

2014

O precyus gemme born of ower lady!

lord, þi commar[n]ddement we obbey lowly.

and say they'll  
obey Christ's  
hest.

to þi servant þat þou hast gravntyd blysse,

2017

we angelles all obeyyn devowtly;

we woll desend to þen wyldernesse.

2019

[PART II. Scene 48.]

Part II. Scene 48.  
The Wilderness,  
then the Clouds.

Here xall to angylles desend In-to wyldyrnesse;  
and other to xall bryng an oblie, opynly aperyng  
a-loft In þe clowddes; þe to be-nethyn xall bryng  
mari, and she xall receyve þe bred, and þan go  
a-ȝen In-to wyldyrnesse.

ij<sup>th</sup> angelus.

Mari, god gretyd þe with heavenly Influens,

2020

An angel tells  
Mary that

He hath sent þe grace with heavenly synys;

þou xall byn onoryd with Ioye and reverens,

In-hansyd In heven above wergynnes.

2023

[leaf 142, back]

þou hast byggyd þe here among spynys,

2024

god woll send þe fode be revelacyon;

þou xall be receyvdy In-to þe clowddes,

2027

she shall be  
taken up into  
the clouds and  
fed there.

gostly fode to reseyyve to þi savacyon.

Mari.

fiat voluntas tua In heven and erth!

2028

now am I full of Ioye and blysse;

lavd and preyse to þat blyssyd byrth!

I am redy, as his blyssyd wyll isse.

2031

Her xall she be halsyd with angelles  
reverent song.

The angels draw  
her up into the  
clouds,

Asumpta est maria in nubibus; celi gavdent,  
Angeli lavdantes felium Dei; et dicit mari:

O þou lord of lorddes, of hye domenacyon!

2032

and she praises  
and thanks  
Jesus.

In hewen and erth worshpepyd be þi name.

[<sup>1</sup> MS. sprong]

How þou devydyst me from hovngur and wexacyon,  
 O gloryus lord, In þe is no fravddes nor no defame!  
 but I kulð serve my lord, I wer to blame, 2036  
 wych fullfyllyt me with so gret felicete,  
 with melody of angylles shewit me gle and game,  
 & have fed me with fode of most delycyte. 2039

Part II. Scene 49.  
 The Wilderness.

[PART II. Scene 49.]

Her xall speke an holy prest in þe same wyldyr-  
 nesse þus seying þe prest.

[The holy Prest.]

A Priest begs  
 Jesus, by his  
 7 names,

O lord of lorddes! what may þis be? 2040  
 so gret mesteryys shewyd from heven),  
 with grett myrth and melody,

[leaf 148]

to let him see  
 Mary Mag-  
 dalene.

with angylles brygth as þe lewyn). 2043

Lord Iesu, for þi namys sewynne,  
 as gravnt<sup>1</sup> me grace þat person to se. 2045

Her he xal go in þe wyldyrnesse and spye mari  
 in hyr devocyon, þus seying þe prest.

He goes near,  
 sees her, greets  
 her,

Heyl, creature, crystes delecceon! 2046

Heyl, swetter þan sugur or cypresse!

Mary is þi name be angylles relacyon),  
 grett art þou with god for þi perfythnesse. 2049

þe loye of Ierusallem shewyd þe expresse,

þe wych I never save þis xxx wynter and more;

wherfor I know well þou art of gret perfy[t]nesse,

and asks her  
 about her Lord.

I woll pray yow hartely to she[w] me of yower lord.

mari.

Mary says she's  
 livd 30 years in  
 her coll,

Be þe grace of my lord Iesus, 2054

þis xxx wynter þis hath byn my selle,<sup>2</sup>

has been raised  
 up to heaven  
 thrice a day,

& thryys on þe day enhansyd þus,

with more loy þan ony tong can telle. 2057

never creature cam þer I dwelle,

[<sup>1</sup> MS. grvant.]

<sup>2</sup> This beats Shakspeare's growing babies into the marriageable Marina and Perdita in the course of *Pericles* and *Cymbeline*.

tyme nor tyde, day nor nyth,  
 þat I can with spece telle,  
 But a-lonly with goddes angylles brygth. 2061 and held con-  
 But þou art wolcum on-to my syth 2062 verse with none  
 yf þou be of good conversacyon;  
 as I thynk In my delyth,  
 Thow sholddest be a man of devocyon. 2063 [leaf 143, back]

prest.

In crystys lav, I am sacryed a pryst, 2066 The Priest says  
 mynstryyð be angelus at my masse. that he conse-  
 I sakor þe body of ower lord Iesu cryst, crates Christ's  
 & be þat holy manna I leve In sowthfastnesse. 2069 body,  
 and lives on it.

Mari.

now I rejoyse of yower goodnesse, 2070  
 But tyme is comme þat I xall asende.

pryst.

I recummend me with all vmbynesse,  
 On-to my sell I woll pretend. 2073 He goes back to  
 Her xall þe prest go to his selle, þus seyyng his Cell.  
 Iesus.

[PART II. Scene 50.]

Part II. Scene 50.  
 Heaven.

Iesus.

now xall mary have possession, 2074 Jesus says that  
 be ryth eniryawns a crown to bere; Mary shall dwell  
 she xall be fett to everlastyng savacyon, in joy.  
 In Ioye to dwell with-owtyn fere. 2077  
 now, angelus, lythly þat 3e wer ther! 2078 He bids the  
 On-to þe prystes sell a-pere þis tyde; angels tell the  
 my body In forme of bred þat he bere, Priest to go and  
 Hur for to hossell, byd hym provyde. 2081 housel her.

j<sup>w</sup> angelus.

o blyssyd lord! we be redy, 2082  
 yower massage to do with-owtyn treson.

ij<sup>w</sup> angellus.

to hyr I wyll goo and make reportur,  
 how she xall com to yower habytacyon. 2085

*Part II. Scene 51.  
The Wilderness;  
the Priest's Cell.*

[PART II. Scene 51.]

**Here xall ij angylles go to mary and to þe prest,  
þus seying þe angelles to þe prest.**

[angels.]

The angels bid  
the Priest take  
the Last Sacra-  
ment to Mary.

[leaf 144]

They'll bear  
lights before it.

ser pryst, god cummav[n]dytt from heven region, 2086  
þe xall go hosyll his servont expresse,

And we with yow xall take mynystracyon,

to bere lyth be-fore his body of worthynesse. 2089

**pryst.**

angylles, with all vmbyllnesse, 2090

In a westment I wyll me aray,

to mynystyr my lord of gret hynesse,

straytt þer-to I take þe way. 2093

*Part II. Scene 52.  
The Wilderness:  
Mary's Cell.  
Then, Heaven.*

[PART II. Scene 52.]

**ij<sup>th</sup> angelus In herimo.**

Mary, be glad, and In hart strong, 2094

to reseve þe palme of grett wytory;

An Angel tells  
Mary of her  
coming death.

þis day þe xall be resevyd with angelles song;  
yower sowle xall departe from yower body. 2097

**mari.**

A! good lord, I thank þe with-owt weryawñs, 2098

þis day I am grovndyd all In goodnesse,

with hart and body conclvdyd In substawnñs;

I thanke þe lord with speryt of perfythnesse. 2101

Another appears  
with the Priest,

**Hic aparuit angelus et presbiter cum corpus  
domenicum.**

[Presbiter.]

þou blyssyd woman, invre In mekenesse, 2102

and the Bread  
of Life for Mary.

I have browth þe þe bred of lyf to þi syth,

to make þe suer from all dystresse,

þi sowle to bryng to euerlastyng lyth. 2105

**Mari.**

O þou myhty lord of hye mageste, 2106

She takes it,

þis celestyall bred for to determyn,

thys tyme to reseve it In me.

[leaf 144, back]

**Her she resevyt it.**

- my sowle þerwith to illumyn, 2109  
 I thank þe lord of ardent love. 2110 and thanks God.  
 now I know we'll I xall nat opprese.  
 Lord, lett me se þi loyys above!  
 I recummdend my sowle on-to þi blysse. 2113 she commend<sup>s</sup>  
 her soul to Him,  
 Lord, opyn þi blyssyd gates! 2114 prays Him to  
 open heaven to  
 thys erth at thys tyme ferven[t]ly I kysse. her:  
 In manus tuas, Domine—  
 Lord, with þi grace me wysse!— 2117  
 Commendo spiritum meum! redemisti me,  
 Domine Deus veritatis! 2119 He has redeemed  
 her.  
 j<sup>m</sup> angelus.  
 now reseyre we þis sowle, as reson is, 2120 The 2 Angels  
 In heven to dwelle vs a-mongt.  
 ij<sup>m</sup> angelus.  
 with-owtyn end to be in blysse, and the folk in  
 heaven sing a  
 now lett vs syngt a mery songt. 2123 glad song over  
 Mary's bliss  
 gaudent In celis.<sup>1</sup>  
 pryst.  
 O! good god! grett is þi grace; 2124 The Priest  
 O Iesu! Iesu! blessyd be þi name; rejoices over  
 Mary's end,  
 A! mary! mary! mych is þi solas,  
 In heven blysse with gle and name; 2127  
 þi body wyl I cure from alle maner blame, 2128  
 & I wyll passe to þe bosshop of þe sete,  
 thys body of mary to berye be name, and says he'll  
 get the Bishop  
 to bury her body  
 with alle reverens and solemnyte. 2131 reverently.  
 sufferens of þis proces-e, thus enddyt þe sentens 2132 [leaf 145]  
 that we have playyd In yower syth. Our Play is  
 done.  
 Alle-myhty god, most of magnyfyceñs, May God bring  
 you all to bliss!  
 mote bryngt yow to his blysse so brygth,  
 In presens of þat kyng!— 2136  
 now, frendes, thus endyt thys mater,— 2137

<sup>1</sup> ? Draw the curtain from the upper stage of the Pageant-Wagon, and all join in the Finale with the two (or three) Angels and Priest below. Or, ought a last Scene to begin with l. 2110?

	to blysse bryng' þo þat byn here!	
Let's sing the	now, clerkys with woycys cler,	
'Te Deum.'	Te Deum laudamus lett vs syng'.	2140
<i>The Play ends.</i>	<b>Explicite oreginale de sancta Maria magdalena.</b>	
<u>Epilogue.</u>	yff Ony thyng' Amysse be,	2141
	blame connyng', and nat me :	
	I desyer þe redars to be my frynd',	
	yff þer be ony amysse, þat to amend'.	2144



# A MORALITY OF WISDOM, WHO IS CHRIST.

*(Imperfect; by a fresh and later hand, introducing the Holborn  
Quest, and having no East-Midland xal, &c.)*

How Lucifer tempts the Mind, Will, and Understanding  
of Man to sin.

In 8-line stanzas: Scene I, *abab-bcbc*; Scenes II, III, and IV (what's  
left of it), *aaab-aaab*. Some stanzas are ryme-linkt with their  
followers, as *abab-bcbc—cdcd-dede*.

## [THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

[Wysdam of Christ, p. 139.

Anima, or the Soul, p. 140.

Anima's Five Wyttes, as Five  
Vergynes, p. 145.

The 3 Powers of every Christian  
Soul:—

Mynde, p. 145, 181, 189.

Wylle, p. 145, 181, 190.

Vnderstandyng, p. 145, 181,  
189.

Lucyfer, p. 179.

A shrewed Boy, p. 189.

Mind's 6 Retainers: Indignacion,  
Sturdynesse, Malyce, Hasty-  
nesse, Wreche, Discorde, p. 197.

Understanding's 6 Jurors: Wrong,  
Sleight, Doblenesse, Falsehed,  
Ravyne, Disceyte, p. 199.

Will's 6 Women: 3 disguisd as  
Gallants, and 3 as Matrons,  
p. 200.]

[*The rest, wanting.*]

[A MORALITY OF WISDOM,  
WHO IS CHRIST.]

[Scene 1.]

M[yles] B[omefylde].

[leaf 158]

ffyrst entreth<sup>1</sup> Wysdam in a ryche purpyll cloth of  
gold, with a mantyll of the same ermyned within,  
havyng a-bought his nek a ryall hood furred  
with ermyn. vpon his hed a cheveler with browes,  
a berd of gold of Sympres curled. A ryche Imperiall  
crowne ther-vpon, set with riche Stonys and  
perlys. In his left hand a ball of gold with a  
crosse per-vpon, And in his right hond A regall  
Sceptre, þus seyng.

Scene 1.

[Wysdam.]

Enter WISDOM.

If ye wyth wete the proprete,  
And the resoun of my name Imp[er]iaH,  
I am clepyd of hem that in erthe be,  
euerlastyng wysdom to my nobley egaH,  
Wiche name accordith best in especiall,  
and most to me is conuenient.

1

My name is  
Everlasting  
Wisdom.

4

AH-though eche person of the trinite be wysdam  
eternall,

Tho' it exists in  
each person of  
the Trinity,

and all thre on / euerlastyng wysdam to-gedyr present,  
Neuertheles, for-Asmoche as wysdom is properly  
Applied to the son be reson,

9

And also it fallith to hym specially  
be-cause of his highest generacion;  
therfor the belouyd son hath this signyfication,  
Customably Wysdam / now god, now man,

yet it's specially  
applied to the  
Son, who is  
both God and  
Man.

12

13

<sup>1</sup> The crost h and H, and tagd d, f, n, are not markt  
in this clarendon type.

Spowse of the chirche and verray patron),  
 Wyfe of eche chose sowle : thus wysdam be-gan). 16

Here entreth<sup>1</sup> *Anima* as a mayde in a whight  
 cloth of gold, gy[n]tely purfyled with menyver,  
 a mantyll of blak, ther-vpon a cheueler lyke to  
 wysdam, with a riche chapetelet lasyd be-hynde,  
 hangyng down with .ij. knottes of gold and syde  
 tassels, knelyng down to wysdam, þus seyng.

The Soul kneels  
 to Wisdom,

[*Anima.*]

Hanc amaui *et* exquisiui, 17  
 fro my yougthe this haue I sought,

and says she's  
 desird him for  
 her Lover,

To haue to my spouse most specially ;  
 for a loue of your shappe am I wrought, 20

[leaf 158, back]

A-bove aH hele and bewte that euer was sought.

and lovd him as  
 her Light.

I haue louyd wysdam as for my light,  
 for aH goodnesse with hym he brought,  
 In Wysdam I was made aH bewte bright ; 24  
 Of your name the high felicitye, 25  
 no creature knowith full exposicion).

Wysdam.

Wisdom says he  
 is brighter than  
 the sun and  
 stars,

Sapiencia specialior est sole ;  
 I am founden light with-out co[m]parison), 28

Of sterrys a-bove aH the disposicion,  
 for-sothe of light the very brightnesse,  
 Merour of the devyne domynacion,

and is the image  
 of God,

And the Image of his goodnesse. 32

Wysdam is better than aH wordly precio[s]nesse ; 33

And aH that may desyred be  
 Is not in comparison to my lykenesse ;

length of years  
 is on his right  
 side ;  
 and on his left,  
 riches und joy.

the lengthe of the yeres in my right syde be, 36

And in my lefte syde · riches, ioye, and prosperite.

lo ! this is the worthynesse of my name.

*Anima.*

A ! Souereyn Wysdam ! if your benygnyte  
 wold Speke of love, that were a game. 40

<sup>1</sup> The crost *h* and *H*, and tagd *ð*, *k*, *n*, are not markt  
 in this clarendon type.

Wysdam.

- Of my love to Speke it is myrable :  
 be-holde now, Sovle, with ioyfull mynde,  
 how louely I am, how amyable,  
 to be halsyd and kyssed of mankynde. 41 Wisdom speaks  
 of his Love
- To all clene Sovles I am full hende, 44  
 And ever present wher that thei be.  
 I love the loueres with-outyn ende,  
 that ther loue have stedfast in me. 48  
 the prerogatyve of my love is so grett, 49 The least drop of  
 his love makes  
 folk quit sin.
- that who tast therof the lest droppe, sur  
 all lustes and lykenges wordely shall lete ;  
 thei shall seme tyll hym filthe and ordur. 52  
 thei that of the hevvy burthen of Synne hath cure, [leaf 159]  
 My love dischargeth and purifieth clene ;  
 It strengtheth the mende, the sovle maketh pure,  
 and yevyth wysdam to hem that perfight bene. 56  
 who taketh me to spowse, may veryly wene,—  
 if a-bove all thyng he loue me specially,— 57 They who wed  
 him shall have  
 perpetual joy.  
 [MS. ye]
- that rest and tranquyllite he shall sene,  
 and dey in Sekyrnesse of ioye perpetuall. 60  
 The hey loue of my worthynesse of my love,  
 Angell nor man can tell playnly ;  
 it may be felt in experience from a-bove,  
 but not spoke ne told as it is veryly, 64  
 the godly love, no creature can specyfie.  
 What wretch is, that louth not this love,  
 that louth his louers ever so tenderlye,  
 that his Sight from them neuer kan remove. 68  
 What wretch  
 exists that  
 doesn't love this  
 enduring Love?

Anima.

- O Worthy Spouse, and Souereyne fayr ! 69  
 O swete amyke, our Ioye, our blisse !  
 to your love who doth repeyer,  
 All felicity in that creatur is ; 72  
 What may I yeve you a-geyn for this,  
 O creatour, lover of your creatur ?  
 What returne can  
 man make for  
 this love ?

though be our' freelte we do a-mys,  
 Your gret mercy euer sparith reddur', 76  
 a! Souereyn Wysdam! *sanctus sanctorum*! 77  
 What I may I yeve to your most plesaunce?

Wysdam.

Wisdom asks  
 for Soul's heart  
 and obedience, ffilii! prebe michi cor tuum!  
 I aske not ellys of all this Substaunce, 80  
 thi clene hert, thi meke obeisaunce;  
 yeve me that, and I am content.

Anima.

A! Soueryen Ioy, myn hertes affiaunce!  
 The fervour of my love to you I represente; 84  
 [leaf 159, back] that mekith my herte, your loue so feruent: 85  
 Teche me the Scolys of your devenynte.

Wysdam.

desire not to sauour in cunnynge to excellent,  
 But drede *and* conforme your wil to me, 88  
 conformity of  
 her will to his ffor it is the heleful discyplyne that in wysdam may be:  
 The drede of god, that is begynnyng;  
 the Wedys of Synne it makith to flee,  
 And swete vertuose herbis in the Soule spryng. 92

Anima.

She can know  
 him O endeles wysdam! how may I haue knowyng 93  
 of thi godhed in-comprehensible?

Wysdam.

by knowing  
 herself by knowyng of your-Selff, ye may haue felyng,  
 What god is in your Soule Sensyble; 96  
 the more knowyng of your-Selff passible,  
 the more verily ye shall god knowe.

Anima.

The Soul (of  
 Man) O Souereyn Auctour most credible!  
 your lesson I attende as I owe, 100  
 I that represent her / the soule of man. 101  
 asks what a  
 soul is. What is a soule, wyll ye declare?

Wysdam.

It is the ymage of god that all by-gan,  
And not only ymage, but his lykenesse ye Are.  
of All creatures the fayrest ye ware,  
In-to the tyme of Adamys offence.

Man's Soul is  
the Image of  
God,  
104  
105

Anima.

lord, syth we, thi soules, that nought were thare,  
Why of the fyrst man bey we the violence ?

and inherite  
Adam's  
punishment  
108

Wysdam.

ffor euery creatur that hath ben or shall  
Was in nature of the first man, Adam.  
of hym takyng the fylthe of synne orygynall,  
for of hym all creatures cam.  
than be hym, of reason ye haue blame,  
and be made the brondes of helle.  
when ye be bore first of your dame;  
ye may in no wyse in hevyn dwelle,  
for ye be disfigured be hys synne,  
and dampnyd to derkenesse from goddes sight.

109 because it's of  
Adam's nature,

112

a brand of hell,  
[leaf 160]

116

117

and damnd to  
darkness.

Anima.

How doth grace than A-geyn be-gynne ?  
What reformyth the soyle to his first light ?

It's re-formd  
by Wisdom,  
120

Wysdam.

Wysdam, that was god and man right,  
Made a full Seth to the fader of hevyn,  
by the dredfull deth to hym was dight,  
of wiche deth spronge the sacramentes sevyne;  
Wiche sacramentes, all synne wasshe a-wey.  
ffyrst, baptem clensyth synne orygynall,  
And reformeth the soule in feith verrey  
to the glorious lykenesse of god eternall,  
And makith it as fayer and as celestia  
As it neuer diffowled had be,

121 who made full  
satisfaction to  
God.

From his death  
sprang the 7  
Sacraments.  
124

125

1. Baptism,  
which cleanses  
the soul.

128

And is cristes owne speciall,  
His restyng place, his plesaunt see. 132

Anima.

In a Soul            In A soule, what thynges be, 133  
are 2 parts;  
By wiche he hath his very knowyng?

Wysdam.

<p>1. Sensuality or fleschly feeling, which the 5 Wits serve.</p>	<p>tweyn parties: the on is the sensualite, wiche is clepyd the fleschly felyng; The .v. outward wittys to hym be seruyng; Whan thei be not rulyd ordynatly, the sensualite than with-out lesyng is made the ymage of synne, then of his folý.</p>	<p>136</p>
<p>2. Reason, the image of God,  by which God knows who serve him;</p>	<p>That other parte, that is clepyd reson, And that is the ymage of god proprely, ffor by that the soule of god hath cognycion, and be that hym seruyth and louyth duly; Be the nether parte of reason he knoweth discretly,</p>	<p>144</p>
<p>[leaf 160, back] and man knows what things to use.</p>	<p>AH erthely thynges how thei shalbe vsyd, What Suffysith to his myghtys bodyly, And what nedithe not to be refusyde.</p>	<p>148</p>
<p>These 2 parts of the Soul typify black and white dress.</p>	<p>These tweyne do signyfie Your disgysyng And your Araye, Blak and Whyte, fowle and fayr verylye;</p>	<p>149</p>
<p>Every soul is Black from sin,</p>	<p>euery soule here / this is no naye; blak, by steryng of synne that comyth al day, Wiche felyng comyth of sensualite;</p>	<p>152</p>
<p>and White by reason;</p>	<p>And White, be knowyng of reson verray, of the blissed infinite deite.</p>	<p>156</p>
<p>and is both foul and fair.</p>	<p>Thus a soule is both fowle and fayr; ffowle as a best, be felyng of synne, ffayr as aungeth of hevyn the hayr, by knowyng of god, by hys reson withinne.</p>	<p>157  160</p>

Anima.

Than may I sey thus, and begynne, 161  
with .v. prudent virgynes of my Reme,



tho be the .v. wyttys of my soule with-inne,

'Nigra sum, et formosa filia Ierusalem.' 164

Here entreth v. virgynes in white kertelys and mantelys, with chevelers and chapelyttes, and Syng 'Nigra sum, sed formosa filia ierusalem, sicut tabernacula cedar, et sicut pelles salomonis.'

Five Virgins  
in white, enter.

Anima.

The daughters of Ierusalem me not lak',  
for this dyrke shadowe I bere of humanyte,  
That as the tabernacle of Cedar, with-out, it is blak',  
and with-Inne, as the skynne of Salomon full of bewte,  
'Quod fusca sum, nolite considerare me,  
quia decolorauit me sol Iouis.'

165 The Soul says  
she's dark out-  
side, but  
beautiful  
within.

Wysdam.

Thus all the soules that in this lyve be,  
standyng in grace be lyke to this.  
A, *quinque* prudentes! your wittes fyve,  
Kepe you clene, and ye shall neuer deface,  
ye goddes ymage [n]euer shall ryve,  
ffor the clene soule is goddes restyng place;  
Thre myghtes, euery cristen soule hase,  
Whiche beþ applyeth to the trynityte.

172 Wisdom exhorts  
the Five Wits

173 to keep pure.  
[leaf 161]

176 Every Soul has  
3 Powers:

Mynde.

All thre here lo / by-fore your face.

Mynde.

I. Mind,

Wylle.

Wylle.

II. Will, and

Vnderstandyng.

and vnderstandyng, we thre.

180 III. Under-  
standing.

Wysdam.

ye thre declare thanne this,  
your signyfication and your propretye.

181

Mende.

I am mende, that in the soule is,  
the very figure of the deite.

184 I. Mind is the  
image of God.

DIGBY MYST.

L

When Mind  
thinks of God's  
gifts to her,

Whan in my-selve I haue mynde, *and* se  
the benefetes of god And his worthynesse,  
how hole I was made, how fayr, how fre,  
how glorious, *and* how gentyll to his lyknesse, 188  
this insight bryngeth to my mynde

What grates I ough to god a-geyn, [? graces]  
that thus hath ordeyned *with-outen* ende  
Me in his blisse euer for to reigne; 192

her insufficiency

thanne myn insufficiens is to me peyn  
that I haue not wher-of to yelde my dette,  
thynkyng my-selff creatur most veyne;

makes her knit  
her brows for  
sorrow.

than for sorowe my bren I knette, 196  
Whan in my mynde I bryng to-gedyr 197

the yeeres and dayes of my Synfulnesse,  
the vnstabylnesse of my mynde hedyr *and* thedyr,

Her falls and  
frailties have  
been so horrible,

Myn horrible fallynge and frelnesse, 200  
my-selff right nought than I confesse,  
for be my-selff I may not ryse  
*with-out* speciall grace of goddes goodnesse.

thus mynde makyth me my-self to dispise; 204

[leaf 161, back]  
that in God  
only can she  
find comfort.

I seke, and fynde no-where comfort, 205

but only in god my creature;  
than vn-to hym I do resort,

and say 'haue mynde of me my sauour!' 208

Thus mynde to mynde bryngeth that fauour;

thus be mynde of me, god I can knowe;

Good mynde of god, it is the fygure;

and this mynde to haue, all cristen owe. 212

Wille.

II. Will is the  
likeness of the  
Godhead.

And I of the soule am the wyll; 213  
of the godhed, lyknesse and a fygur;

*with* good wyll, no man may spyll,

nor *with-outen* good wyll, of blis be sure. 216

What soule wyll gret mede recur,

he must gret wyll haue in thought or dede,

- Vertuosly sett with conscience pur;  
 ffor in wyll onely, standyth mannys dede. 220  
 Wyll for dede oft is take, 221 Will is oft taken  
 therfor the wyll must wele be disposed, for the deed, and  
 thanne ther be-gynnyth all grace to wake, must be well-  
 if it with synne be not Anosed; 224 disposd.  
 Ther-for the wyll must be wele apposed,  
 or that it to the mevynges yeve consent,  
 the lybrary of reason must be vnclosed, 228 Before it yields,  
 And after his domys to take entent. 228 the Library of  
 Oure wyll in god must be only sett, Reason must be  
 And for god to do wylfully; 229 open,  
 Whan god wyll reysyth, god is in vs knett, and its Dooms  
 And he performeth the dede veryly; 232 acted on.  
 off hym comyth all wyll sett perfightly, All good Will  
 for off our-self we haue right nought, comes from  
 but synne, wretchednesse, and foly; God.  
 he is begynner and grounde off Wyll and thought. 236 [leaf 162]  
 Than this good wyll seid be-fore 237 Every one  
 is be-houefull to eche creatur, should haue it,  
 if he cast hym to restore  
 the soule that hath take off Cure, 240  
 Wiche off god is the fygure,  
 As longe as the figure is kept fayr, keep it fair,  
 And ordeigned euer to endure  
 In blisse, off wiche is the very hayr. 244 and liue in blisse.

## Vnderstandyng.

- The .iiij.<sup>th</sup> parte off the Soule is vndyrstandyng, 245 III. Under-  
 ffor by vnderstandyng I be-hold what god is, standing  
 In hym-self begynnyng with-out begynnyng, enables men to  
 And ende with-outen ende, that shaft neuer mys. 248 see God,  
 Incomprehensible in hym-self he is,  
 his werkes in me I can-not comprehend.  
 how shuld I holly hym than / that wrought all this? 251 and bellow him.  
 thus by knowyng off me, to knowyng off god I ascende.

Understanding explains God's attributes.	I know in Aungelys he is desirable,	253
	for hym to be-hold; thei desire souereynly;	
	In his Seyntes most deleitable,	
	ffor in hym thei Ioye assiduly;	256
	In creatures / his Werkes ben most wonderfully,	
	ffor all this is made by his myght,	
	bi his wysdam gouernyd / most souereynly,	
	and be his benygnyte inspired all soules with light.	260
	of all creatures he is louyd souereyne,	261
	for he is god of eche creature,	
	and thei be his people that euer shall reigne,	
	In whom he dwellyth as in his temple sure.	264
Thro knowing Him, and His love, Under- standing loves (leaf 162, back) Him.	When I of this knowyng make reporture,	
	And se the loue he hath for me wrought,	
	It bryngeth me to love / that prince most pure,	
	ffor: for loue that lorde made man of nought.	268
	This is that loue wiche is clepyd charite;	269
	for god is charite, as auctours telles,	
	and who is in charite, in god dwellith he,	
	and god that is charite, in hym dwelles.	272
The understand- ing of God, compels men to love Him.	Thus Vnderstondyng of god compelles	
	To come to charite · than haue his lyknesse, lo.	
	Blessed is that soule that this speche spellles,	
	Et qui creauit me, requieuit in tabernaculo meo.	276

## Wysdam.

Wisdom shows how the Soul loves God, by its Mind, Will, and Understanding.	lo! these · thre myghtes in o soule be:	277
	Mynde · Wyth · and Vnderstondyng;	
	be mynde of god the fadyr, knowyng haue ye;	
	Be Vnde[r]stondyng of god the sone, ye haue knowyng,	
	by wyth, wiche turnyth in-to loue brennyng,	281
	god the holy gost that clepyd is love:	
	not thre goddes, but on god in beyng;	
	thus eche clene soule is simylitude of god A-bove.	284
From these come Faith, Hope,	Be mynde, feith in the ffader haue we;	285
	hope in our lorde iesu, by vnderstondyng;	

- and be wyll in the holy gost, charite. 287 *Charity.*  
 lo! these .iiij. princypall vertues of you .iiij. sprynge;  
 thus the clene soule standith as a kynge.  
 And a-bove all this ye haue fre wyll;  
 off that be Ware by-fore all thyng,  
 ffor if that peruert, all this doth Spylle. 292  
 ye haue .iiij. enemyes,—off hem be-ware!— 293  
 the worlde, the flesshe, and the ffende:  
 your .v. wyttes, from hem ye spare,  
 that the sensualite thei bryng not to mynde. 296  
 Nothyng shuld offende god in no kynde;  
 And if ther do / se that the nether parte of reason  
 In no wyse ther-to lende,  
 than the ouer parte shafl haue fre domynacion. 300  
 Whan suggestion to the mynde doth appere,  
 Vnderstandyng, delyte not the ther-Inne!  
 Consent not, Wyll / ylle lessons to lere!  
 And than suche sterynges be no synne, 304  
 thei do but purge the soule wher is suche contrauersie.  
 Thus in me, wysdam, your werkes be-gynne;  
 ffyght, and ye shafl haue the crowne of glorie,  
 that is euerlastyng ioie, to be parteners ther-Inne. 308

Free-will is  
above all.

The Soul's 3  
foes are the  
World, the  
Flesh, and the  
Devil  
From them, the  
5 Wits are to be  
kept.

[leaf 103]

The lower part  
of Reason is to  
be under the  
rule of the  
higher part.

Begin your  
works in  
Wisdom,  
and win ever-  
lasting joy.

### Anima.

- Souereigne lorde, I am bounde to the; 309  
 Whan I was nought, thou made me thus glorious;  
 Whan I perished thurgh synne, thou sayd me;  
 Whan I was in grett paret, thou kept me, *Christus*; 312  
 Whan I erryd, thou reducyd me, *Iesus*;  
 Whan I was ignoraunt, thou taught me truthe;  
 Whan I synnyd, thou correct me thus;  
 Whan I was hevy, thou confortyd me be ruthe; 316  
 Whan I stonde in grace, thou holdest me that tyde; 317  
 Whan I falle, thou reiest me myghtily;  
 Whan I go wele, thou art my gyde;  
 Whan I come, thou receyvist me most louyngly; 320

The Soul  
recounts God's  
good deeds to  
her.

thu hast anoynted me with the oyle of mercy; 321  
thy benefetys, lord, be innumerable;

The Soul praises  
God for his  
goodness.

Wherfor, laude endles to the I crye,  
recommending me to thi end[1]es powr durable. 324

Here, in þe goyng out, the v. wyttes syng 'tota pul-  
cra es' &c. thei goyng be-fore, Anima next / and hir  
folwyng, wysdam and after hym Mynde, wyll, and  
vnderstondyng, alle .iiij. in whit clothe of golde,  
chevelerede and crestyde in on sute. And after þe  
song entreth lucyfer in a deuely a-ray with out,  
and within as a prowde galaunt, seying thus on  
this wyse.

Scene II.  
Lucifer, in a  
Devil's Dress over  
a Dandy's.

[Scene II. (aaab, aaab).]

[Lucyfer.]

[leaf 163, back] Out herrowe I rore, 325

ffor envy I lore;

My place to restore,

God's made  
Man to take my  
place.

god hath made man; 328

all come thei not thore,

Woode and thei wore,

But I'll tempt  
him.

I shall tempt hem so sore,

ffor I am he that synne be-ganne; 332

I was an Angel,

I was aungeth of light, 333

lucifer I hight,

presumyng in goddes<sup>1</sup> sight,

but now I'm  
lowest in Hell.

Wherfor I am lowest in helle; 336

In reformyng of my place, is dight

I hate Man,  
and I'll stop his  
getting to  
Heaven.

Man, whan I haue in most dispight,

Euer castyng me with hem for to fight,

In that heuynly place that he shuld not dwelle. 340

I am as wylly now as than; 341

the knowyng that I had, yet I can;

I know his  
weak points,

I know all compleccions of man,

wher-to he is most disposed; 344

And ther-in I tempte hym ay whan,

and I'll mar him  
till he's woe  
that God made  
him.

I marre his myndes to thei wan,

that wo is hym god hym by-gan;

[<sup>1</sup> MS. gooddes.]

- Many an holy man with me is mosed. 348
- Of god, man is the figure, 349 *Man is God's likeness.*
- His symylitude, his pitture,  
gloryosest of ony creature  
that euer was wrought, 352
- wiche I wyll disfygure  
be my false coniecture;  
if he tende my reporture,  
I shaft bryng hym to nought. 356
- In the soule be .iiij. parties I-wys, 357 *The Soul has 3 parts.*
- Mynde · Wyll · vnderstandyng of blis,  
ffigur' of the godhed; I know wele this;  
and the flesshe of man that is so chaungeable, 360 *I'll tempt man's flesh.*
- that wyll I tempte, as I gesse.  
though that I peruert, synne noon is  
but if the soule consent vn-to mys, 363 *But as the Soul must consent to evil,*
- for in the wyll of the soule ben the dedes dampnabyll.  
To the mynde of the soule I shaft make suggestion, 365 *I'll tempt that,*
- & bryng his vnderstandyng to delectacion,  
so that his wyll make confirmacion;  
than am I seker I-noow 368
- That dede shaft sew of dampnacion;  
than of the soule the devyll hath dominacion: 369 *[leaf 164] and then damming deeds 'll follow.*
- I wyll go make this examynacion,  
To all the develis of helle I make a vowe. 372
- But for to tempt man in my likenesse, 373
- it wold brynge hym to gret ferfulnesse;  
I wyll chaunge me in-to brightnesse,  
And so hym to be-gyle, 376
- Syn I shaft shew hym perfightnesse,  
and vertu prove it wykednesse:  
thus vnder colours all thyng peruerse,  
I shaft neuer rest tyll the soule I defyle. 380 *and never rest till I defile man's soul.*

**Here lucyfers devoydeth, and commyth in ageyne  
as a goodly galaunt /**

*Scene III.*  
*The Devil*  
*bamboozles*  
*Mind, Will, and*  
*Understanding.*

[*Scene III. (aaab, aaab, save 485-492.)*]

Mynde.

Mind declares  
he'll follow  
Christ's  
teaching.

My mynde is euer on Iesu, 381  
that endued vs with vertu;  
his doctryne to sue,  
euer I purpose. 384

Vnderstandyng.

Understanding  
says that is

Myn vnderstandyng is in trewe,  
that with feith vs did renewe;  
his lawes to pursue  
is swetter to me than the sauour of the rose. 388

Will.

Will says his  
will is one with  
God's.

And my will is his wyll verily, 389  
that made vs his creatures so specialy,  
yeldyng vn-to hym laude and glory  
for his goodnesse. 392

Lucyfer.

Lucifer talks to  
Mind:

ye fonnyd ffaders, founders of foly,  
vt quid hic statz tota die ociosi?  
ye will perisshe or ye it aspy;  
the devyll hath accombred you expresse, 396  
Mynde, mynde, ser! haue mynde of this! 397

Mynde.

He is not idyll that with god is.

Lucyfer.

There's a time  
for prayer, and  
another for  
work.

No, Ser, I prove wele þis:  
lo, this is my suggestion; 400  
all thyng hath dew tymes,  
prayer, fastyng, labour, all thes;  
whan tyme is not kept, that dede is mys;  
be more plenerly to your informacion: 404  
her is a man thet leuith wardly, 405

Ought a man  
who has wife  
and house,

to leave work,

hath wyff, children, and seruantes besy,  
And other charges that I not specify:  
Is it leffull to this man? 408



To leue his labour vsyd truly?  
 his charges parissh that god yave duly,  
 and yeve hym to prayer and ese of body;  
 who-so do thus, *with* god is not than;  
 Martha plesid god gretly thore.

[leaf 164, back]  
 and give himself  
 up to prayer?

412

413 Did Martha do  
it?

Mynde.

ye, but Maria plesid hym moche more.

lucifer.

yit the lest had blisse for euer more.  
 is not that I-now?

416

Mynde.

contemplatyfe lyff is sett be-fore.

417

lucifer.

I may not be-leve that in my lore,  
 ffor god hym-self, whan he was man bore,  
 what lyff led he? answee thu nowe!  
 was he euer in contemplacion?

420 Did Christ live  
in contempla-  
tion?

Mynde.

I suppose not, be my relacion.

lucifer.

and all his lyff was informacion  
 & example to man.

424

Sumtyme *with* synners he had conuersacion,  
 sumtyme *with* holy also communycacion,  
 sumtyme he labored, prayd - sumtyme tribulacion:  
 this was vita mixta, that god her be-gan;  
 And that lyff shuld ye her sewe.

428

429

No: but with  
 sinners, with  
 good men, in  
 toil and suffer-  
 ing.  
 And *his* life,  
 men should  
 lead.

Mynde.

I can be-leve that ye say is trewe.

lucifer.

contemplatyff lyff for to sewe,  
 It is gret dred; and se cause why:  
 thei must fast, wake, and pray, euer newe,  
 Use hard levynge, and goyng *with* disciplyne dewe,

Contemplative  
 life means

432

fasting,  
 watching,  
 flogging.

silence, tears,      kepe Sylence, wepe, and surfettes eschewe ;  
                          And if thei faile of this, thei offend god highly.      436  
                          Whan thei haue wastyd be feyntnesse,      437  
                          than febyth ther' wittes, and fallyn to fondenesse,  
 fully, despair,      Summe in-to dispeyr, and summe in-to madnesse :  
 madness.      wete it wele, god is not plesid with this.      440  
 God doesn't like      leve, leve · suche syngler' besynesse ;  
 this.      be in the world, vse thynges necesse,  
 Then, be in the      the comon is best expresse ;  
 world,      Who clymyth high, his ffalle grett is.      444  
 [leaf 165]

Mynde.

truly me seme ye haue reson.      445

lucyfer.

do as I tell you, Apply you than to this conclusion.

Mynde.<sup>1</sup>

I can make no repplycacion,  
 your resons be grete,      448  
 I can-not for-yete this informacion.

lucyfer.

thyneke ther-vpon, it is your saluacion.  
 now and vnderstondyng wold haue delectacion,  
 alle syngler deuocions he wold lete,      452  
 use your wits,      your .v. wittes a-brode let sprede,      453  
 dress well,      Se how comly to man is precious wede,  
 do many deeds,      what worshipe it to be Manfful in dede,  
                          þat bryngeth in dominacion.      456  
                          Of the Symple, What profite it to take hed ?  
 get riches,      be-hold how richesse distroyeth nede ;  
 feed well,      It makith man fayr, hym wele for to fede ;  
 breed children.      & of lust and lykyng comyth generacion.      460  
                          Vnderstondyng, tendr ye this informacion.      461

Vnderstondyng.

In this I fele a maner of delectacion.

[<sup>1</sup> MS. Make.]

luc. fer.

A! ha! Ser! than ther make a pawsacion,  
 Se and be-hold the world a-bought, 464 See the world.  
 lyteH thyng suffy-syth to saluacion,  
 AH maner synnys distroyeth contricion,  
 thei that despayr<sup>r</sup> mercy haue grett conpu[n]ccion,  
 god plesyd best with good wyH no dowte, 468  
 therfor WyH, I rede you inclyne, 469  
 leue your stodyes tho be devyne,  
 your prayers, your penaunce, of Ipocrytes the signe,  
 and lede a comownd lyff. 472  
 What synne is in mete, in ale, in wyne?  
 What synne is in richesse, in clothyng fyne?  
 AH thyng god ordeigned to man to inclyne.  
 Leue your nyse chastyte, And take a Wyff; 476  
 better is fayr frute than foule pollucion. 477  
 What seyH sensualite to this conclusion?  
 [leaf 165, back]

Leave your  
 studies and  
 penance;

enjoy your life!

There's no sin  
 in wine and  
 money.

Have a wife too!

[leaf 165, back]

With.

As the .v. wyttys yeve informacion,  
 It semeth your<sup>r</sup> resons be good. 480

lucifer.

the with off the soule hath fre dominacion;  
 Dispute not to moche in this with reason;  
 yitt the nether<sup>r</sup> parte to this takith summe Instruccion,  
 And so shuld the ouer parte, but he were woode. 484

Don't bother  
 about Reason.  
 The lower part  
 of it agrees; and  
 so 'ud the upper,  
 if it wasn't  
 mad.

With.

me seme, as ye sey, in body and soule<sup>1</sup> 485  
 man may be in the world, and be right good.

lucyfer.

ya, Ser, be Seynt Powle!  
 but truste not these prechours, for thei be not good, 488  
 ffor thei flater and lye as thei wer wood;  
 ther is a wolfe in a lombe skynne.

Don't trust  
 Preachers!  
 They flatter and  
 lie, and are  
 wolves in  
 sheep's clothing.

<sup>1</sup> A stanza of Scene I form, *abab, baba*, is here put into the *aaab, aab* of Scenes II, and III and IV.

WyH.

Will agrees to  
go in for larks.

ya, I wyH no more row a-geyn the flode,  
I wyH sett my soule on a mery pynne.

492

lucifer.

be my treuthe, that do ye wysely,  
god louyth a clene soule and a mery,  
Accorde ye .iij. to-geder by,  
& ye may not mysfare.

493

496

Mynde.

So do Mind and to this suggestion agre me.

Vnderstandyng.

Understanding. Delight ther-In I haue truly.

WyH.

And I consent ther-to frely.

lucifer.

Lucifer backs  
them up;

A! ha! ser! aH mery than), and a-wey car!  
go in the world, se that a-bought,  
gete good frely, caste no dought;  
to the riche, ye se men lowly lought;  
yeve to your body that is nede,  
& ener be mery; lett reueH rought!

500

501

tells em to get  
money, and be  
jolly.

504

Mynde.

ya! ellys I be-shrewe my snowte.

Vnderstandyng.

and if I care, catche me the gowte.

WyH.

[leaf 166]  
They all say  
they will.

And if I spare, the deuyH me spele.

508

lucifer.

Go your wey than), And do wysely;  
chaunge that syde aray.

509

Mynde.

I it defye.

Vnderstandyng.

we wiȝt be fressh, and it hape la plu Ioly.  
ffare-wele, penaunce !

They'll have  
girls,

513

Mynde.

to worshippys I wyȝt my mynde applie.

honour,

Vnderstandyng.

Myn Vnderstandyng in worshepys and glorie.

glory,

Wyȝt.

And I in lustes of lechery,

and lechery,

As was sumtyme gyse of fraunce,

517 in French  
fashion.

with why whyppe.

ffareweȝt, quod I ; the denyȝt is vp.

519

Exeuntia.

lucifer.

Of my desyre now haue I summe

520 Lucifer chuckles  
over his  
success :

wer' onys brought in-to Custumme,

than' farewele, consciens, he were clumme,

I shuld haue all my wyȝt.

523

Reson, I haue made both deff and dumme,

I've made Man's  
Reason deaf and  
dumb ;

grace is out, and putt a rome,

whedyr I Wiȝt haue, he shaȝt cumme ;

So at the last I shaȝt hym spille.

527

I shaȝt now sterc his mynde

I'll now stir him  
to Pride,

to that synne made me a fende,

Pryde, wiche is a-geyn kynde,

and of all synnes hed ;

531

So to couetyse he shaȝt wende,

Covetousness,

for that enduryȝt to the last ende ;

and vn-to lechery, and I may hym rende,

and Lechery.

than' am I seker the soule is ded.

535

that soule, god made incomparable,

536 I'll make his  
Soul, God's  
likeness,

to his lykenesse most amiable ;

I shaȝt make it most reprouable,

Evyȝt lyke to a ffende of helle.

539 [leaf 166, back]  
like a Fiend of  
Hell.

At his ded I shaȝt appere informable,

Shewyng hym aȝ hys synnys ab-homynable,  
 Prevying his soule dampnable,  
 I'll kill the Soul So with dispeyr I shaȝ hym quelle. 543  
 with Despair;  
 Whyȝ clenness is man kyn, 544  
 Verely the soule, godȝ is with-in;  
 And whanȝ it is in dedly synne,  
 It is veryly the deuelys place: 547  
 and by craft win thus by colours and false gynne,  
 many from many a soule fro hevynȝ I wyne.  
 Wyde to go I may not blynne,  
 with this false boy godȝ geve hym ille grace! 551  
**Here he takith a shrewede boy with hym, and goth his way cryeng.**

[Scene IV. (aaab, aaab.)]

Scene IV.  
 Mind, Will, and  
 Understanding,  
 glory in their  
 new naughtinesses.

Mind is proud of  
 his new dress.

Mynde.

lo me here in newe a-ray! 552

[. . . . .]

Whyppe, whyrre, care a-way!  
 fare-wele, perfeccion! 555

Me semeth my-selfȝ most lykly ay,  
 It is but honest, no pride, no nay,  
 I wyȝ be ffresshest be my fay,  
 ffor that accordithȝ with my complexion. 559

Vnderstandyng.

Understanding And haue here one as ffressȝ as you, 560  
 is so of his Aȝ mery, mery, and gladȝ now!

and money got I haue gete goodȝ, godȝ wote howe;  
 anyhow. for Ioye I spryng, I skyppe; 563  
 goodȝ makith onȝ mery, to godȝ a vowe.

He bids Con- ffarewellȝ, conscience, I knowe not yowe!  
 science farewell. I am at ease, had I Inowe; 567  
 truthe, on syde I lete hym slippe. 567

Will.

Will is jolly too. lo! herȝ onȝ as Ioye as ye; 568  
 I am so lykyng, me seme I fle;

I haue a-tastid lust ; farewele, chastite !

Myn hert is euer-more light.

I am full of felicitye,

My delyte is all inberte,

ther' is no Ioye but that in me ;

A Woman me semeth an hevylyn sight.

He's tried  
pleasure,  
[leaf 167]

571

and thinks  
Woman a  
heavenly sight.

575

Mynde.

And these ben my syngler solace :

kynde fortune and grace,

kynde nobley of kynred me yovyn hase,

and that makyth me soleyne ;

ffortune in worldes worshepe me doth lase,

grace yevith coryous elequence, and that mase,

that all vnkunynge I disdeyne.

576 Mind has got

noble kin,

579

honour and  
eloquence.

582

Vnderstandyng.

and my Ioye is especiaall

to hurde vp rychesse for fere to falle,

to se it, to handele it, to telle it alle,

& streightly to spare,

to be-hold ryche and ryall.

I bost, I avaunt wher' I shaft,

Riches makyth a man equal

to hem sumtyme his souereignes were.

583 Understanding  
has hoarded up  
riches, and  
delights in  
handling it.

586

Money makes a  
man equal to  
kings.

590

WyH.

to me is Ioye most laudable,

ffresshe disgysynge to seme amyable,

Spekyng wordys delectable,

Perteynyng vn-to loue ;

It is Ioy of Ioyes inestimable,

to halse, to kysse the affiable ;

A louer is sone perceyvable

be the smylyng on me whan it doth remove.

591 Will likes

dalliance, and  
words and

594

kisses of love.

598

Mynde.

to a-vaunte thus, me semeth no shame,

for galauntes now be in most fame ;

599

Mind is proud of Courtly persones, men hem proclame;  
his dress. moche we be sett bye. 602

Vnderstondyng.

[leaf 167, back] The riche covetouse, who dare blame,  
Of govele and symonye though he bere the name?  
Men now call to be false, men reportith it game,  
falseness It is clepyd wysdam: "whar that! quod Wyly." 606  
'Wisdom,' and

WyH.

think no more And of lechory to make a-vaunt, 607  
of Lechery than men) forse it no more than drynke a-taunt:  
a drink. these thynges be now so conuersaunt,  
we seme it no shame. 610

Mynde.

Mind will Coryous aray I wyH euer haunt. 611  
dress grandly,

Vnderstondyng.

Understanding And I, ffal[s]nesse, to be passaunt.  
be false,

WyH.

Will fornicate: And I, in lust my fflesh to daunt;  
no man dispise these; thei be but game. 614

Mynde.

I reioyse of thes: now let vs synge. 615

Vnderstondyng.

And if I spare euyH, Ioye me wrynge.

WyH.

haue at, quod I: lo! howe I sprynge.  
lust makith me wondyr wyld. 618

Mynde.

and they'll all A tenor to you both I brynge.  
sing a song.

Vnderstondyng.

And I a mene for ony kyng.



WyH.

And but a trebyH I out-wrynge,  
the deuyH hym spede that myrth exyled.

622

&amp; content.

They sing their  
song,

Mynde.

how be this, trowe ye nowe ?

623

Vnderstandyng.

at the best, to god a rowe.

WyH.

as mery as the byrd on bowe,  
I take no thought.

626

and are as mery  
as birds.

Mynde.

the wefare of this world is in vs, I a-vowe.

Vnderstandyng.

let eche man telle his condicions how.

They say how  
they live

WyH.

be-gynne ye, and haue at yowe,  
for I am a-shamyd of right nought.

630

Mynde.

this is cause of my worshippe :

631

Mind serves a  
great lord,

I serue myghty lorshipe,

And am in grete tendreshippe,

Therfor moche folke me dredys ;

634

[leaf 168]

men sewe to my frendshipe,

for meyntenaunce of her shenshippe ;

I support hem by lordshipe ;

and gets money  
for protecting  
evil doers.

for to gete good, this a grete spede is.

638

Vnderstandyng.

And I vse Iorourry,

639

Enbrace questes of periury,

choppe and chaunge with symonye,

Understanding  
lives by prying  
and simony.

& take large yiftes ;

642

Understanding  
swears falsely on  
Quest.  
be the case neuer so try,  
I preve it false, I swere, I lye,  
with a quest of myn affye :  
the redy wey, this now to thrift is. 646

WyH.

Will spends  
three times  
what he gets,  
and what trowe ye be me ? 647  
More than I take, spende I thries thre ;  
Sumtyme I geve, sumtyme thei me,  
And am euer ffreshe and gaye ; 650  
ffewe places now ther' be,  
But vncleennesse ye shaft ther se,  
It is holde but a nysete ;  
lust is now comon as thei waye. 654

Mynde.

lawe procedith not for mayntenaunce. 655

Vnderstondyng.

Trouthe recuryth not for abundaunce.

WyH.

Their sins are  
not hoeded ;  
and lust is in so grete vsaunce,  
we forse it nought. 658

Mynde.

the world trusts  
em ;  
In vs the worlde hath most affiaunce.

Vnderstondyng.

Non thre be in so grett a-queyntaunce.

WyH.

ffewe ther be out of our allyaunce ;  
While the worlde is thus, take we no thought. 662

Mynde.

thought ! nay, ther geyne stryve I. 663

Vnderstondyng.

they have all  
they want.  
[leaf 168, back]  
We haue that nedith vs, so thryve I.

WyH.

And gyve that I care, neuer wyve I;  
let hem care that hath for to sewe.

666

Mynde.

Who lordship shaH sue, must it by.

Lordship and

Vnderstandyng.

who wyH haue law,<sup>1</sup> must haue mony.

law can only be  
got for money.

WyH.

ther' pouert is the male wry,  
though right be, he shaH neuer renewe.

Poverty never  
gets its rights.

670

Mynde.

wronge is born v<sup>n</sup> boldly,  
though all the world know it opynly;  
mayntenaunce is now so myghty,  
And all is for mede.

671 Wrong is  
upheld.

674

Vnderstandyng.

the lawe is so coloured falsly  
by sleightes and by periury;  
brybes be so gredy,  
that to the pore trowthe is take right non hede.

678 To the poor,  
Truth isn't  
heeded.

WyH.

wno gete or lese, ye be ay wynnand;  
mayntenaunce and periury now stand;  
ther' wer' neuer so moche reynand  
seth god was bore.

679

Maintenance  
(support of  
wrong), Perjury

682

Mynde.

And lechory was neuer more vsande,  
of lernyd and lewyd in this lande.

and Lechery  
prevail

Vnderstandyng.

so we thre be now in hande.

WyH.

ya, ana most vsyd euery-wher.<sup>1</sup>

686 everywhere.

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'whore.'

Mynde.

Mind, Will,  
and Under-  
standing agree  
to get up a  
Dance.

now wyth we thre do make a daunce,  
of tho that longe to our<sup>1</sup> retenaunce,  
comyng in be countenaunce,  
this wer<sup>1</sup> a disporte. 687

Vnderstandyng.

therto I geve accordaunce,  
of tho that ben<sup>1</sup> of myn affyaunce.

Wyth.

Mind or  
Maintenance  
(backing of  
wrong)  
calls in his crew  
of 7:

let se be tyme, ye meyntenaunce,  
clepe in first your resort. 694

**Here entre vj disgysed in the sute of mynde,  
with red berdes and Lyons rampaunt on here  
crestes, and iche a wardere in his hande; hir men-  
stralle, trumpes. eche answereth for his name.**

Mynde.

[leaf 169]  
Indignacion,  
Sturdynesse,  
Malice,  
Hastynesse,  
Vengeance,  
Discord,  
Maintenance,—

let se, com In, Indignacion and sturdynesse, 695  
Malyce also and hastynesse,  
wreche and discorde expresse,  
And the .vij<sup>th</sup>. am I, mayntenaunce. 698  
Vij. is a nombryr of discorde and inperfightnesse.

the Devil's  
Dance,—

lo, her<sup>1</sup> is a yomanry with loveday to dresse, 700  
And the deuyth had swore it, thei wolde bere vp falsnesse,  
And mayntyn<sup>1</sup> it at the best; this is the develys daunce;  
and here menstrellys be conuenyent, 703

and Trumpets  
to fit em.

ffor trompys shuld<sup>1</sup> blowe to the Iugement;  
of batayle also it is one instrument, 706  
yevyng comfort to fight;  
therfor thei be expedient  
to these meny of<sup>1</sup> mayntement,  
blow<sup>1</sup> sett, se madame regent,

Dance away,  
lads! Your  
hearts are light.

and daunce, ye laddes, your hertes ben<sup>1</sup> light! 710  
lo! that other<sup>1</sup> spare, this meny wilth spende. 711

Vnderstandyng.

ye! who is hym shal<sup>1</sup> hem offende?

<sup>1</sup> is altered to I, or vice-versa.

Wyȝ

who wyȝ not to hem condescende,  
he shaȝ haue thretys.

714

Mynde.

thei spille, that lawe wolde amende.

Law-Reformers  
shall be smasht.

Vnderstondyng.

yit mayntenance, no man dare reprehende.

Wyȝ.

these meny, thre synnys comprehende  
pryde, Invy, and wrathe in his hestys.

718

Vnderstondyng.

now wyȝ I thaȝ be-gynne my traces :  
Iorour in one hood berith to ffaces,  
fayre speche and falsehed in on space is,  
is it not ruthe?

719 Understanding  
then calls on his  
crew,

the queste of holborn come in-to this places,  
a-geyne the right euer thei rechases,  
of whom thei hold not hard his grace is,  
many a tyme haue dampnyd truthe.

722

the Holborn  
Quest

726

Here entriȝe vj. Iorours in a sute gownyde with  
hoodes a-bowte her nec[kes], hattes of maynten-  
aunce ther-vpon vyserede diuersly, here myn-  
stralle a bagpy[pe].

[leaf 169, back]  
6 Perjururs  
come in :

Mynde.

let se first wronge and sleight,  
doublenesse and falsehed shew your myght,  
now ravyne and disceyte.  
now holde you here to-gedyr,  
this menyes conscyens is so streyte,  
that report as mede yevith beyte.

727 Wrong, Sleight,

Doubleness,  
Falsehood,  
Ravine, Decent,

730

her is the quest of holborn, an euyȝ endyrecte,  
thei daunce all this londe hyder and thedyr,

734

making up the  
Holborn Quest,

and I, periury, your foundour;

735

with Perjury,  
the 7th.

Now daunce on vs all, the world doth on vs wonder.

lo ! here is a meyne loue welefare.

737

Mynde.

ye, thei spende, that true men spare.

WyH.

This Holborn  
Quest 'll give  
any verdict for  
a bribe.

haue thei a brybe, thei haue no care  
who hath wronge or right.

740

Mynde.

thei forse not to swere and stare.

WyH.

though all be false, lesse *and* mare.

Vnderstandyng.

wiche wey to the wode wyth the hare,  
thei knewe, *and* thei at rest sett als tight ;  
some seme hem wyse

744

745

They're sons of  
Covetousness.

ffor the ffader of vs, covetyse.

WyH.

now, mayntenaunce *and* periury  
hath shewed the trace of her company ;

747

Will says he'll  
bring in his  
crew of Lechers.

ye shall se a spryng of lechery,  
pat to me attende.

750

her forme is of the stewys clene rybaldry,  
thei wene sey soth whan that thei lye ;  
of the comon thei synge eche weke by *and* by ;  
thei may sey with tynker, ' I trowe late amende.'

754

So his, or  
Lechery's, &  
Retainers come  
in.

**Here entre vj womane in sute, [thre] disgysede  
as galautes, *and* thre as matrones, with wonder-  
fulle vyders, conregent ; here mynstrallys, an  
hornpye.**

[*The rest is wanting.*]

[*End of the Digby MS. But as a stray Play, which no  
doubt once formed part of this MS, has been found in  
another MS, it is added here.*].

[The following sketch of the rest of the play is from Mr. J. P. Collier's account of the Macro MS. (after, the late Hudson Gurney's, and just promist me on loan by the Trustees of his Will (9 March, 1880) in his *Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry*, (1833 and) 1879, ii. 210-12 :—

“They [Will's 6 Retainers] are called Recklesshood, Idleness, Surfeit, Greediness, Spouse-breach, and Fornication. The minstrels play ‘a hornepype’, and they all dance until they quarrel, when Mynde exclaims in a rage :—

‘Hurle hens these harlots, here gyse ys of France!’

and the eighteen mutes being driven off, Mind, Will, and Understanding remain on the stage. Mind says to his two companions :

‘Leve then thys dalyance,  
Ande set we ordenance  
Off better chevesaunce [enterprise—J. P. C.]  
How we may thryve.

*Undyrstondyng*.—At Westmynster, with out varyance,  
The nex terme shall me sore avaunce  
For retournys, for enbraces, for recordaunce;  
Lythlyer to get goode, kan no man on lyve.

(p. 211) *Mynde*.—And at the parvyse<sup>1</sup> I wyl be  
A’ Powlys, be-twyn two and three  
With a menyf folowyng me . .

*Wyll*.—Ande ever the latter, the lever me :  
Wen I come lat to the cyte,  
I walke all lanys and weys to myne affynyte;  
And I spede not ther, to the stewys I resort.’

They continue to converse in this strain for some time, Understanding dwelling, especially, on the tricks of the law. Just as they are about to make their *exit*, in order to eat and drink together, Wisdom unexpectedly enters; while *Anima*, having been disfigured and corrupted by Mind, Will, and Understanding, ‘apperythe in the most horrybull wyse, fowlere than a fend.’ She afterwards gives birth to six of the deadly sins, and the operation is thus described :—‘Here rennyt out from undyr the horrybull mantyll of the Soule, six small boys in the lyknes of devylls, and so retorne ageyn.’ *Anima* becomes sensible of her dreadful transformation, and Mind, Will, and Understanding find that they are the cause of it. It is added :—‘Here they go out, and in the goynge the Soule syngyth in the most lamentabull wyse, with drawte notes, as yt ys songyn in the passyon wyke’; in allusion probably to the prolonged manner of drawing out the notes of psalms at that season.

<sup>1</sup> *Parvyse* means the Portico. This passage settles the doubt (see Glossary to Tyrwhitt's *Chaucer*, *voc.* ‘Parvis’) as to where the Parvis at London was situated : it was where lawyers met for consultation—viz. the portico of St. Paul's Cathedral. . . .—J. P. C.

"Wisdom makes a long speech, in order to give the characters time to dress themselves; after which, 'here entrethe *Anima*, with the five wyttys goynge before; Mynde on the on syde, and Undyrstondynge on the other syde, and Wyll folowyng, all in (p. 212) here fyrst clothynge, her chappeletts and crests, and all havynge on crowns, syngynge in here commynge'. Mind, Will, and Understanding renounce their evil courses, and *Anima* rejoices in the change. The conclusion or epilogue, not assigned to any character, is as follows:—

*'Folis qui timetis Deum  
Orietur sol rusticum.  
The tru son of ryghtusnes.  
Wyche that ys our lorde Jhu,  
Shall sprynge in hem that drede hys meknes.  
Nowe ye must evry soule renewe  
In grace, and vyces to eschew,  
And so to ende with perfection,  
That the doctryne of wysdom we may sew.  
Sapientia patris graunt that, for hys passyon. Amen.'*

At the end is a list of the characters, but it does not include Will, nor any of the persons who have entered to dance."']

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NOTE ON THE HOLBORN QUEST, p. 165, l. 773.

The William Smith, Rouge Dragon, whose plans of Cambridge and Canterbury are given in my *Harrison II* (see p. 16\* there), wrote also "A Breeff Description of the Farnovs Cittie of London, Capitall Cittie of this Realme of England. &c. Ann°. 1588." Harleian MS. 6363; and from it, leaf 13, I take his account of the City Quest, which shows what the Holborn one ought to have done and been:—

"Wardmote Enquest.

"There is also The Wardmote Enquest, Chosen euery St. Thomas day, in euery ward a quest. And are chosen after this maner. The Aldermen of euery ward, causeth all y<sup>e</sup> Inhabitants thereof, to assemble at a Church, or some other place within the said ward, where is chosen out amongst them about 24 parsons, which are called The Wardmot Enquest. And these do sitt all y<sup>e</sup> Christmas Hollydaies till Twelfft Day. And call beffore them all such parsons (in their ward) as be noted (yea, or suspected) of any notable cryme, which if they fynd culpable: They present them in wryting, vnder their handes & Sealls, into the guildhall. Also they go into every mans howse within the said ward, & peruse their weights & measures, which, if they ffynd not Iust: they breake them in peeces.

"Also they present euery man, at whose dore the Street is not well paved: also all Strumpetts, Baudes, Raylers, Skolders, & such Lyke, which being found faulty, are punished accordingly. And therfore euery baudy bachelor had need to looke to hym selff."



# CHRIST'S BURIAL AND RESURRECTION

## A Mystery.

IN TWO PARTS, IN THE NORTHERN DIALECT.\*

FROM THE BODLEIAN MS E Museo 160.

PART I TO BE PLAYD ON GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON,

PART 2 ON EASTER-DAY IN THE MORNING.

### PART I.

(*At Christ's Cross and Sepulchre.*)

Joseph and the Three Maries lament Christ's Death.—With Nicodemus they take his body from the Cross.—His Mother utters her Complaint over him (p. 188, 189, 191—197).—He is buried.

### PART II.

(*In Jerusalem and at Christ's Tomb.*)

The Three Maries go to Christ's Sepulchre.—Peter laments his treachery (p. 210); Andrew and John comfort him.—Christ appears to Mary Magdalene (p. 219), and then to the 3 Maries (p. 222).—The Apostles go to the Sepulchre (p. 225).—All sing.

\* Originally: See the *awe*, a', all (l. 4, 7, 653, &c.); *awn*, own (p. 188, l. 401); *till*, to (l. 402, 428, 528); *haves thou* (l. 403); *knaru*, know (p. 188, l. 496; p. 189, l. 514, &c.); *awald*, would (p. 189, l. 531; p. 190, l. 564, &c.); *lawly*, lowly (p. 226, l. 1715); *s*, verbal plural; *whiklye*, quickly (p. 186, l. 444; *whantite*, quantite (p. 192, l. 621; p. 196, l. 737); *whik*, quick, living (p. 198, l. 814); *whit*, quite, requite (p. 199, l. 850), &c. See more overleaf.

## [THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

## PART I.

Josephe of Aramathye.	2. Mary, the Mother of James.
The Three Maries.	3. Mary Magdalene.
1. Mary Salome (see note 3, p. 54 above).	Nicodemus (p. 184). The Virgin Mary (p. 186). St. John the Evangelist (p. 187).

*Besides these, in Part II (except Joseph and Nicodemus).*

The Angel (p. 205).	St. Andrew, Peter's Brother
St. Peter (p. 209).	(p. 213).
Jesus (p. 219, 222).	

Dr. Richard Morris kindly sends me the following note on the Dialect of this Mystery:—

"I've look'd over the 'Mystery' and find that it was originally in the Northumbrian dialect (has 2 and 3 sing. in -s, l. 1469, 1543 (is thou, 184/293); pl. in s, see l. 1426; *till*, sign of infinitive, ll. 992, 1335, 1345, 1580; *sho*, she, &c), but that it has been greatly alter'd and modernized (see footnote on p. 184, good *Northumbrian*).

"Northumbrian and Midland forms are mixed together (cp. *sho* and *shee*; 3rd pers. sing. in *s* and *th*, see p. 182), and whole lines have been alter'd to get a Midland *ryme* (cp. l. 203-4, original endings *wo* and *sho*; for *hee* = she, and not he; p. 202, l. 918-19, *sho* and *go*, original rymes).

"The Midland element is easily recognized to be of the West Midland type.

"1. The text contains a large number of Northern terms.

"2. pt. tense and pp. in -t, 'wipet, blessit, wrappit,' &c., &c.

"3. *Os*, as: This word occurs about 30 times, and as it is common in West Midland work, I take the frequent occurrence of it to be proof positive of Midland influence. The poem is still *Northern*, as distinct from *Southern*."

<sup>1</sup> Cp. pres. participles in -ing, not Northern; the dropping of *n* in past participles of strong verbs not Northern (p. 194).

## THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

[MS. E Museo 160 [once 226], (Bodl. Libr.), leaf 140.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>2</sup>[This is a play to be played, on part on gudfriday after-none, & þe other part opoñ Ester-day after the resurrectione, In the morowe. but at [the] begynnynge ar certene lynes which [must] not be saide if it be plaiede, which (. . . another line cut off).]

The prologe of this treyte or meditatione off the buryalle of Criste & mowrnyng therat.

A Soule that list to singe of loue  
 Of Crist, that com til vs so lawe,  
 Rede this treyte, it may hym moue,  
 And may hym techie lightly with a we,<sup>3</sup>  
 Off the sorow of Mary sumwhat to knawe,  
 Opon gudfriday after-none;  
 Also of theapostiles awe,  
 And how mawdleyñ sorowe cessit not son);  
 And also  
 How Iosephe of Aramathye  
 And othere persons holye;  
 With Nichodeyme worthely,  
 How in thair harte had wo.  
 Fyrst lat vs mynde how gud Iosephie,  
 On this wise wepite Cristes dethe :—

This Treatise  
 tells of the  
 4 sorrow of Mary,

the Apostles,  
 8 Mary Mag-  
 dalene,

Joseph of Ari-  
 mathea,

Nicodemus,  
 13  
 and Joseph.

15

<sup>1</sup> The MS. is lettered on the back :—"Cronol. Papish Play." The stanzas are almost all 6 lines, *aab, eeb*; some 8, *aaab, eebb*. The Virgin's Complaint, p. 191-3, is mainly in eights, *abab, bebe*, with some sixes and sevens. Some couplets follow it. Parts of it (p. 194-5) have the same burden 'Who can not wepe, com lerne of me,' as the earlier poem in my *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*, E. E. T. Soc. 1867, p. 126-7.

<sup>2</sup> In margin of leaf 140 back, at foot.

<sup>3</sup> withal.

## Iosephe.

Great wrong has  
 been wrought  
 to-day.

A Lesse ! that euer I leuit thus longe !  
 This day to se so grete wronge !  
 So fell Cruellitee & paynes stronge  
 Were neuer seyn or this ! 19  
 Such envy, such rancor, such malesse !  
 Of cruell tormentes such excesse !  
 O pilate, pilate ! in thy palesse,  
 He that neuer did amysse, 23  
 Christ's blood  
 has flowd, and  
 This day was dampnyt ! o Innocent bloode, 24  
 Most of vertue, most graciose & gude,  
 This day stremyt owt lik a floode  
 And lyk a ryvere grete ; 27  
 turnd Calvary's  
 green to red.  
 On caluery mownt, on lenghe & brede !  
 O caluery ! thy greyn colore is turnyd to rede  
 [leaf 140, back] By a blessit lammes bloode which now is dede.  
 Alese ! for faynt I swete, 31  
 Remembringe that so cleyne on Innocent shuld dye, 32  
 Which ledd his life the most perfityle,  
 And wrought sich warkes wonderoslye,  
 Ose Iudea can recorde. 35  
 What creature  
 but God could  
 raise a dead  
 man,  
 What mortall creature, that powre myght haue  
 To make a dede man rise owt of his graue,  
 Lyinge ther-in iiij dayes tayve,  
 But god, the gretist lorde ? 39  
 or give sight to  
 the blind ?  
 A man to haue his sight, born starke blinde, 40  
 From Adams Creation where shall we fynde ?  
 Or what prophettes can ye call to mynde,  
 Of whom maybe verryfyed 43  
 So grete a miracle aboue naturs righte ?  
 To many othere blind men he gaue the sighte,  
 And wrought many wounders by godly myghte,  
 As it is well certifiene. 47  
 From the hyll I com bot now down, 48  
 Wher I left the holy women in dedly swoun.  
 O ye pepull of this cetye & of this town,

Herd ye not the Exclamation 51  
 And the grete bruñte which was on the h[i]h,  
 "Crucify hym! Crucify hym! slo hym & kiñ!" The Jews cried,  
 Peace! now harkyn! I pray you stand stiñ; "Crucify him!"  
 Methink I here lamentation.<sup>1</sup> 55  
*thre mariye sais all to-gider in a voce.* [leaf 141]

*Aiunt iij marie*

O most dolorose day! O tym of gretist sorowe! 56 The 3 Maries  
 lament.

*Mawdleyñ*

O sisters,<sup>2</sup> stand stiñ vn-tyñ to-morowe!  
 I trow I may not leue.<sup>3</sup> 58

*Ioseph*

I here the mawdleyñ / bitterly compleyn.  
 What gud creature / may hym-self refrayñ Joseph sympa-  
 In this piteose myscheffe.<sup>4</sup> 61 thises.

*ja maria.*

O day of lamentation! 62

*ij<sup>a</sup> maria.*

O day of exclamations!

*Thrid mary.*

O day off suspiratione!  
 Which Iewes shañ repent! 65 The Maries  
 lament again.

*Mawdleyñ.*

O day most doloruse!

*ij<sup>a</sup> maria.*

O day paynfull & tediose!

<sup>1</sup> Off the wepinge of the iij Maries.

**M**[An, harkyn how mawdleyñ with the maris ija  
 Wepis & wringes thair handes on thay goo.]  
 These two lines crost through with red ink.

<sup>2</sup> saide mawdleyne crost through.

<sup>3</sup> This line is crost through:

This hard holy Ioseph standinge ryght gayn

<sup>4</sup> The MS. adds:—[The maries in that statione  
 Then saide on this fascione]

Lines crost through.

ij<sup>a</sup> maria.

O pepu<sup>h</sup> most crue<sup>h</sup> & furiose,  
Thus to slo an Innocent<sup>t</sup> ! 69

ij<sup>a</sup> maria

Christ hangs  
on the Cross,  
O mawdley<sup>n</sup>, your master dere, 70  
How rewfully he hinges here,  
That set you first in ceile ! 72

Mawdley<sup>n</sup>

¶ A ! cesse, sisters ! it sloes my chere !  
His dulfu<sup>h</sup> deth I may not bere !  
Devowt Ioseph<sup>e</sup>, I se hym here,  
Our cares forto keyle. 76  
O gud Ioseph<sup>e</sup>, approche to vs nere ;  
wounded with a Behold hym wowndit with a spere,  
spear ; That louede yow so wey<sup>h</sup> ! 79

Iosephe

¶ O<sup>1</sup> mawdley<sup>n</sup>, said Ioseph,<sup>2</sup> I pray you here ;  
& your susters als to be of gud chere.

Magdal[eyn]

¶ O frende Ioseph ! this prince had **neuer** pere !  
[leaf 141, back] The we<sup>h</sup> of mercy / that made me clere ; 84  
And that wist ye weile. / 85  
Nay, gude Ioseph<sup>e</sup>, com nere & behold !  
His body stark and cold. This bludy lammes body is starke & cold<sup>e</sup>.  
O ! hadde ye seyn his paynes many-fold<sup>e</sup>, 88  
Ye wal<sup>e</sup> haue beyne right sory.  
Ioseph<sup>e</sup> ! luk bettere, behold<sup>e</sup> & see,  
In how liti<sup>h</sup> space how many woundes bee !  
Here was no mercee,<sup>3</sup> her was no pitee,  
But Crue<sup>h</sup> delinge paynfully. 92  
O goode Ioseph<sup>e</sup>, I am a<sup>h</sup> dysmayede 93

<sup>1</sup> gud *crossed through*, instead of said Ioseph.

<sup>2</sup> The poetaster has again forgotten that he's writing a play.

<sup>3</sup> mercee *alterd*.

To see his tendere fleshe thus rewfully arayed,	
On this wise so wofully displayed,	
Woundit with the nayl & spere !	96
O dere Iosephe / I feyH my harte wex cold,	
Thes blessite fete / thus bludy to be-hold,	Christ's blessed feet are bloody.
Whom I weshid with teres manyfold,	
And wyped with my heare.	100
O how rewfull / a spectakiH itt is !	101
Neuer hast bee seyn / ne shaft be after this,	
Such cruell rigore to the kinge of blisse ;	
The lord that made aH,	104
Thus to suffere in his humanitee,	The Lord of all has suffered for man's iniquity.
And that only for our iniquitee !	
O makere of man ! what loue & pitee	
Had thou for vs so thratt !	108
O gude Iosephe, was ye not present here ?	109

**Ioseph.**

¶ Yis, moder mawdleyH, it changid my chere.	
The wounder was so grete, I yrkit to com nere.	
But I was not farre hence.	112 [leaf 142]

**Magdalena.**

¶ O Iosephe, If I told you euery circumstance	
Of the moste merite & perseueraunce	
Of hym þat neuer did offence,	115
Thys highe kinge þat hinges befor our face,	He never did offence, and yet
Displayede on Crosse in this piteos place,	
And tell you of his pacience ;	118
Frende Iosephe, this day am I sure,	119
Scantly with force ye myght it indure,	
But your hart shuld tendere	121
How he sufferte to be takid,	was taken and scourgd.
Sore scourgit & nakit	
On aH his body sclender !	124
And not-with-standinge your manly hart,	125
Frome your Ees the teres wald starte,	

To shew your hevynesse. 127  
 Com hithere, Iosephe, & stande ner this rood!  
 The Lamb shed his blood. Loo! this lamme spared not to shedd<sup>e</sup> his blude  
 With most paynfu<sup>ll</sup> distresse; 130  
 Her was more rancore shewed<sup>e</sup> than equitee, 131  
 Mich more malace than ony pitee,  
 I reporte me; your-self behold & see!  
 His pain passes all other. His payn passis a<sup>ll</sup> othere; 134  
 A<sup>ll</sup> if he were the prince of peace,  
 Therfor my sorow haves no releace.

## Iosephe

¶ Gude mawdley<sup>n</sup>, of your mowrnyng<sup>e</sup> cease;  
 It Ekes my doole, dere moder:<sup>1</sup> 138

Maria Iacobi i<sup>a</sup>

Who can but sorrow for it? Goode frende Iosephe, what creatur maye 139  
 But sorow to se this wofu<sup>ll</sup> daye,  
 [leaf 142, back] The day of gretist payne? 141

## Maria solamee

¶ <sup>2</sup> Wo & sorow must nedes synke  
 Mor in our hartes than met & drinke,  
 To se our saueyoure slayne. 144

## Iosephe.

¶ Alese, women! ye mak my hart to relente, 145  
 Beholdinge his body thus torne & rente,  
 That inwardly I wepe; 147  
 But, gude Mawdley<sup>n</sup>, shew vnto me  
 The Virgin Mary Where is mary his mothere so free.  
 Who haues that maide to kepe? 150

Mawdley<sup>n</sup>

A Iosephe, from this place / is sho<sup>3</sup> gone. 151  
 To haue seyn<sup>e</sup> hir, a harte of stone,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has this line crosst through:—

The second Mary began to saye

<sup>2</sup> The MS. puts before Wo, 'The thrid mary saide,' but it is crosst through.

<sup>3</sup> wente crosst through.



For ruthe wald haue relente :	153	
Right many tymes emanges vs here		
Sche swownyd with most dedly chere,		swoond.
Ose mothere mekest kente.	156	
With full longe prayere, scant we myghte	157	
Cause hir parte from this peteose sighte ;		
Scho made many compleynte ;	159	
Ye saw neuer woman þis wise dismaide ;		
Zebedeus & Iohn hase hir convaide ;		Zebedee and John have taken
To spek of hire I faynte.	162	her home.
Many men spekes of lamentacion	163	
Of moders, & of their gret desolation		
Which that thay did in-dure	165	
When that their childer dy & passe ;		
But of his peteose tender modêr, alas,		
I am verray sure	168	
the wo & payn passis all other :	169	
Was ther neuer so sorowfull a mother		Never was mother so
For inward thozt & cure,	171	sorrowful as the
When sho harde hym for his enmyse praye,		[leaf 143]
And promesid the thefe the blissis aye,		
And to hir-self no word wald saye ;		Virgin when her Son didn't speak
Sche sighid, be ye sure.	175	to her,
The sonne hynge, & the moder stood,	176	
And euer sho kissid the droppes of blood		
That so fast / ran down ;	178	
Sche extendit hir Armes hym to brace ;		
But sho myght not towch hym, so high was the place,		and she could not touch Him.
And then sho feH in swoone.	181	

## Iosephe

<b>A</b> Gude mawdleyñ, who can hir blame,	182
, To se hir awn son in so grete shame,	
With-owt ony offence.	184
But, mawdleyñ, had he ony mynd on hir in his passion?	

**Mawdleyne**

	3ee, yee, Iosephe ! of hir he had grete compassion,	
	Os apperit <sup>t</sup> by evidence ;	187
	For, hanginge on the Crosse most petyfully,	188
Christ lookt from the Crosse on His Mother,	He luky <sup>d</sup> on that maide, his moder, rewfully,	
	And with a tender cow[n]tenaunce,	190
	As who say, " modere ! the sorow of your harte Makes my passion mor bitter & mor smarte, Ye ben <sup>e</sup> euer in my remembraunce.	193
and said that John should comfort her.	Dere modere, becawse I depart os nowe, Io <sup>h</sup> n my Cosyn <sup>n</sup> shaft waite on yowe, Your comforte for to bee."	194
	Loo, he had hyr on his graciouse mynd <sup>d</sup> , To teche a <sup>ll</sup> chi[ld]der <sup>n</sup> to be kind <sup>d</sup> To fader & modere of dewtee.	199
	This child wald not lefe his moder alone,	200
[leaf 143, back]	Not-withstandinge hir lamentabit <sup>t</sup> mone & hevynesse.	202

**[Io]seph**

<sup>1</sup> A, gud lady, fu <sup>ll</sup> wo was shee ! But can ye te <sup>ll</sup> what wordes saide hee There in that grete distresse ?	205
--	-----

**Mawdleyne**

And in His	¶ <sup>2</sup> O Iosephe, this lame most meke, In his Cruelt <sup>t</sup> tormentes & paynfull <sup>e</sup> eke, But fewe wordes he hadd <sup>d</sup> ,	206
agony, He said "I thirst."	Saue that in grete Agonye He saide thes wordes, " I am thrustye," With chere demure & sadd <sup>d</sup> .	208
		211

**[I]hoseph**

¶ Mawdleyne : Suppose ye his desire was to drinke?	212
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<sup>1</sup> In the MS. the line before is crosst through :—¶ Than saide Iosephe right peteoslee.

<sup>2</sup> ¶ Mawdleyne saide crosst through.

## Mardleyn

- ¶ Nay, verrelve, frende Ioseph, I thinke  
 He thrustide no lyquore; 214  
 His thruste was of charitee; Christ thirsted  
 For our faithe & fidelitee,  
 He ponderite the rigore, 217  
 Off his passion done so cruellye; 218  
 For the helth of mannys sauH cheflye for the health of  
man's soul,  
 He thrustid & desirede. 220  
 And then, after tormente longe,  
 & after paynes felt & stronge,  
 This mekist lam expyredē : 223 and then died.  
 For wikkit synners þis lamm is dede. 224  
 Alese ! my hart wex hevy os lede,  
 Myndinge my writchitnesse. 226  
 Where was euer a mor synfull creature  
 Than I my-self? nay, nay ; I am sure  
 Was none of mor offencesse. 229  
 O ! what displeur is in my mynd, 230  
 Rememberinge that I was so vnkynd  
 To hym that hinges here, [leaf 144]  
How unkind was  
I to Him ! 232  
 That hinges here so piteoslye  
 For my synnes done owtragioslye !  
 Mercy, lorde, I requere ! 235  
 Not-withstondinge the gre[t] enormitee 236  
 Of my fowle synnes, & of his humylitee,  
 This lambe, this Innocent, Yet He forgave  
me all my foul  
sins. 238  
 For my Contrition he forgaue mee  
 Only of his fre mercifull pitee ;  
 Neddes must my harte relente. 241  
 This is the sacrifice of remission ; 242  
 Crist, aH synners havinge contrition,  
 Callith to mercy & grace, 244  
 Sayinge thes swete wordes, " retorn to mee,  
 Leve thy syn, & I shalbe with thee,  
 Accepte in every place."  
 Had not beyne his most mercyfull consolacione, 248

I, wreche of all wretches,<sup>1</sup> into desperation  
 Had fallen right dangerouslye; 250  
 My dedes were dampnabill of righte,  
 But his mercee accepte my harte contrighte,  
 His mercy accepted my contrite heart. And reconsiled me gracioslye. 253  
 O mekeste lambe, hanginge here on hye! 254  
 Was ther none other meyn but þou must nede dy,  
 Synners to reconsyle? 256  
 How I sorrow for Him! A, Sisters, sisters! what sorow is in me,  
 Beholdinge my master on this peteose tree!  
 My harte fayntes; I may no longer dree.  
 Now lat me pawse a whyle; 260  
 [leaf 144, back] O, where shaft ony comfurth com to mee, 261  
 What can comfort me? And to his modere, that Maid so free?  
 Wald god, here I myght dye! 263

ij<sup>o</sup> **Maries.**¶<sup>2</sup> Gud Mawdleyñ, mesure youre distillinge teres!**Mawdleyñ**

¶ O sisters,<sup>3</sup> who may hold theire cheres?  
 His feet that I wiped with my hair Thes are the swete fete I wipet with heris; 267  
 And kissid so deuowtlye;  
 And now to see tham thyrlite with a nayle,  
 are pierct with a nail. How shulde my sorowfull harte bot fayle  
 And mowñ continually? 270  
 Cum hithere, Ioseph, beholde & looke 271  
 How many bludy letters beyñ writen in þis buke,  
 Small margente her is. 273

**Iosephe**

¶<sup>4</sup> Ye, this parchment is stritchit owt of syse.  
 O derest lorde! in how paynfull wise

<sup>1</sup> had fallen *crossed through*.<sup>2</sup> In the MS. these 3 lines are *crossed through*:—  
 Ose mawdleyne thus sore did wepe  
 The othere ij<sup>o</sup> Maryes tuk gude kepe  
 And saide righte soberlye<sup>3</sup> saide sho *crossed through*.<sup>4</sup> In the MS. the line before is *crossed through*:  
 Than said Iosephe a nobille man of prise

Haue ye tholit this!	276	
O, all the pepill that passis here-by,	277	
Beholde here inwardlee with your Ees gostly,		See, ye folk, was
Consider well & see,	279	ever fain like
Yf that euer ony payn or torment		this which
Were lik vnto this which this Innocent		Christ has
Haves suffert thus meklee!	282	suffert
Remembere man! remembere well, & see	283	
How liberaff a man this lord was & free,		
Which, to saue mankind,	285	to saue Man-
On droppe of blude haues not kepit ne sparid!		kind!
Fulff litiff for ease or plesure he carid,		[leaf 146]
By reason ye may finde,	288	
Which on dropp of blood hase not resaruyd.	289	
O lord, by thy deth we beyn praseruyd;		
By deth thou hast slayne deth;	291	
Was neuer no love lik vnto thyn,		Never was Love
That to this meknes thy-selfe wald inclyn,		like His!
& for vs to yelde thy brethe.	294	
Thou knew ther' were no remedy to redeym syn,	295	
But a bath of þi blude to bath mans saule in;		
And thou were well <sup>1</sup> assent	297	
To let it ren owt most plenteosly.		
Where wer euer sich love? neuer, verrelly,		
That such wise wald content.	300	
To his fadere, for vs he made a sure render.	301	
Loo! euery bone ye may nowmbere of his body tender,		
For vntollerabill paynes	303	
The tormentours sparede no Crueltee,		
With sharp scowrges te-terre his fleshe, ye may see		His flesh was
With thorns thrust in his braynes;	306	torn with
Grete nayles drevyn, the bones all to brake;	307	scourges, thorns
Thus in Euery parte the nayles thay did wrake.		were thrust into
O cruell wikkितnese,	309	His brains;
From the Crowne of the hede vnto the too,		nails were
		driven into
		Him; His bones
		were broken in
		pieces.

<sup>1</sup> content crosst through.

	This blessit body was wrappit aȝ in woo,	
	In payn & distresse.	312
Wounds are all over Him, in	In this displaid body, wher' may it be found,	313
	On spott, or a place, bet ther' is a wound,	
	Owther' mor or lesse.	315
[leaf 145, back] side, head, hands, feet.	Se his side, hede, handes & fete !	
	Lo ! Aȝ his body with blude is wete,	
	So paynfull was his presse.	318
	On yche parte he is paynede sore,	319
	Saue only the tunge, which euer-more	
	For syñners did prayee.	321

**Mawdlen.<sup>1</sup>**

O piteous sight !	Who saw euer a spektacte more pitevs,	
	A more lamentable sigȝt & dolorus ?	
	AA ! this wofull daye !	324
	Alese, this sorow that I endure	325
	With grete inwarde hevynes & cure !	
	Alesse, þat I do not dye,	327
	To see hym dede, made me of nogȝte,	
	And with his deth thus haves me boughte ;	
O cruel torment !	O Cruell tormentrye !	330
	O dere master, be ye not displeasid	331
	Yf I myght dy with yow / my hart wer wel easid ;	
	O ! ffaynt, & faynt it is	333

**Ioseph.<sup>2</sup>**

	What meyn ȝe women, in goddis name ?	
	Moder ! to mych sorow / ȝe mak ; ye be to blame ;	
	I pray yow, leve aȝ this !	336
But He shall rise again,	He that hingeth here of his humilite,	337
	From deth shaȝ aryse, for right so saide hee ;	
	His wordes must nedes be trewe :	339

<sup>1</sup> The next line in the MS is crosst through :—

¶ To that word mawdene awnswert thus

<sup>2</sup> The next line in the MS is crosst through :—

¶ Holy Iosephe awnswerit to this same

This is the finale cawse & conclusiōn,  
 To bringe our mortall enemy to confusiōn to subdue Satan,  
 And his powere to subdewe. 342  
 For this cawse he descendit from þe hevynly place 343 [leaf 146]  
 Born of þe mekist virgyn all full of grace,  
 Which now most sorowfull is. 345  
 For that cawse he did our natur take,  
 Thus, by deth, to sloo deth, ffor mannes sake, to slay Death,  
 And to restor hym to blysse. 348 and restore Man to Bliss.  
 Wherfor, good women, your-self comforte ; 349  
 Amongest vs agayn / he shaʒ resorte,  
 I trust verrellye ; 351  
 I pray yow, compleyn not thus hevylee.

### Mawdle[yn.]

<sup>1</sup> Nedes must I compleyn, & that most bitterlee,  
 & I shaʒ tell yow whye :— 354  
 In-sensibill Creaturs / beynd trovblid, 3e see ; 355 All Nature is troubled.  
 The son had lost his sight<sup>1</sup> ; Eclippid was hee ; The Sun was eclipsed ; the  
 Therth tremmblide ferfullye ; 357 Earth trembled ;  
 The hard flynt & stone / is brokyn in sundre ; Rocks rent.  
 Yf resonable creaturs / be trowblid · it is no wonder ;  
 And emange all specialle, 360  
 I, a wrechit woman / a, wrech ! a, wreche ! 361  
 Behold these bludy welles / her may þou fecche  
 Balme more preciose than golde ! 363  
 O ye welles of mercy / dyggide so depe,  
 Who may refrayn / who may bot wepe, Who can refrain from weeping at these streams of Christ's blood?  
 These bludy streymys to be-holde ? 366  
 O fontains flowinge with water of life, 367  
 To wash away corrupcion / of wondes infectyfe,  
 By dedly syne grevose ! 369  
 All with meknesse is mesured this ground, with-out [leaf 146, back]  
 dowte,

<sup>1</sup> The line before in the MS. is crosst through :—

¶ Than said Mawdleyne A Iosephe free

Wherin so many springes of mercy flowes owte,  
Beholde, how so plenteouse ! 372

*Altera maria.*<sup>1</sup>

Mawdleyne, your mowrnynge awaylis nothings. 373  
Lat vs speke to Iosephe, hym bertely desiringe  
But let us find a way to take the Crucified to the Sepulchre. for To finde some gude waye, 375  
This Crucified body down to take,  
And bringe it to sepułcre, & so lett make  
Ende of this wofull daye. 378

*Ioseph.*<sup>2</sup>

3e shaft vnderstand yit more, that I 379  
Pilate has consented, and Hauē beyne with the Iuge Pilat instantlye  
For this same requeste, 381  
To berye this most holy bodye;  
Ande he grauntid me full tenderlye  
To do os me thought beste. 384  
Nichodemus is coming to take the body down. I haue spokene with Nichodemus also;— 385  
Ye shaft se hyme takyn down, or ye go;—  
That he taryes so longe, I merueill. 387  
A ! I se hym now com vpward the hill.  
Cesse of youre wepinge, I pray you, be still;  
I trust all shalbe well. 390  
Nichodemus, come nerre ! we haue longe for you  
thouzt.<sup>3</sup> 391

*Nichodemus venit.*

¶ O worthy lorde, who made all thinge of noght,  
[leaf 147] With the most bitter payn to deth is thou broughte;  
Thy name blessit bee ! 394

<sup>1</sup> The next line and a quarter are crosst through in the MS :—

¶ The othere Mary myldly gafe awnsweringe  
And saide

<sup>2</sup> The next line is crosst through in the MS :—

¶ Then saide Iosephe gude women & worthy

<sup>3</sup> The next 4 lines are crosst through in the MS :—

When that Nichodeme see Crist, þat all boght,  
Hinge all hide in his blude,  
Than knelide he downe with hartely hevy thoughte,  
And saide with milde mude.



O, how a pitefull sight is this,  
 To se the prince of euerlastinge blisse  
 To hinge here on this tree, 397  
 To hinge here thus soo piteoslye! 398  
 O most lovinge lorde, thy gret mercy,  
 To this have se the constreynyð! 400  
 Why wold thyn awn pepiH, þi awn flokke,  
 Thus crucify the, & nayH uH a stokke?  
 Why have thou not refreynyð? 403  
 For fourty yere in wilderness, 404  
 Their olde Faders in their progresse  
 Thou fed with angelles foode, 406  
 And brought tham in-to the land of promission,  
 Wher they fand lond in euery condischion,  
 And aH thinge that was goode. 409  
 A! A! Is this their gramercy? is this their reward?  
 Thy kindnesse, thy gudnesse, Can they regard?  
 No better but thus? 412  
 Notwithstandinge the vesture of þi humanyte,  
 That þou were the verrey son of god, þay myzt see  
 By myracles most gloriose. 415

Nicodemus la-  
ments the Jews'

cruel return to  
Jesus for His  
goodness to their  
fathers,

and when His  
miracles showd  
them that He  
was the Son of  
God.

## Ioseph.

¶<sup>1</sup> gude brothere, <sup>2</sup>of your compleinte<sup>2</sup> Cesse! 416  
 3e renewe agayne grete hevynesse,  
 Now in thes Women here. 418

Nicodeme.<sup>3</sup>

Nay,<sup>4</sup> gret comfurthe we may haue aH,  
 For, by his godly powere, arise he shaH,  
 And the thride daye apere. 421  
 For ons he gaue me leue with hym to reasone, 422  
 And he shewet of this deth, & of this treasone  
 & of this Cruelte, 424

[leaf 147, back]  
But still He  
shall arise on the  
3rd Day.

<sup>1</sup> Then saide Ioseph *crosst through*. <sup>2-2</sup> *added above the line*.

<sup>3</sup> The next line is *crosst through* in the MS:

¶ Nay, saide Nicodeme, it may befall,

<sup>4</sup> That *crosst thro*, Nay *added*.

And how for mankynd he com to dye,  
 And that he shuld arise so glorioslye  
 By his myghtee maiestee 427  
 And with our flesch in hevyn til ascēd : 428  
 Christ Himself told me this, Many swete wordes it plesit hym to spend  
 Thus speking vnto me, 430  
 That no man to hevyn myght clym,  
 But if it were by grace of hym  
 Which com down to make vs free : 433  
 Nemo ascendit in celum nisi qui descendit de celo.

Ioseph, redy to tak crist down, sais.

Let us then take down the Body, To tak down this body, lat vs assaye ! 435  
 Brother Nichodemus, help, I yow praye !  
 On Arme I wald ye hadd, 437  
 and knock these To knock out thes nayles so sturdy & grete.  
 big Nails out. O safyoure ! they sparid not your body to bete ;  
 Thay aught now to be sadd. 440

Mawdleyne.

Gude Iosephe, handi hym tenderlye ! 441

Iosephe.

Magdalen, hold Stonde ner, Nichodemus ! resaue hym softlye !  
 His feet ! Mawdleyne, hold ye his fete ! 443

[leaf 148]

Mawdleyne.

Make haste. Haste yow, gude Iosephe, hast yow whiklye !  
 His Mother is coming. For Marye his moder wið com, fer I ;  
 A ! A ! that virgyne most swete ! 446

Nichodemus.

I saw hir benethe on the othere sid ; 447  
 With Iohn I am sure sho wið not a-bid  
 longe frome this place. 449

Mary, virgyn & mother, com then sayinge.

¶ A, A, my dere sone Iesus ! A, A, my dere sone Iesus !

Ioĥn euangeliste.

Gude Marye, swete cosyġ! mowġn ye not thus,  
Ye see how stonde the case. 452

Mawdleyne.

Allese, scho commys! A, what remedye!  
Gud Ioseph, comfurth hire stedfastlye, 454  
That virgyne so fuġ of woo! 455

Mary virgyġ saiz, falles in swowġ. The Virgin Mary  
Stonde stiġ, frendes! hast ye not soo!  
Haue yee no fere of mee; 457  
Lat me help to tak my dere son down!  
asks leave to help,

Mary mawdleyġ.  
Lo! I was sure sho wallġ faġ in a swowġ!  
Her, on euery sid, is pitee. 460  
and then swoons.

Iosephe.  
Help, Mawdleyġ, to revyue hir agayġ!  
A. a. This womans harte is plungġ with payġ!  
Hir sorowe sho cane not cesse. 461 They revive her.  
463

Ioĥne euangelist.<sup>1</sup>  
A, A! dere Ladee, wherfore & why  
Fare ye on this wise? wiġ ye here dy?  
Leyf of this hevynesse! 466  
Ye promesit me ye wold not do thus. 467

Mawdleyġ.  
Speke, ladye! speke for the loue of Iesus,  
Youre swete sone, my master here! 469

Marye virgyġ.  
A, A! Mawdleyġ, mawdleyġ! your master so dere!

j<sup>o</sup> Maries.  
Most meke modere, be now of gude chere! 471

Ioĥn Euangeliste.  
Wipe away that rynnys owte so faste! 472  
From your remembraunce, rayse owt at þe last  
Of his passione the Cruelte. 474  
and forget the cruelty of her Son's sufferings.

<sup>1</sup> repeated over leaf.

Iosephe.

Tak comfurthe, marye ! this wailinge helpes nothinge.

Your dere soñ we wiłł to his sepulcre bringe

Als it is ałł oure dewtee. 477

Mary Virgyn.

The Virgin Mary God reward yow of *your* tendernesse ! 478  
lamentsI shałł assiste you *with* ałł humytnesse ;  
But yit, or he departe, 480Suffere me my mynd for to breke,  
How be it full scantly may I speke  
For faynte & febiłł harte : 483

[leaf 149] A, A, Cosyn Ioħn ! what shałł I saye ? 484

Who saw euer so dolfull a daye,  
So sorowfull a tym, as this ? 486her Son's death, This wofull moders sorow / who cane itt expresse,  
To se hir own chylđ sleyn *with* cruelnesse ?  
Yit myn own swet son, *your* woundes wold I kysse, 489and calls to O, Gabriełł, gabriełł ! 490  
mind the AngelGabriel's saluta-  
tion of her, Of gret Ioy did ye tell  
In *your* first Salutation ; 492Ye saide the holigost shuld co[m] in mee,  
And I shuld consaue a child in virginitee,  
For mankind saluation. 495

That ye said truthe, right wełł knaw I ; 496

But ye told me not my son shuld dye,  
Ne yit the thought & care 498

Of his bitter passion, which he suffert nowe.

and Symeon's O ! old Symeon ! full suthe said yowe ;  
saying that the To speke ye wold not spare. 501  
Sword of Sorrowshould enter her Ye saide / The sword of sorow suld enter my hart. 502  
heart.Ye, ye, Iuste Symeon ! now I fełł it smarte,  
With most dedly payn ! 504

Was there neuer moder that felit so sore !

I-wise, Ioħn, I fełł it alway more &amp; more !

Help ! help now, Mawdleyñ ! 507

She swoons  
again,

&amp; cadit in extas[ia].

## Mawdleyñ.

Mek moder & mayde, leve *your* lamentation! 508  
 Ye swown stih on pase *with* dedly suspiration;  
 Ye mare yowre-self & vs. 510 [leaf 149, back]

## Ioñ Euangelist.

Ye shuld lefe of *your* paynfull afflictione,  
 Callinge to *your* mynd his resurrection  
 Which salbe so glorivse; 513  
 This know ye, & þat beste 514

St. John bids  
 Mary think of  
 Christ's again-  
 rising

## Mary virgyn.

I know it weH, or ellis in reste  
 My harte shuld neuer bee; 516  
 I myght not leve, nore endure  
 On mynnate, bot I am sure  
 The thrid day ryse shaft hee; 519  
 But yit havinge remembraunce 520  
 The gret Cruelty & FeH vengeance  
 Of the Iues so vnkind, 522  
 Which thus wikkitley has betrayed  
 Goddes son, born of me, a mayd,  
 Most sorowfull in my mynd. 525  
 O Iudas! why didist thou betraye 526  
 My son, þi master? what can þou saye,  
 Thy-self for tih excuse? 528  
 Of his tender mercyfull charite,  
 Chase he not the on his xij to bee?  
 He wald not þe refuse. 531  
 Callyt not he þe to his *supere* & last refection? 532  
 Cowth þou not put owt þi pesyn & infection  
 Saue thus only, 534  
 Vnto thy master to be so vn-kind?  
 Was his tender gudnese owt of thy mynd  
 So vn-naturallie? 537  
 Gaue he not to the his body in memoriaH,  
 And also in remembraunce perpetuaH 538

She says, that  
 is her only sup-  
 port.

She reproaches  
 Judas for his

treachery to his

[leaf 150]  
 tender Master.

At his suppere there? 540  
 He that was so comly & fayre to be-holdē,  
 How durst thou, Cruell hert, to be so boldē  
 To cawse hym dy thus here? 543  
 By thy treson, my son here is slayn! 544  
 My swete, swetist son! how suld I refreynd,  
 This bludy body to be-holdē? 546

Iosephe.

Gud dere Marye! git you hence!  
 We shaſt bery hym with aſt reuerence,  
 & ly hym in the moldē. 549  
 Haue hir hence, Iohn, now, I desire! 550

Ihoannes Euangeliste.

Com on, swete lady, I ȝow require;  
 I shaſt gife yow attendance. 552

Iosephe.

On of yow women ber hir Companye!

Altera maria.

I shaſt wayte on hir. Go we hence, marye!  
 Put aſt this from your remembrance! 555

Marie Virgyn.

What meyn ye, frendes? what is your myndē? 556  
 [leaf 150, back] Towardes me be not so vn-kinde!  
 His moder, am not I? 558  
 Wold ye haue the moder depart hym fro?  
 To lefe hym thus, I wiſt not so,  
 But bide, & sitt hym bye. 561  
 Therefore, gud Ioseph, be contentē. 562

Iosephe.

Aa! Marye, for a gud consent  
 We wald not haue you here. 564

Marie Virgyn.

Wold ye re-newe mor sorow in me?

Iosephe.

Nay, gud lady, that were pitee.

Marye Virgyne.

- Than late me abide hym nere ! 567 The Virgin Mary  
 Iohn ! why speke þe not for my comferte ? 568 prays them to  
 Mi dere sone bad me to you resorte, let her stay by  
 And allway on you call. 570 the Cross,  
 Ye know weþ, her is my tresure,  
 Whom I loue beste, whom all my plesure  
 is & euer be shall ; 573  
 Her is my likinge & all my loue ; 574  
 Why wald ye than me hens remoue ?  
 I pray yow hartly, cesse ! 576  
 Departe I may not, bot by fors constreynyð.  
 Remembringe departinge, ales, my hert is paynið  
 mor then I may expresse ! 579 [leaf 151]  
 Now, dere swete coysyn ! I you praye ! 580  
 Myn awn dere loue, which on thursdaye,  
 Of his grace speciall, 582 and, in remem-  
 Of his lovinge mynd & tendernesse, brance of  
 And of verrey Inward kindnesse, Christ's love to  
 At suppere emanges you all, 585 them,  
 He admyttid you frendly for to reste 586  
 & slepe on his holye godly breste,  
 For a speciall prerogatif, 588  
 Because of your virginite & clenness, " "  
 Der' cosyn, encrease not myn hevynesse  
 Yf ye desire my life ! 591  
 But, gud frendes, here in-treyt not ye, 592 to let  
 But be content, & suffere mee  
 Ons yit for to hold, 594  
 For to holde here in this place,  
 And in myn armys for to embrace  
 This body which now is cold, 597 ner once more  
 This bludy body woundit so sore, hold her Son's  
 Of my swet son : Iohn, I aske no more ! 599 body in her  
 arms.

	Ioħn Euangeliste.	
	Lady, if ye wil haue moderation	600
	Of youre most sorowfull lamentacion),	
Saint John	Do as ye list, in this case.	602
	Marie virgyne.	
	Ioħn, I shałł do os ye thinke gude.	
[leaf 151, back]	Gentiłł Iosephē, lat me sit vnder your rude,	
	And holde my son) a space.	605
	Nichodemus.	
and Nicodemus consent.	Let vs suffere the modere to compleyn	606
	Hir sonnes dethe in verrey certeyn),	
	Tiłł ease hir & content.	608
	Iosephē.	
	Ye! so shałł hir sorowfull harte	
	Alway to suffere smarte,	
	And we can) bot repente.	611
	Marie Virgyn).	
The Virgin takes Christ's body in her arms,	O sisters, Mawdleyne, Cleophe, & Iacoby!	612
	Ye see how pitefull my son) doth lye	
	Here in myn) armys, dede!	614
	What erthly mother may refreyn),	
	To se hir son) thus Cruelly sleyn),	
and laments over Him,	A! my harte is hevy os lede!	617
	¶ Who shałł gife me water sufficient,	618
	And of distillinge teris habundance,	
	That I may wepe my fiłł with hart relent	
	After the whantite of sorowfull remembrance?	621
[eighthe: abab, bcbc]	¶ For his sak that made vs all,	622
	Which now ded lyes in my lappe;	
recalling His Birth and	Of me, a mayd, by grace speciałł,	
	He pleside to be born), & sowket my pape.	625
[leaf 152]	He shrank not for to shew the shape	626
Circumcision.	Of verreye man at his circumcision),	
	And per shed his blude for mannys hape.	



- Al-so at my purification),  
¶ Of hym I made a fayre oblation),  
Which to his fader was most plesinge.  
For fere, than, of herodes persecution),  
In-tiſſ egip[t]e fast I fled with hym—  
His grace me gidid in euery thinge,—  
& now is he dede ! that changes my cher !  
Was neuer child to moder so lovinge !  
Who þat cañ not wepe, at me may lere.  
¶ Was neuer deth so Cruell as this,  
To slo the gyvere of all grace.  
Son ! suffer me your woundes to kisse,  
& your holy blude spilt in this place !  
Dere son ! ye haue steynyð your face,  
Your face so frely to behold.  
Thikk bludy droppes ryñnes down a-pace,  
Speciosus forma, the prophet told.  
¶ But alese ! your tormentes so manyfold  
Hase abatid your visage so gloriose !  
Cruell Iewes ! what mad yow so bold  
To commyt þis Crym most vngraciose,  
Which to your-self is most noyose ?  
Now shaft all the cursinges of your lawe,  
Opon yow fañ most myschevose,  
& be knawen of vagabundes ouer awe.  
¶ He & I com both of your kyn),  
And that ye kithe vn-curtlesye ;  
He com for to fordoo your syn),  
But ye for-suke hym frowardly.  
Who can not wepe, com sit me bye,  
To se hym that regnyd in blisse,  
In hevyn with his fader gloryoslye,  
Thus to be slayn in all giltlesse.  
¶ Son ! in your handes ar holes wid,  
And in your fete that so tender were ;  
A gret wounde is in your blessit sid,

629 The Virgin  
630 Mary's Lament  
over Christ's  
Corpse.

633

Now is my dear  
child dead.

637

638

Let me kiss his  
wounds.

641

645

646

Cruel Jews,

649

you shall be  
cursed, and  
[leaf 152, back]

653

vagabonds  
everywhere,

654

657

for slaying my  
Son, the King of  
Heaven.

661

662

The Virgin  
Mary's Lament  
over Christ's  
Corpsa.  
—

Full deply drevyn with a sharpe sper'; 665  
Your body is bete & brussid here;  
On euery sid no place is free:  
Nedes muste I wepe with hevy chere.  
Who can not wepe, com lern at me, 669  
¶ And beholde your lorde, myn awn der son, 670  
Thus dolfulye delt with, ose ye see.

My dear Son's  
head is pierct  
with thorns.

Se how his hede with thornys is thronge!  
Se how he synlit was tiff a tree! 673  
His synows & vaynes, drawne so straytlee,  
Ar brokyn sonder by payns vngude!  
Who can not wepe, com lern at me,

He hangs on the  
Rood.  
[leaf 158]

And be-holde hym here þat hange on rude! 677  
¶ Se aH a-bowte the bludy streynes! 678  
O man! this suffert he for thee!  
Se so many fell & bitter peynes!  
This lamme shed his blude in full plentee: 681  
Who can not wepe, com lern at mee!  
Se aH his frendes is from hym fled!

He is all blood,  
froun head to  
foot.

AH is but blude, so bett was hee  
Fro the sole of his fute vnto þe hed! 685  
¶ O swete child! it was nothinge mete— 686  
Saue your sufferance, ye had no pere,—  
To lat Iudas kisse thes lippes so swete;  
To suffer a traytor to com so nere, 689  
To be-tray his master myldist of chere.  
O my swete child! now suffer yee

Let me kisse  
Him,

Me your moder, to kisse yow here,—  
Who can not wepe, com lern at me!— 693  
¶ To kisse, & swetly yow imbrace; 694

hold Him in my  
arms, and look  
on His blessed  
face.

Imbrace, & in myn armes hold;  
To hold, & luke on your blessit face;  
Your face, most graciose to behold; 697  
To beholde so comly, euer I wold;  
I wold, I wold, stift with yow bee;  
Stift with yow, to ly in mold, 700

Who can not wepe, com lern at me!

¶ My wilth is to dy, I wald not leve;

Leve, how suld I? sithen dede ar yee.

My lif were ye / noght can me greve,

So þat I may in your presence bee.

Me, your wofull moder, her may ye se;

Ye see my dedly sorow & payn,—

Who can not wepe, com lern at mee!—

To see so meke a lambe her slayn;

¶ Slayn of men that no mercy hadd;

Had they no mercy, I reporte me see;

To se this bludy body, is not your hart sadd?

Sad & sorowfull, haue ye no pitee,

Pite & compassion to se this crueltee?

Crueltee, vnkindnese! O men most vnkind!

Ye that can not wepe, com lern at mee!

Kepinge this Crucifixe stith in your mynd!

¶ When ye war born, of me, a mayde myld,

I sange lullay to bringe you on slepe:

Now is my songe, alese, ales, my child!

Now may I wayle, wringe my handes, & wepe!

Who shalbe my comforth? who shaft me kepe,

Save at your departinge ye segnyte to mee

Iohn, your cosyn,<sup>1</sup> **most virtus & zepe,**

Who that can not wepe, com & lern at mee!

¶ O derest childe! what falt haf ye done?

What was your trispace,—I wald knav it fayn,—

Wherfor your blessid blude is forsid forth to rone?

Haue murtherid any person or ony man slayn,

That your avn pepith þus to yow dose endeyn?

Nay / nay / nay / ye neuer did<sup>2</sup> offence!

Was neuer spote of syn in your cler conscience!

¶ And not-withstandinge their fell indignation,

Only of gudwill & inward charitee,

Also for loue, & mannes saluation,

The Virgin  
Mary's Lament  
over Christ's  
Corpse.

[leaf 153, back]

709 My meek Lamb  
is slain by  
710 merciless men.

717  
718 When He was  
born, I sang  
Him lullaby;  
now is my song,  
Alas! Alas!

726 [7s: *abab, bcc.*]  
What was His  
fault, that He  
was slain?

[leaf 154]

732 None No spot  
of Sin was in  
733 Him.

<sup>1</sup> 'standinge in this place' *crossed through*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. did of.

The Virgin  
Mary's Lament  
over Christ's  
Corpse.

3e haue suffert aH this of *your* humylitee! 736

Of *your* large mercee, gret was þe whantite;

Grete was þe multitude of *your* merites aH,

Thus for mannes sake to tast þe bitter gaH. 739

¶ Soñ! helpe, help *your moder* in this wofuH smarte!

Comfurth *your* wofuH moder, þat neuer was vnkind!

Son, comfort  
your woeful  
Mother!

In *your* Conception, ye reyoiet my harte;

But now of dedly woo / so gret cawse I find, 743

That þe Ioy of my haylsinge is passit fro my mynd.

Let me hold you  
on my lap!

Yit suffer me to hold yow her' on my lape,

Which sumtym gafe you mylk of my pape. 746

¶ O swete, swetist child! woo be vn-to me! 747

O most wofuH woman / *your* awn moder, loo!

Who shaft graunt it me / *with* you for to dee?

What can I do?

The son is dede / what shaft the moder doo? 750

Where shaft sho resorte? whider shaft sho goo?

Yit suffere me to hold yow a while in my lap,

Which sum-tym gafe **yow** mylk of my pap!

Death, take me!

O crewell deth! no lenger thou me spare! 754

To me thou wer welcom, & also acceptabiH; 755

[leaf 154, back]

Oppresse me down at ons / of the I haue no care.

O my son, my saueyour / & Ioye most comfortabiH,

Suffere me to dy / *with* yow most merciabiH! 758

Or at lest lat me hold you / a while in my lape,

Which sum-tym gaue yowe þe milk of my pape! 760

[1 siz.]  
Wicked Jews,  
hang me too on  
the Cross!

¶ O ye wikkit pepiH, *with-out* mercy or pitee! 761

Why do ye not crucyfe & hinge me on þe crosse?

Spare not *your* nayles / spare not *your* crueltee!

Ye can not make me to row in greter losse 764

Than to lesse my son þat to me was so dere!

Why sloo ye not þe moder / which is present her? 766

Dear Son,

¶ Dere sone! if the Iwes / yit wiH not sloo me, 767

*Your* gudnes, *your* grace, I besech & praye,

call me to Thee!

So caH me to *your* mercy, of *your* benigntee!

To youre mek suters ye neuer saide yit naye; 770

Then may ye not *your moder*, in this cawse delaye.

- The modere, *with the child* desires for to reste ;  
 Remembere myn awn son / þat 3e sowket<sup>t</sup> my breste !  
 ¶ Remember when *your fleshe* was soft os tender silke,  
 With the grosse metas then yow I wold not fede, 775  
 But gaue yow the licour / of a maydyns mylke ;  
 TiH Egip[t]e in myne<sup>1</sup> Armes / softly I did you lede ;  
 But *your smylinge contenaunce* I askit non other mede,  
 Then be content<sup>t</sup> / that I *with* yow may riste,  
 Remembere my der son / þat 3e sowkit my briste ! 780  
 ¶ At *your natiuitee*, remember, my dere son, 781  
 What vesseH I brochit<sup>t</sup> to *your nobiH* grace !  
 Was þer neuer moder that brochit<sup>t</sup> sich a ton ! [leaf 165]  
 From my virgyne pappes / mylk ran owt a-passe ; 784  
 To *your godly power* / natur gaf a place ;  
 Ye sowkit maydens milke / & so did<sup>t</sup> neuer none,  
 Nore her-after shaH / saue *your-self* alone / 787  
 ¶ When ye sowkid<sup>t</sup> my brest / *your body* was hole &  
 sound. 788  
 Alese ! in euery place Now se I many wound !  
 Now, help me, swet mawdleyne / for I faH to þe  
 ground ! 790  
 And me, wofull mary, help now, gud Iohn ! [Couplets.]  
 Iohn Euangeliste  
 Than, gude swete lady, lef *your gret mon* ! 792  
 Mary Virgyn  
 A. A. Mawdleyne ! why devise ye nothinge,  
 To this blessid body for to gif praysinge ? 794  
 Sum dolorose dtee Express now yee,  
 In þe dew honour of þis ymage of pitee, 796  
 Mawdleyne  
 To do *your biddynge*, ladye, [I] be rightt fayn,  
 But yit, gud lady, *your teres* 3e refreyne ! 798  
 Iosephe  
 Now, mary ! deliuer that blessit body tiH vs !

The Virgin  
Mary's Lament  
over Christ's  
Corpse.

My dear Son, at  
your birth I fed  
you with  
Maiden's Milk.

Then were you  
whole and  
sound.

Now are you  
full of wounds !

Magdalene, sing  
and praise my  
Son's blessed  
corpse !

<sup>1</sup> MS. myns.

Mary Virgyn

With 3e tak from me / myn own son Iesus ? 800

Nichodemus

Gud lady, suffer' vs to bringe hym to his grave !

[leaf 155, back]

Mary Virgyn

Dear Friends, Swete frendes ! suffer' me mor respit to haue ! 802

Haue compassion of me, frendes, I 3ou praye !

So hastely, fro me tak hym not a-waye !

Yf to his sepulcre nedes ye with hym bere,

bury me with  
my Son !

Bery me, his moder, with myn awn son here ! 806

When he was lyvyng, to leue I desirid ;

Now sithen he is ded, all my Ioye is expirid ;

There-for lay the moder / in grave with the child !

Iohannes euangelista.

O mary, modere, & maiden most myld ! 810

Ordere your-selfe, os reson doth requere.

Iosephe

Com on ! lat vs bery this body that is here ! 812

Mary Virgyn

O, now myn harte is in a mortall dred ! 813

Can I not keep  
Him, alive or  
dead ?

Allas ! shaH I not kep hym nothire whik ne ded ?

Is ther no remedye ? 815

Yit, Iosephe, agayn the cloth ye vnfold,

Let me look on  
His face once  
more !

that his graciose visage I may ons behold,

I pray yow interlye ! 818

Iosephe

Pece, gude marye ! ye haue had all your will.

Mary virgyn

This parting  
kills my heart

Ales ! this departing / my tender hart doth kill ! 820

Gud Coysyn Iohn, yit spek a word for mee !

Iohne Euangelist

Be content, swet mary, for it may nott bee / 822

Mary Virgyn

[leaf 156]

A. A. toward me ye be verreye Cruell ! 823  
 Yit lat me bid ons myn own son far-well !  
 Ye may it not denye. 825 Let me bid my  
Son farewell !  
 Now, fare-well, only Ioye of all my harte & mynd !  
 Farewell the derest / redemption of mankind !  
 Suffert most bitterlye. 828

Iohne Euangelist

Com one, gud Mary, com !

Nichodemus

Some of you women ber' hir companye. 830

ij<sup>o</sup> Maries

We shall gife hire attendance  
 Faithfully with humble reuerance. **Exeunt** 832

Iosephe

Now in his grave lat vs ly hym down, 833 Christ is laid in  
His grave.  
 And then resorte we agayn to the town, **sepelit**[ur]  
 To her' what men will saye. 835  
 Mawdleyne, ye must hense departe.

Mawdlen

Ye, & that with a sorowfull harte,  
 Mowrnyng nyght & daye. 838  
 Fare-well, swete lambe ! far-well, most innocent ! 839  
 Wrichit mawdleyne / with most hartly intent  
 Commendes hir to your grace. 841 Mary Magdalene  
resolves  
 Far-well, der' master ! far-well, derest lord !  
 Off yowr gret mercye / 3e shall be world record  
 Her-after in ylk place / 844  
 Summe preciose balmes I will go bye, 845 [leaf 156, back]  
to buy precious  
balms to anoint  
His body.  
 Till anynt & honour this blessit body,  
 Os it my dewty is. 847  
 Fayre Iosephe & gude Nichodemus,  
 I commend 3ou to the kepinge of Iesus !  
 He will whit 3ou all this. 850

## Iosephe

Fare-well, mawdleyu ! to *your-self* comfurth take !  
 Of this blessit beriaht / lat vs ane end make ! 852  
 Here now is he gravid, & her lyes hee, 853  
 Which for loue of man, of his charite  
 Suffert bitter passion. 855  
 Gret comforthe it is vnto vs all,  
 That the thride day aryse he shaht  
 In the most gloriose fassion. 858  
 The tyme drawethe fast, & approchis ner ;  
 Schortly I truste sum gud tidinges to her. 860  
 Devowte Nichodemus, departe we as nowe.

## Nicodemus.

Gladly, frende Ioseph, I wiht go *with* 3owe. 862

Thus her endes the most holy

End of Part I.

Beriaht of þe body of Crist Iesu.<sup>1</sup> 864

<sup>1</sup> The second part, *The Resurrection*, runs on without a break in the MS.



[Part II. *Christ's Resurrection.*]

[*Mainly in Sixes, aab ccb. Note the long Sevens (ababbc) and short Sixes after l. 1133, p. 209.*]

Her begynnes his resurrection 865 [leaf 158, back]  
on pas[c]he daye at Morn.

[*Scene 1.*]*Part II. Scene 1.*

Mawdleyne begyūnes, sayinge

Pascha.

O This grete hevynese & payn! 867 How long shall  
Alese! how longe shaH it remayn?  
How longe shaH it endure 869 [leaf 157]  
And rist *with-in* my most carfuH hart?  
How longe shaH I feyle this dedly smarte?  
Who shaH my sorowe cure? 872  
How longe shaH I lef in desolation? 873  
When shaH þe houre com of consolation,  
That my master I maye see, 875 My Master was  
Which opon the friday laste, crucified last  
Was Crucified & nailit fast, Friday,  
Peteosly tiH a tree? 878  
So pyteose a sight & lamentabiH, 879  
So dolorose & miserabiH,  
I hop ye shaH neuer fynd. 881  
Cursid kayn was verrey CruelH,  
And slew his awn brothere AbcH  
Of a maliciose mynd; 884  
Yit was he not so maliciose 885  
Ose the cruelH Jewes most owtragiose,  
Which her has slayn my lord! 887 by Jewa crueller  
The sonnes of Iacob, gret envy haH than Cain,  
Agayns þer brother Ioseph 3onge, wise & sad,  
Os scriptur doth record; 890

	Thay intendit to slo hym malishosly,	891
crueller than Jacob's sons,	And yit þay did not soo Cruelly	
	Os wrought thes Iewes wild!	893
or Herod who slew the Innocents.	Few 3eres past, herod the kinge	
	Put to deth many 3onglinge,	
	& many moders child	896
[leaf 157, back]	Here in the land off IsraeH;	897
	But of such Cruelte harde ye neuer tell	
	Ose done was one Fridaye,	899
	When so grete rigore & tyrannye	
	Was in theire hartes, to garre hym dye	
	Which was so graciose aye!	902
Christ was more glorious than Abel and Joseph,	AbeH & Iosephe wer gude & graciose,	903
	But theire dedes wer not so gloriose	
	Nor of so vertuose kynd,	905
	Ose of hym which in his humanitee	
	Wrought grete myracles in his diuinitee,	
	Als ye may call to mynd.	908
	For aH his werkes so weH devyside,	909
	Emange tham thus to be dispised,	
and yet was cruelly slain.	And with Cruellytly slayn!	911
	Ales! when I remembere his woo,	
	Scantly may I spek or goo,	
	In harte I haue such payn.	914
I have precious ointments for His body.	I haue bought here oyntmentes preciose	915
	To ensalue his body most graciose,	
	To doo it reuerence.	917
	My sister Cleophe saide that shee	
	To the sepucre wald goo with mee,	
	And doo hir diligence.	920
	Of the thridday this is þe mornynge,	921
	And of my dere master yit herd I nothinge,	
	Wherfor I am moste hevee.	923
[leaf 158]	Alese! felishipe her is noon!	
I will go to His grave alone.	Rathere then I faile, I will go Alone.	
	A, dere lorde! your mercee!	926

Secunde Marye commys in, & sais,

A, my harte! what þou art faynt!	927	
How longe shaft we thus mak complaynt?		
So sorowfull tym neuer was!	929	
When shaft comforth com of <i>our</i> desire?		
What woman is this þat lyes here?		
It is mawdleyñ, alese!	932	
Sister mawdleyñ! why waile ye on this wise?	933	Magdalene, rise up!
Gud sister! we pray 3ou stand vp, a-rise!		
Comforth your-self wyslye!	935	

Mawdleyñ

Off your commynge, sister, I am glade;	
I-wise I know weñ þat 3e be sadd;	
Ye haue cawse, os weñ os I.	938

Secund Marye

Ther is no gud Creatur, dar I saye,	939	Every one sorrows for
But inwardly sorowe he may,		
And compleyn bitterlye,	941	
To remembere the fell torment		
And Cruell payne of this Innocent		
Which leuit so vertuoslye.	944	
Of his meknese hymself he offred,	945	
What-soeuer payn to hym was profred,		this Lamb's suffering.
This lambe, <sup>1</sup> god[ys] soñ so free;	947	
Nothinge ragid he, ne was vnpaciente,		[leaf 158, back]
But euer most mekly till his payñ he went,		
With bayne benignitee.	950	
From the tym of Abrahame,	951	
& þat our faders from Egip[t] cam),		
Or when sorow was maste,	953	
I am suere was neuer day so piteouse,		Never was day so piteous as last Friday,
So doolfull, & so dangerouse,		
Ose friday that is paste,	956	
When all the crueltye was owt sought,	957	

<sup>1</sup> þat or ys blotted.

To distroy hym made all thing of noght,  
 To sloo hym that gyves life! 959  
 Owt of my mynd this neuer goo shaht  
 That for man, diete the maker of all,  
 By his manhed passyve. 962

when the Maker  
 of all, died for  
 Man.

Mawdleyne  
 So doolful a day was neuer befor this! 963  
 But go we to the Monymment wher' his sepulcre is,  
 To anynte his body there. 965

Secund Marye  
 Sister, I com for that sam Intent;  
 Ther is nothinge can me better content;  
 To go, I haue no fere. 968

Mawdleyne  
 Then, gude sister, lat vs goo devowtlee. 969

Secunde marye  
 Abide! yonder commes Marye Iacobee;  
 I trow, with vs sho with goo. 971-2

The Three  
 Maries,  
 [leaf 159]

Thride Marye commys in  
 O gude sisters, how is it with 3owe?

Mawdleyne  
 A, dere sister! neuer soo evill os nowe!

Thrid Marye  
 Gud mawdleyne, say not soo! 975  
 on this 3rd day, This is the third day, 3e remember' weht. 976

Mawdleyne  
 Ye; bot of my master & lorde, I her' not tell,  
 Therefore I can not cease. 978  
 We were goynge to [the] Monymment  
 Wher'-os lyeth that swete Innocent.  
 Loo, here, Oyntmentes of swetnese! 981

will go to their  
 Lord's  
 Sepulchre.

Thrid marye  
 Gude sisters, on yow shaht I wayte.

Secunde Marye

Then let vs tak þe way furth straye. 983

Mawdleyñ

Sisters, I perceyve the place is her-bye ; 984

Lat vs ordeyn our oyntmentes accordingle

With all humylite. 986

Here lyes he þat was mercifull to synners all !

Here lyese he, most piteose when we did call !

The 8 Maries  
reach Christ's  
Tomb.

Com nerr sisters, &amp; see ! 989

Lo, here is the place wher þe body was laid, 990

Which born was of a virgyn &amp; a cleyñ maid.

Till honour it, grete cawse haue wee. 992 [leaf 152, back]

Gud sisters, be we not affrayd

To do hym reuerence &amp; dewtee ! 994

Here he lyeth, whose<sup>1</sup> lif surmountes all oþer, 995

Which rayed from deth to lyve, Lazarus my broþer,

Now a levinge man ! 997

He lyese her, which by his powre devyn,

In chana Galilee turnyde water to wyn,

Ose many testyfy Can. 1000

The angeñ spekes :

The Angel tells  
them

Whom seke ye, women sanctifiede ? 1001

Three maryes to-gider sais :

Iesus of nazareth crucified,

The redemer of mankind ! 1003

Angeñ.

He is resyne ! he is not here !

that Christ  
is risen.

To his disciples he shañ apere ;

In galilee thay shañ hym fynd. 1006

Mulier, quid ploras // Woman, why wepis þou soo ?

Mawdlen

For myn harte is full of sorow &amp; woo. 1008

My lorde, þat was the kinge of blisse,

Is takyn away ; I wat not wher' he is. 1010

<sup>1</sup> MS. whose whose.

## AngelH

The Angel again tells them	Com hidder, women ! approche mor nere !	1011
	Be of gude comfurth & of gud cher,	
	For so gret cawse ye haue :	1013
	He that ye seke so beselye,	
	With gude mynd so faythfullye,	
[leaf 160] that Christ has risen, and	Is resyn here from his grave !	1016
	The son of gode, in his humanite	1017
	Sufferde deth / & by his diuinitee	
	Is resyn the thrid daye.	1019
	For redemption of man was he born,	
	Displayede on the crose, & aH to-torn	
	In right piteose araye.	1022
has won the victory.	The bateH is done, & victorie renuyd !	1023
	The grete enmy of man perby is subduyd,	
	That most hatid mankynd.	1025
He shows them where the Body lay, and bids	Com hidder, & behold with your Eye	
	The place where þe body did lye !	
	Be Ioyeos now of mynd !	1028
them take the bloody cloth that was put on Him on the Cross.	Loo ! here is the cloth droppid blud,	1029
	Which was put on hym takyn of þe rud,	
	Ose your-self did see.	1031
	For a remembrance, tak it yee,	
	And hy yow fast to Galilee ;	
	For ther, apper shaft hee.	1034

## Mawdleyne

	Yit must myn herte wepe Inwerdlye,	1035
	Yit must I mowrn contynuallye,	
	Myndinge my master dere.	1037
Mary Magdalene still mourns.	O ! what myn harte is hevy & lothe,	
	When I beholde this piteose clothe	
	Which in my hande is here ;	1040
	This cloth with blude þat is so stayned,	1041
	Of a maydens child so sor constrainid,	
[leaf 160, back]	On Cross when he was done !	1043

O rygore vnright ! O crueltee !  
 O wikkit wyllfulness ! O peruersitee !  
 O hartes harde os stone, 1046  
 to Put to deth a lamb so meke ! 1047  
 WeH may the teres ron) down) *your* cheke !  
 WeH may *your* hertes relent, 1049  
 Myndinge the payn) my lord & master felte !  
 O ! in my body my herte now dotte me!te !  
 To dy, I were content ! 1052

She'd be content  
to die.

Secund Marye

Sister Mawdlen), to blame ye are, 1053  
 With this dedly sorow *your*-self to marre,  
*Your*-self thus to torment, 1055  
 Ye torment *your*-selfe, & crucifye ;  
 Ye haue cawse to tak gladnes, & whye,  
 Ye haue proue evident, 1058  
 That *your* master & oures, by his godly myght 1059  
 Is resen from deth / to lyfe ! an angeH bright  
 Schewes thes tidinges tih vs, 1061  
 And shewed vs the place / wher his body laye,  
 Which is not ther' / for-þi let passe a-waye  
 Our sorow most grevouse. 1064

The other  
Maries assure  
her that Christ  
is risen,

Thride marye

Sister Mawdley), in *your* hart be stabiH ! 1065  
 We shaH here tidinges right comfortabiH,  
 And þat I trust shortlye ; 1067  
 For that is suth veritabiH,  
 Saide so afore suthlye. 1069

and good tidings  
'll soon come.

Mawdley)

[leaf 161]

A. A. Sisters / my slewth / & my negligence ! 1070  
 I haue not don my dewty ne my diligence,  
 Ose vnto me did faH ! 1072  
 At my masters sepulcre, if I hade gifen atten'ance,  
 And waytid wisely with humble affiance  
 Os I was bound most of aH, 1075

Mary Magdalene laments that she didn't come earlier to see Christ's arising.	I shuld haue seyn his vprising gloriose	1076
	Of my swete lorde / of þe which desirose	
	I am, & nedes must bee.	1078
	<sup>1</sup> Alese, sisters! I was to tidiose,	
	That holy sight to see. <sup>1</sup>	1080
	Than I shuld haue had comforth vncomparabl̃,	1081
	Of the which Ioye / to speke I am not abill̃;	
	Than I hade seyn my lorde	1083
	To haue resyn from his sepulture,	
	With his bludy woundes, of hym I had ben sure.	
	Ales! when I record	1086
	How I myghte haue had a sight of <i>your</i> presence,	1087
	Who then aught of verrey congruence	
	To be mor glad than I,	1089
	Which ye haue callid by <i>your</i> grace onlee,	
	Beynge gretist synner / vnto <i>your</i> large mercee,	
	And that most <sup>2</sup> curtesly?	1092
	Whoso will not wayte when þat tym is,	1093
	When faynest he wold therof, sha'll he mysse;	
	So it faris by mee.	1095
	O, wold to god I had made more haste!	
	My slewthfu'll werke is now in wast!	
	Ȝit, gud lord, haue þou pitee!	1098
[leaf 161, back] He, by His mercy, had call'd her, the greatest of sinners, had let	When Symon to dyner did hym call,	1099
	Amonges the gestes & straungers all,	
	With meknesse soberlye	1101
	I com in with mynde contrite,	
	For I hade levid in fowll delite,	
	In syn of licherye.	1104
	Not-with-standinge the gret abhomynation	1105
	Of my grete synnes full of execration	
	Yit of his benignite—	1107
	As with all mercy he was replete—	
	He sufferte me with teris to wesh his fete!	
wash His feet with her tears,	Loo, his mercyfull pitee!	1110

<sup>1</sup> These 2 lines are at the bottom of the page.

<sup>2</sup> 'graciously or' *crossed thro.*



My synfuH lippes, which I did abuse, I I I I and touch His  
 To towch his blessit fleshe he wald not refuse; flesh with her  
 And ther right oppenlye, I I I 3 sinful lips  
 Off his most piteouse tendernese,  
 The pardoun of my synnes & gret excesse, He pardond all  
 He gaue to me hoolye! I I I 6 her sins.  
 Now may I wringe, both wepe & wayle, I I I 7  
 Myndinge on friday his gret bataile  
 He had on crosse of tree, I I I 9  
 And tuk opoH hym for vs aH  
 To ouer-com the fend þat made vs faH.  
 A, Sisters! weH mowH may wee! I I 22

Secund marye :

Sister MawdleyH! it is bot in vayH I I 23  
 Thus remedillesse to mak compleyn;  
 Ther-for it is the best, I I 25  
 Ych on of vs a diuerse way to take.  
 His apperinge, IoyfuH may vs make, [leaf 162]  
 And set ouir hartes in reste. I I 28 The 3 Maries  
 agree to  
 separate,

The thide marye :

Ye, to sek & inquare, let vs faste hye; I I 29  
 Sister mawdlen, this is next remedye;  
 And þerfore departe wee. I I 31

<sup>1</sup>MawdleyH :

O lorde & master! help vs in hye  
 To haue a sight of thee!<sup>1</sup> I I 33 that they may  
 the sooner see  
 Christ.

Tunc exeunt hee tres Marie.

[Scene 2.]

Part II. Scene 2.

Petrus intrat, flens amare.<sup>2</sup>

**O** Allmyghty god, which with thyn inward Ee I I 34  
 Seest the depest place of mannys conscience,  
 And knowest euery thinge most cler & perfitee,

<sup>1</sup>—<sup>1</sup> These 3 lines are at the foot of the page.

<sup>2</sup> Some stanzas of long sevens, *ababbcc*, now alternate with the  
 old sixes, *aab aab*, shortend.

St. Peter,  
weeping, asks  
Christ's mercy

Haue mercy, haue pitee ; haue þou compatiencie !  
 I confess & knowlege my most gret offence, 1138  
 My fowle presumption & vnstabilnesse !  
 Let þi mekiht mercy ouerflowe my synfulnesse ! 1140  
 And yit I know weht, 1141  
 No erthly thinge can telt,  
 Nor ȝit it expresse, 1143  
 My fawtes & gret syn  
 Which I am wrappid in  
 With<sup>1</sup> dedly hevinesse. 1146  
 Ther may not be lightly / a greter trispeße, 1147  
 Then the *seruaunt* / the master to denye ;  
 His owne master / his owne kind master : alesse !  
 I mak confession / here most sorowfullye, 1150  
 That I denyed mayster / & þat most vnkindlye !

[leaf 162, back]  
for his Denial  
of Him,

For when thay did enquire / if þat I did hym knoo,  
 I saide I neuer sawe hym ! a-lesse ! why did I soo ? 1153  
 With teres of contrition, 1154  
 With teres of compassion,  
 Weht may I mowrnyng make ! 1156  
 What a fawte it was,  
 The *seruaunte*, alas,  
 His master to forsake ! 1159

Who calld him,  
from a poor  
fisher, to be His  
Disciple, and

When his grace callid me / fro worldly besines, 1160  
 And of a poore fishere / his discipyle ! alas, mee !

nam'd him  
Peter, a rock  
of stability.

I was callit Symon Bariona, playnly to expresse ;  
 But he namid me "petrus" / 'petra' was hee : 1163  
 Petra is a ston / full of stabiltee,  
 Alway stedfaste / alase ! wherfor was I  
 Not stabiht accordinge / to my nam stedfastlye ? 1166  
 O my febiht promesse ! 1167  
 O my gret vnkindnesse,  
 To my shame resaruyd ! 1169  
 O mynde so vnstabiht,  
 Thou hast made me culpabiht !

<sup>1</sup> mo crosst through.

Deth I haue deservyd ! 1172 St Peter's  
 It pleasid̃ thy gudnese, gret kindnese to shew mee, 1173 Lament over his  
 Callinge me to þi grace / & gudly conuersation); Faithlessness.  
 And when it pleasid̃ thi godhed̃ / to tak but three  
 To beholde & see the highe speculation 1176  
 Of thy godly maiestye in thy transfiguration), Christ let me  
 Thy speciall grace did abill me for onl, see His  
 With the gud blessid̃ Iames / & þi cosyn Ioħn. 1179 Transfiguration.  
 Alese ! þat I was so vnkind̃ 1180 [leaf 163]  
 To hym, so tender of mynd̃  
 To me most vnworthy ! 1182  
 Ales ! the paynes ar smarte  
 Which I fele at my harte,  
 And that so bitterlye ! 1185  
 O lorde ! what exampte / of meknesse shewed̃ yee ! 1186  
 On thursday after supere, it pleasid̃ your grace  
 To wesh your seruantes fete / who euer are did see He washt his  
 More perfite meknesse / shewet in any case ? 1189 Servants' feet  
 I my-self was present / in the same place.  
 Alese ! of my-self / why presumyd̃ I,  
 Consideringe your meknesse / don so stedfastlye ? 1192  
 A ! myn vnkinde chaunce !  
 When it commys to remembrance,  
 In my mynde it is euer. 1195  
 I fele owt of mesure (I feel deadly  
 Dedly payñ & displesure, pain.)  
 That I can not desseuere. 1198  
 O mercyfull redemer / who may yit recownte 1199  
 The paynes which þi-self / for vs did endure !  
 Vnworthy if I were / I was with þe in þe mount I was with Him  
 Where þou swet bludy droppes / man saule to recure. Agony in the  
 In that gret agonye / I am right verrey sure, 1203 Mount of Olives.  
 Stony hartes of flint̃ / þou wald þam haue mevid̃,  
 Seynge thy tendernese / to man by þe relevid̃. 1205  
 O, that passion was grete, 1206  
 When blud droppes of swet [leaf 163, back]

St. Peter's Lament over his Faithlessness.	ran) down) a-pace !	1208
— — —	That was excedigne payne	
	In euery membre & vayn),	
	As apperit by his face !	1211
	Of Iudas, thow were / betrayede by & bye,	1212
	Which was thy disciputt, & familiere with the ;	
	It grevid the more, I knew it certanlye.	
	He was fede at þi burde / of þi benignitee,	1215
He was betrayd by Iudas, His Disciple,	And 3it [thow] were betrayed by his iniquitee !	
	Yf a straunger had don / þat dede so trayterouse,	
	It had beyn mor / tolerabiþ / & not so greuowse.	1218
	Dauid did say in prophecye,	1219
	' Homo pacis mee, in quo speraui,	
	Supplantauit me ! '	1221
	O lord ! your <sup>1</sup> pacience may be perceyvid,	
	Which suffert so to be betrayed	
	Of Iudas ! woo is hee !	1224
	Fult of wo may I bee, sorowfult & pensyve,	1225
and I forsook Him, tho' I said I wouldn't leave Him.	Compleynge & wepinge with sorow inwertlee,	
	And wep bitter teres / aþ þe days of my life ;	
	Myn vnstabiþ delinge / is euer in myn Ee.	1228
	I saide I wald not leue my master for to dee ;	
	He said I shuld for-sak hym / or þe cok crow / thris. <sup>2</sup>	
Oh, when He lookt on me	Afterwerd, when hee	1231
	Lokid opoþ mee	
	With a myld cowntenaunce, <sup>3</sup>	1233
[leaf 164]	Ose he stude on the ground	
from among His enemies,	Emange his enmyse bownd,	
	O, I wepit abundaunce !	1236
how my tears ran down !	Then my teres continually	1237
	Ran down most sorowfully,	
	And yit thay can not cesse.	1239
	How may I cesse or stynte ?	
	Yf my harte wer of flinte,	

<sup>1</sup> mercy erased.<sup>2</sup> þ read 'thrie' = thries, thrice.<sup>3</sup> Catchwords:— 'As he stod on þe grounde.'

I haue caus to wepe dowllese.	1242	St. Peter's
O caytife, O wofuH wreche!	1243	Lament over his Faithlessness.
from thy harte þou may feche		
Sore & sighes depe!	1245	
O most vnkind man,		I unnaturally
What creatur may or can,		
The from sclaunder kepe,	1248	
To forsake þi master so tender & soo gud,	1249	forsook my so good Master
Which gaue to þe þe keyes / of aH holy kirke,		
And mor-ouer for thy sake / shed his own blud!		who shed His blood for me.
O synfuH caytife / now aught I sore tiH irke!	1252	
Ales, IoHn! why did not I	1253	
Folow my master so tenderlye		
Os 3e did to the ende?	1255	
But for ye delH soo stedfastlye,		
My master gaue you marye		
To kep in your commend.	1258	
Yf this dedly woo & sorowe	1259	
Endure with me vnto to-morowe,		My heart will break.
Myn hart in sunder wiH breke.	1261	
Now, lorde, for þi tender mercyes aH,		[leaf 164, back] Oh Lord, call me to thy mercy!
Reconcyle me to grace, & to þi mercy call!		
Ales, I may not speke!	1264	

*et sic cadit in terram, flens amare.*

*Andreas, frater petri, dicit.*

A. Brothere peter, what nedes aH þis?	1265	Andrew com- forts his brother Peter.
I se weH, good cownceH wiH yow mysse.		
Dry vp your teres & rise!	1267	
Comforth your-selfe, I require yow, & praye!		
We shaH haue gud tidinges! this is þe thrid day /		
Sorow not in this wise!	1270	

*Iohannes Euangelista:*

Stand vp, gud brother, & mesur your hevynese!	1271	St. John bids Peter moderate his grief.
This gret contrition of your hart, dowllese		
To god is plesant sacrifice.	1273	

Petrus

A, gud brethere, Andrewe & Ioĥn,  
 Was neuer creatur so wo-begon  
 Os I, wrech most vnwyse! 1276  
 Peter still laments his cruelty. For rememberinge the infinite gudnese 1277  
 Of my lorde / & my most Vnkyndnese  
 Don so Writchitlye, 1279  
 At my hart, sorow sittes so sore,  
 That my dedly payn encresis mor & more!  
 Alese, my gret folye! 1282

[in 7s.]

Andreas

Andrew begs him to take comfort, as  
 [leaf 165]  
 Christ will rise this third day,  
 and He foretold that His disciples should forsake Him.  
 He knew their weakness.

Gud brothere peter, your-self 3e comfort; 1283  
 Ther is none of aĥ, bot comfurth may he hafe;  
 For emonge vs a-gayn our lorde shaĥ resorte. 1285  
 By his passion / his purpasse / was, man-kind to saue;  
 This is the thrid daye / in which from his graue  
 He shaĥ arise / fro deth, I haue no dowte;  
 Therfor lett comfurth / put this sorowe owte! 1289  
 ¶ Brothere peter / þe verrey truth to saye, 1290  
 Few of vs aĥ / hade perfit stedfastnesse,  
 But sumwhat dowtid / & wer owte of the waye;  
 Not-withstandinge / of his godhed the clernesse 1293  
 Schewed by his miracles / with aĥ perfutnesse;  
 And yf ye remember, brothere / in his last oblation  
 He spak of our vnstabilnesse / & of his desolation, 1296  
 ¶ Saynge "Omnes vos scandalum patiemini," 1297  
 Aĥ ye shaĥ suffer sclaunder / for me,<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>Os who say · ye shaĥ / forsak me a-lonly;  
 The hird-man shalbe strikyn / & þe flokk, which we  
 bee, 1300  
 Schalbe disperbilit / & away shaĥ flee.  
 Loo, gud brother peter / he knew our frealtes aĥ; 1302  
 Our gude master is mercifull / & graciouse with-aĥ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> onlee (sic) crosst through.<sup>2-2</sup> These five lines are in the margin at bottom of leaf 164, back.

¶ And yow, brother peter / the most speciali 1304  
 Hase cause of comfurth / for of his church þe hed  
 He chace you by order / by his grace frelye;  
 For-þi, from *your* harte / put þis fere & dred. 1307  
 Yf ye remember, he said to yow in dede,  
 Thy faith shall neuer faile / what-so-euer befall;  
 Therfor haue gud hope / & comforth spirituall. 1310  
 Ye askit hym ons a whestion / wherwith he was  
 content, 1311  
 'How oft to *your* brother / synn ye shuld relese :'  
 Ye thought vij tymmes / were verrey sufficient;  
 But he said sevynty tymes & vij : ye suld forgif dowltes;  
 A gret now[m]ber it plesit / hym tith expresse; 1315  
 The gret frely of man / he saw in his godly mynd. [leaf 165, back]  
 For-thy, for *your* trispace / pardon may ye find; 1317  
 How-be-it, of *your*-self / to presume, to blame ye were;  
 Man þat is freale, of hym-self suld haue fere. 1319  
 ¶ Your pennance [&] contrition / acceptabill must  
 bee;  
 Therfor in *your* harte reIoye / ye may be fayn,  
 Rememberinge he has put [yow] in gret auctoritee. Christ also put  
 That he has saide ons / he will neuer call agayn, 1323 him in  
 "Quodcumque ligaueris" / he said; þes wordes ar playn; authority,  
 And gaue yow þe keyes / of hevyn & of heH,  
 So to lowse & to bynd / this can we all tell. 1326 giving him the  
 Keys of Heaven  
 and Hell.

Iohannes euangelista.

Gude brother peter / marke ye weH, & note : 1327  
 The wordes of Andrewe beyn sadd & ponderose;  
 In *your* conscience, I know weH / is nozt so great mot, St John is sure  
 But that mercy may clere it / of hym that is so gracieus. that Mercy can  
 clear Peter's sin.  
 Peraunter it was þe with / of our master Iesus 1331  
 That 3e shuld not be present / his passion to see,  
 Which he hade on the hill / in þe most Cruelte. 1333  
 ¶ Peter, if ye had seyn / *your* mastere at þat poynt,  
 I trov þat syzt had beyn to hevy / to yow tith endure :  
 He had torment opo[n] torment / in euery vayn & Ioynt;

St. John tells Peter how	He was so harde nailet / to þat paynfull lure; 1337 His flesh þat was so tender / born of a mayden pure, And was wont to be towchid / with virgyns handes swete,
Christ's body was torn and naild; how His	Was altotorn most piteosly / from hede to þe fet! 1340 ¶ When his body was halid / & stritchid with ropes,
[leaf 166]	To caws his armes & fet / to þe holes extend, Then þe nayles dreffyn in; & of þe blude, drops
blood was shed;	Ran owt so plentuosly / his wil it was to spend 1344 All his precious blude / mannes sor til amend. With-owt compleint he sufferd the nayles & þe spere; But gretist payn þat he had / was for his moder dere. He sufferd patiently, 1348
and how He was betrayd,	To be betrayed vnkindly, To be accusid falsly, To be intreytid Cruelly, 1351
scornid, and	To be scornid most dedenynglye, To be Iuged wrangfully, To be dampnyt to deth dolfully, With other paynes sere; 1355
crucified.	To be crucified piteosly, To be woundid vniuersally, With scowrges, nayles, & spere. 1358 For thes causes, he wald be born / of a maid most obedient. 1359
But now the time of Desolation is ended; that of	Now the gret rawnson is paid / which was requirid For redemption of man, of the fader omnipotent; The tyme of desolation / is now expirid; 1362
Grace is come;	The tyme of grace is comen, so longe of vs desirid! Hevyn zeates so longe / closid for gret syn, Our saueyour gaf yow the keyes / to open, & to lat in. He knew weþ, for his deth / we shuld be afrayed: 1366 And þerfor, ose 3e remembere / he told vs afore. His godhed saw weþ / þat we shuld be dismaid
[leaf 166, back]	Of his resurrection / he comfortid vs therfore; 1369
Christ will rise and live for ever.	He saide he shuld arise / & live euere-more. This is the thride daye / therfor dowt nothinge,



But shortly we shaſt here / of his glorioſe vprisinge.  
 Brether, I wolde tarrye with yow longer here, 1373  
 But nedes I muſt go to the virgyn mylde.  
 Moſt ſorowfuſſ is hir hart / moſt hevy is hir chere; St. John  
 Aſſ Ioye & comfurthe / from hir is exilde; 1376 describes the  
 Aſſ hir remembrance / is of hir dere childe. Virgin Mary's  
 My maſter assignyt me / to gyve hir attendance,  
 And that is my dewtye / with aſſ humblye obſervance.  
 Hir ſorow increacyſe aye, 1380  
 As weſt nyght os daye,  
 In moſt piteoſe araye;  
 For I darsay ſuerlye, 1383  
 Sen hir ſon was betrayed,  
 & in his grave layde,  
 The maid haſe me diſmaid  
 For ſorow inwerdlye, 1387  
 That ſho nowther tuk riſt ne ſlepe, 1388 She takes nor  
 Ne from hevynese hir-ſelf cowth kepe; rest nor ſleep,  
 But euer-more ſtiſt doſe ſho wepe,  
 That I am verrey ſure, 1391  
 Hartes harder then ſtone  
 Wold be mollyfyed anone,  
 & melte to ſee hire mone,  
 That ſho doſe endure. 1395  
 To here hir mourn ſo moderlye, [leaf 167]  
 To ſe hir wep ſo tenderlye, but weeping,  
 Aſſ myn hert it fayles. 1398  
 Now ſho ſpekes of the ſcorneſ;  
 Now ſho remembers þe thorneſ  
 And the grete ſturdy nayles; 1401  
 Now ſho ſpekes of his pacience; 1402 and patience  
 Now ſho myndes his obedience,  
 That vnto deth was. 1404 unto death,  
 Now of his viſage ſpekes ſhee,  
 Defild with deformyte,  
 Of fowſt ſpittinge, a-laſſe! 1407

- Now of his woundes dos shò speke, 1408  
 & of the sper' which did breke  
 Hir sonnes blessid' sid'. 1410
- She is comfort-  
 less; Thus is sho aH comfurthlesse,  
 Replet with aH dulfnesse;  
 Therfor I may not bide. 1413
- and John will  
 go to her. As for this tym I wiH departe. 1414  
 Brother' peter, be of gud harte,  
 For other' cause haue ye none. 1416  
 Now farweH, for a starte,  
 I shaH 3ow mete anon. 1418
- Peter
- Praye fore me, brother', for goddes sake! 1419
- Iohannes euangelista
- He bids Peter  
 trust in faith.  
 [leaf 167, back] Brothere, to yow no discomfurth take,  
 But truste euer faithfullye! 1421  
 We shaH haue comforth, 3oure sorowe to slake,  
 And that I trust' shortlye. 1423
- Tunc exit Iohannes; et dicit Petrus:
- Peter thanks his  
 brothers. Brothere Andrewe / god reward' 3oue euer speciallye!  
 For IoHn & ye, with youre swete wordes of consolation),  
 Hase easid' my mynd' / with comfote stedfastlye.  
 I am in trewe faith & hope / with-out desperation), 1427  
 In my saule now havynge / spirituall iubilacion),  
 Trustinge on the mercy / of my master & lord',  
 Of whose infinite gudnese / I shaH euer record'. 1430  
 Let the dew of mercy fall opoH vs!  
 'Ostende faciem tuam / & salui erimus!' 1432  
 Schewe thy powere, gud lord' / & to vs appere! 1433  
 Let beames of thi grace approche to vs nere,  
 Super nos, writchit synners!

Part II. Scene 3.

[Scene 3.]

Intrat maria Magdalena.

- O, I writchit creature / what shaH I doo? 1436  
 O, I a wofull woman / whidere saH I goo?

- My lorde, wher shaft I find?  
 When shaft I se that desirid face,  
 Which was so full of beuty & grace  
 To me, the most vnkind?  
 I haue sought, & besely inquerid  
 Hym whom my harte all-way has desired,  
 And so desiries still.  
*Quem diligit anima mea', quesui;*  
*Quesui illum, et non inueni!*  
 When shaft I haue my wiſ?  
 I haue sought hym desiruly,  
 I haue sought hym affectuosly,  
 With besines of my mynd.  
 I haue sought hym with mynd hartely,  
 The tresure wher-in my hart dose lye.  
 O deth, thou arte vnkind!  
 On me, vse thou & exercise  
 The auctorite of thyn office!  
 My bales thou may vnbind.  
 What offence, deth, haue I don to the,  
 Which art so ouer vnkind to mee?  
 Nay, Nay, deth! be not soo!  
 Filie Ierusalem, Wher-os ye goo,  
 Nunciate dilecto meo,  
*Quia amore langueo:*  
 Of Ierusalem, ye virgyns clere,  
 Schew my best loue that I was here!  
 Tell hym, os he may prove,  
 That I am dedly seke /  
 And all is for his loue.
- 1438 Mary  
Magdalene's  
Lament.  
1441  
1442 She has sought  
Him in whom  
her heart  
delighted,  
1444 and has not  
found Him.  
1447 [leaf 168]  
1448  
1450  
1453 Why will not  
1454 Death take  
her?  
1456  
1457  
1459  
Daughters of  
Jerusalem!  
1462  
1463  
1465 Tell my love  
that I am deadly  
sick for His  
love.  
1467

*Iesus intrat, in specie ortulani, dicens,*

- Mulier, ploras? quem queris?  
 Woman, why wepis thou? whom sekas thou thus?  
 Tell me whome thou wald haue!
- 1469 Jesus asks her  
whom she  
would have,

Mawdlen):

I sek my master & swete lorde *Iesus*,  
Which her was layd in grave. 1472

[leaf 168, back]

.*Iesus*.

Woman, thou mournest to piteoslye, 1473

And compleynist<sup>t</sup> the most hevilye,

as her heart  
seems troubled.

Thy mynd is not cōtent<sup>t</sup>; 1475

Thyn hart<sup>t</sup> is trowblit, weȝ I see,

Aȝ full doloruse, os thinkes mee,

Thou has not thyn<sup>n</sup> intende. 1478

Maudleyn

Mary Magdalene  
thinks He is the  
gardener.

Myn intent! that knawes hee 1479

On whom my hart is set, & ay shalbee.

Gardener, I yowe praye, 1481

Schew vnto mee, if ye can,

Yf that ye did see here ony man

Tak his body awaye. 1484

*Iesus* dicit. "Maria!"

Mawdleyn<sup>n</sup> awnswers, "Raboni!"

*Iesus*

He bids her not  
touch Him,

Noli me tangere!

Mary, towche me not now!

But in-to Galilee go thowe,

but tell His  
Disciples that  
He is risen and

And to my brether<sup>'</sup> saye, 1488

And to peter which sorowfull is, 1489

That I am resen<sup>n</sup> from dethe, to lif ay in blisse.

Renyng<sup>e</sup> perpetuall<sup>y</sup>e! 1491

Exhort<sup>t</sup> tham to be of gud chere,

will soon appear  
to them.

And hastely wyȝ I to tham apere,

To comfurth loefullye. exit *Iesus* 1494

Mawdleyn

O myn<sup>n</sup> harte! wher hast thou bee?

[leaf 169]

Com hom<sup>n</sup> agayn, & leve with mee! 1496

My gret sorow is past ! 1497  
 Now may thou entone a mery songe,  
 For he whom thou desirid<sup>t</sup> so longe, Mary Magdalene  
rejoices;  
 I haue fon<sup>n</sup> now at laste ! 1500  
 I thanke *your* grace *with* hert intere, 1501  
 That of yowre gudnese to me wald<sup>t</sup> apere,  
 And make my hert<sup>t</sup> thus light<sup>t</sup>. 1503 her heart is  
light,

Secund marye intrat, *cum maria.*

Soror, nuncia nobis :  
 Gud mawdley<sup>n</sup>, sister ! how standes *with* yow ? 1505

Mawdley<sup>n</sup>

Dere sisters ! neuer so we<sup>ll</sup> os nowe !  
 For I haue hade a sight<sup>t</sup>  
 Of my lorde & master, to my comfurth specia<sup>ll</sup>. 1508 she has seen her  
Lord and  
Master,  
 To his godhed<sup>t</sup> I render thankes immorta<sup>ll</sup>,  
 Os I am bound<sup>t</sup> of dewtee. 1510

Thrid marye :

It Apperis, suster, by *your* cowntenaunce,  
 That the gret sorow is ow<sup>t</sup> of remembraunce;  
 And so, by your sawe, gret cause haue yee. 1513

Mawdley<sup>n</sup> :

I haue gret cause, sisters, I know it we<sup>ll</sup> ; 1514  
 For of my Ioye he is the springe & we<sup>ll</sup>, the Spring and  
Well of her joy,  
 And of my lyfe sustenaunce. 1516

Secunde marye :

Haue ye seyn<sup>n</sup> our lord<sup>t</sup>, sister ? ar ye sure ?

Mawdley<sup>n</sup>

[leaf 160, back]

Sister, I haue seyne my gretist tresure,  
 My hartly Ioye & plesaunce ! 1519 her greatest  
Treasure.

Thride mary

A. Sister ! gret comfert may your hart infla<sup>me</sup>. 1520

## Mawdlen

He spoke to her, 3e, gude sister ! he callit me 'mary' by my name,  
 And spak *with* me homlye. 1522  
 I saw hym bodely, in flesh & bloode,  
 Oure redemere, which for vs hang on the roode !  
 He shewed<sup>d</sup> hyme gracioslye, 1525  
 and bade her tell His Disciples of His Resurrection. And bade me go to his disciples sone, 1526  
 Thaime to certifye of his resurrectione ;  
 & so wi<sup>th</sup> I shortly doo. 1528

## Secunde Marie

A. A ! Mawdley<sup>n</sup> ! right happye ye were ! 1529  
 Ye spent not in vay<sup>n</sup> so many bitter tere !  
 Gret grace is lent yow too ! 1531  
 Tunc venit *Iesus*, & salutat mulieres istas iij<sup>es</sup>.  
 Tamen mulieres nil dicunt ei, sed procidunt ad pedes  
 eius.  
 blesses and comforts them, Auete ! Hayle, blessit women leve ! 1532  
 My blessinge here I youe geue !  
 Let sorow no more youre harte meue,  
 But haue comfort allwaye ! 1535  
 I am resene fro deth, so may ye tell ;  
 and says He has deliuerd His prisoners from Hell. I haue deliuert my *presoners* frome he<sup>ll</sup>,  
 And made tham sure for aye ! [*exit Iesus*] 1538

Mawdley<sup>n</sup>

Now, gud sisters, be no more sadd ; 1539  
 [leaf 170] Ye haue cause, os we<sup>ll</sup> os I, to be gladd ;  
 Mary Magdalene rejoices with the other Maries. Oure lorde, loo, of his gudnese, 1541  
 Of his heghe & godly excellence,  
 Haves shewede vs here his Ioyefull presence  
 With wordes of swetnese ! 1544  
 My wordes wer not fantastica<sup>ll</sup>, sisters, yee see ; 1545  
 I told youe no lesinge, Sisters, report<sup>t</sup> mee ;  
 Ye haue seyn with your/ eye. 1547

## Thrid mary

Oure spirites ben revivid; our hartes beyn light!  
 O mawdleynd! this was a gloriose sight,  
 Schewed to vs gracioslye!

1550

## Secund marye

Blessid be that lorde / blessit be that kinge  
 That haues comfurth vs thus with his vprisinge  
 So sone & glorioslye!

1551

The other Maries  
bless their Lord.

1553

## Mawdlen

Susters, in Ioye of this Ioyfullnese,  
 A songe of comforte lete vs expresse  
 With notes of Armony!

1556

"Victime paschali laudes immolent<sup>1</sup> *Christiani*". Tunc  
 hee tres cantant *idem, id est*, "Victime pascha[li]"<sup>2</sup>  
 in cantifracto vel saltum in pallinodio

The Three  
Maries sing a  
Hymn.

Tunc occurent eis apostoli. *scilicet*. Petrus.  
 Andreas et Iohann[es], cantantes hoc. *Scilicet*.

Peter, Andrew  
and John sing  
too.

"Dic nobis maria. quid vidisti in vi[a?]"<sup>3</sup> **re-**  
**spondent mulieres cantantes.** "Sepulcrum Christi  
 viue[n]tis" et cetera, vsque ad "Credendum est /"  
**Apostoli respondentes cantant.** "Credendum est  
 magis soli marie veraci, quam iudeorum turbe fal-  
 laci." **Mulieres iterum cantant** "Scim[us] Chris-  
 tum surrexisse vere /" **Apostoli et mulieres [tres]**  
**cantant quasi concordantes.** "Tu nobis *Christe* rex  
 misere[re]. Amen." **Post cantum dicit petrus.**

(¶ Sufficit si cantetur eisdem notis et cant[ibus]  
 vt habetur in sequentia predicta)

<sup>1</sup> MS. immolant. This Sequence is from the Easter Sunday Mass, held at Tierce, 9 a.m. See Note, p. 227-8.

<sup>2</sup> Some of the writing in the Margin is cut off.

<sup>3</sup> The Sequence of which this and the following quotations form part, is both in the Easter Sunday Matins (held before Dawn), and in the 9 o'clock Mass. See p. 227.

[leaf 170, back]

Petrus dicit post cantum :

Then Peter asks  
Mary Magdalene  
for news.

How is it now, marye? Can ye tell 1557

Any newes which may lik vs well?

Blithe is youre Countenance. 1559

Mawdleyen

Mary Magdalene  
tells Peter

Peter, in youre mynde be fast & stabill;  
I can shew youe tydinges most comfortabill;  
Trust it of assurance! 1562

Petere

Gude marye, of hym I wold knowlege haue. 1563

Mawdleyen

that Christ is  
risen, and has

Peter! oure master is resyn from his grave!  
He apperit vnto vs three 1565

In fleshe &amp; bone, in a gloriose wise!

restord Adam  
and his mates  
to Paradise.

He hase restord adam & his in-to paradise,  
Which were in helles captiuitee! 1568

Peter

God graunte youre wordes war not in vayn!

Mawdleyen

Peter, That<sup>1</sup> I saye is trew & certayn,  
And therfor dowt no more! 1571

Secund marye

The other Maries  
confirm these  
glad tidings.

Brother, we saughe our lord face to face;  
He Apperit to vs in this same place.  
And bad vs mowrne not so sore! 1574

Thride mar[y]e

He bade vs testify & tell  
That he was resyn in flesh & fell,  
And dy he shal no more. 1577

Petere

A, mary! gret grace to youe is lent, 1578

[leaf 171]

To whom our lord was so content,  
Befor other till apere. 1580

<sup>1</sup> which crosst through.



Mawdlen

He said, ye aȝ shuld see hym in Galilee ;  
 And peter, youre selfe expresly namyd<sup>t</sup> hee ;  
 Therfore be of gud chere !

Christ will soon  
 be in Galilee

1583

Andrewe

Yit to his sepulchre lat vs go, & see,  
 To satisfye our myndes from aȝ perplexitee.

1584

The 3 Apostles  
 go to the  
 Sepulchre,

Peter

So cownseȝ I we doo.

1586

Tunc ibunt. *precurrens Iohannes dicit*

John first.

Brothere peter, com hither<sup>r</sup> & behold<sup>t</sup> !  
 It is no fabiȝ that marye vs **hase** told<sup>t</sup> ;  
 This thinge is certen, loo !  
 How say ye, brother<sup>r</sup>, be ye satisfied<sup>t</sup> ?

He sees that  
 Christ is risen.

1589

Petrus

Brothere Ioȝn, I am fully certified<sup>t</sup>  
 To gife credens her-too.  
 Now shaȝ the suth be veriefed<sup>t</sup>  
 Of hym that most may doo /  
 O, myȝhe ar we bound<sup>t</sup>, gud lord<sup>t</sup>, to your highnes !  
 For vs wer ye born<sup>t</sup>, & also circumcised<sup>t</sup> ;  
 For vs were ye temp[t]id<sup>t</sup> in the wildernese ;  
 Now Crucyfied<sup>t</sup> to deth, most shamfully dispised<sup>t</sup> !  
 Yit aȝ this, gude lorde, had vs not sufficed<sup>t</sup>  
 But ye had resen<sup>t</sup> fro deth / by your godhed<sup>t</sup> gloriuse ;  
 Your resurrection<sup>t</sup> was most / necessarye for vs.  
 Your meknese suffert deth for our saluation,  
 And now are ye resen for oure Iustification<sup>t</sup> ;  
 Your name euer blessit bee !

Peter sees it too,

1592

1594

and praises  
 Christ.

1598

1601

1602

1604

[leaf 171, back]  
 He died for our  
 Salvation, and is  
 risen for our  
 Justification.

Andrewe

This resurrection, to aȝ þe world<sup>t</sup> is consolation,  
 For of oure fayth it is trew consolation,  
 Approvid<sup>t</sup> by his diuinitee.

1607

DIGBY MYST.

Q

## Iohannes Euangelista

	Brether! Ioy, & comfurth, & Inward iubilatiō,	1608
	And gostly gladnese, in vs all Encrease may.	
St. John bids them all	We haue passid the tym / of dole & desolatiō,	
	And also I am sure / & right weH dare I saye,	1611
	The IoyfuH trespure of our hart / we saH se þis daye!	
	Honour, Ioy & glory / be to hym with-out end,	
	Which after sich sorow, comfurte can send!	1614
laud and praise Christ.	To laude & prayse hym, lat vs be abowt;	
	To loue hym, & lofe hym, & lawly hym lowt,	
	With mynd & mowth devowtlye.	1617
	Ther, brether with IoyfuH harte,	
	And devowt sisters on your parte,	
	Entone sum ermony!	1620
They all sing a Song of Praise.	tunc Cantant omnes simul "Scimus Christum," veH aliam sequentiam aut ympnum de resurrectione. Post cantum, dicit Ioh[an]nes, finem faciens /	
	Loo, down fro hevyn / euer-mor grace dos springe!	
	The gudnese of god is incomparabiH, yee see :	
Their Sorrow is turnd to Joy.	Her was sorow & mournyng / lamentacion & wepinge ; Now is Ioy & gladnese / & of comfurth plentee, <sup>1</sup>	1624
[leaf 172] They depart, in hope of seeing Christ this night.	Ioyfully depart wee / now owt of this place,	1625
	Mekly abidinge the inspiration of grace,	
	Which we belefe	1627
	SchaH com to vs this nyght!	
	Now, far-weH euery wighte!	
To Him they commend their hearers.	We commend yow all to his myght, Which for vs suffert grefe.	1631

## Explicit

<sup>1</sup> Written at the bottom of the page; in a later hand :—written by me . . . (*torn off*).

*Note.* To explain the parts of the Romanist Service referred to on pages 223, 226, Miss Mary Lambert, of Milford House, Elms Road, Clapham Common, S W., who took so much interest in Canon Simmons's edition of *The Lay Folks' Mass Book* (E. E. T. Soc., 1879), has been good enough to send me the Paschal Time, vol. i, of "*The Liturgical Year*, by the Very Rev. Dom Prosper Guéranger, translated from the French by the Rev. Dom Laurence Shepherd, Dublin, and J. Duffy, 1871." And as most of our members probably know nothing (like I do) about Papal services, I make full extracts for them.

(p. 125.) The Office of Matins [in the Morning before Dawn].

The Night Office of every Sunday . . . consists of 3 portions called *Nocturns*. Each Nocturn is composed of 3 Psalms with their Antiphons, followed by 3 Lessons and Responsories. These Nocturns . . . end with the Ambrosian Hymn, the *Te Deum*; they begun after midnight, and are over by the aurora, when the still more solemn office of *Lauds* is chanted. But this Night [i.e. Easter Sunday after 12 a.m.] has been almost wholly spent in the administration of Baptism . . . This is the reason of there being only one Nocturn for the Night Office [now called *Matins* because it's performed in the morning] of Easter Sunday.

(p. 138.) In most of the Churches in the West, during the Middle-Ages, as soon as the Third Lesson was read, and before the *Te Deum*, the Clergy went in procession, singing a Responsory, to the Altar, where the Blessed Sacrament had been kept since Maundy Thursday, and which was called the *Chapel of the Sepulchre*. Three Clerics were vested in Albs, and represented Magdalene and her two companions. When the procession reached the Chapel "and the 3 Clerics had gone to the Altar, and sung a verse" Two Chanters [= the Peter, Andrew and John of the Play] stepped forward towards the Altar steps, on which the Clerics were standing, and addressed them in these words of the Sequence:

Tell us, O Mary, what sawest thou on the way? *Dic nobis, Maria,  
Quid vidisti in via?*

The first Cleric, who represented Magdalene, answered:

I saw the Sepulchre of the living Christ: I saw the glory of him that had risen. *Sepulchrum Christi viventis,  
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis.*

The second Cleric, who represented Mary, the mother of James, added:

I saw the Angels that were the witnesses: I-saw the winding-sheet and the cloths. *Angelicos testes  
Sudarium et vestes.*

The third Cleric, who represented Salome, completed the reply, thus:

Christ, my hope, hath risen! He shall go before you into Galilee. *Surrexit Christus, spes mea.  
Præcedet vos in Galilæan.*

The two Chanters [= the 3 Apostles of the Play] answered with this protest of faith:

It behoves us to believe the single testimony of the truthful Mary, rather than the whole wicked host of Jews. *Credendum est magis soli  
Mariæ veraci,  
Quam Judæorum  
Pravæ cohorti.*

Then the whole of the Clergy<sup>1</sup> joined in this acclamation :

We know that Christ hath truly *Scimus Christum surrexisse*  
 risen from the dead. Do thou, O Con- *A mortuis vere :*  
 queror and King, have mercy upon us ! *Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere !*"

After the Matins, comes at dawn, *Lauds*, so called "because it is mainly composed of Psalms of Praise." This is followed at 9 a.m., the hour of Tierce, by *Mass*, in which, after the Antiphon, Prayer, Easter Song, Introit, Collect, Epistle, Gradual, and Alleluia-verse (p. 158—164) have been sung,

"the Church adds to her ordinary chants, a hymn full of enthusiastic admiration for her Risen Jesus. It is called a *Sequence*, because it is a continuation of the *Alleluia*.

Let Christians offer to the Paschal  
 Victim the sacrifice of praise.

The Lamb hath redeemed the sheep :  
 the innocent Jesus hath reconciled sin-  
 ners to his Father.

Death and Life fought against each  
 other, and wondrous was the duel :

The King of Life was put to death ;  
 yet now he lives and reigns.

Tell us, O Mary, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Victima paschali laudes*  
*Immolent christiani.*

*Agnus redemit oves :*  
*Christus innocens Patri*  
*Reconciliavit peccatores.*

*Mors et vita duello*  
*Confixere mirando :*

*Dux vite mortuus*  
*Regnat vivus.*

*Dic nobis, Maria [ &c., as above ].*"

It is clear, then, that the Play was only a better and more realistic performance of part of the Romish Church service. This quasi-acting of Easter Mysteries in church is new to me.<sup>3</sup> It is not done now, Miss Lambert says.

<sup>1</sup> The play gives the first 2 lines to the 3 women, and the last line only to the women and apostles conjoined.

<sup>2</sup> Sequences. "The first, or the '*Victima Paschali*,' is, we believe, by the vast majority of critics accredited to a monk, Notker by name, of the celebrated monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, who flourished in the ninth century, and attained to much renown by his talent for writing sacred poetry. According to some, he is said to have been the first who caused this species of composition to be introduced into the Mass ; and, if we are to believe Durandus, he was encouraged in this by Pope Nicholas the Great (858—867). Others ascribe its introduction to Alcuin, the preceptor of Charlemagne. The '*Victima Paschali*' is also sometimes attributed to Robert, King of the Franks."

p. 224 of "A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church." By Rev. J. O'Brien, A.M. . . 3rd Edition, Revised, New York, 1879. —M. LAMBERT.

<sup>3</sup> I have since seen, in a review of the english Hase's book on Mysteries and Miracle Plays, 1880, that Prof. Ward has noted the fact in his History of the Drama, from the Germans, who've taught us so much.

## GLOSSARY AND INDEX.

MAINLY BY

S. J. HERRTAGE, B.A.

- A (often), 89/915, have  
 Abacuk, 114/1584, Habakkuk  
 Abasse, 107/1376, *vb.* be abashed, fear  
 A-baye, 68/363, *sb.* bay, surrender  
 Abey, 114/1570, obey  
 Abill, 211/1178, *vb.* fit, make fit  
 A-bought, 3/3, *adv.* about; a-bowght, 60/154, around, about  
 Abuse, 209/1111, *vb.* misuse, use improperly  
 Abyll, 58/99, *adj.* fit, becoming  
 Abyron, 60/159, Hebron (?)  
 Advertacyounes, 90/921, warnings, information, knowledge  
 Aferd, 94/1033, *adj.* afraid  
 Afyabyll, 75/548, affable  
 Agayn-sayd, 55/15, *vb.* contradicted, opposed  
 Azen, 128/1935, *prep.* towards  
 Azens, 58/91, towards, *prep.* towards  
 Azens, 115/1606, *prep.* in front of, before  
 Al and Sum, 111/1482, altogether, completely  
 Alapye, 60/158, (?) what country  
 Alne, 82/717, *a.* kind, gentle. Lat. *almus*  
 Alnesse, 116/1642, *sb.* lit.: alms, hence, an act of kindness  
 Alonly, 57/78; 107/1382, *adv.* only; 112/1526, *adv.* only, alone.  
 "Allonely, *Tantummodo, solum solummodo.*" *Cath. Anglicum.*  
 Ambra, 67/339, *sb.* amber  
 A-mons, 76/569, *prep.* amongst  
 Amuke, 141/70, *sb.* friend, Lat. *amicus*  
 A-myttyd, 107/1381, *pp.* admitted, ranked  
 Ananias, p. 35  
 Angell Raphael, p. 107; other angels, p. 10, 51, 53, 205  
 Anima or the Soul, p. 140; her Five Wits, p. 145  
 Anna the Prophetess, p. 19, 261  
 Anosed, 147/224, *pp.* Halliwell says, "acknowledged," but the context seems rather to require hindered, or opposed. Is it *harmes, spoilt*, from the Fr. *nuire*, to hurt (?)  
 A-penyon, 110/1463, *sb.* opinion  
 A-plye, 129/1982, *vb.* apply myself, set myself to  
 Apposed, 147/225, *pp.* questioned, examined. "Examyn, or apposyn, or a-sayyn. *Examino.*" *Prompt. Parv.*  
 A-queyntowns, 77/580, *sb.* acquaintance, intimacy  
 Arend, 59/136, *sb.* errand  
 Arere, 69/407, *vb.* raise  
 Arimathea, Joseph of, p. 172  
 Aspecyall, 98/1137, especial  
 Asprongyn, 100/1173, sprung up, risen  
 Assatt, 114/1589, *sb.* (?) distress, or astate = estate, state  
 Assye, 60/158, Asia  
 At, 194/669, *prep.* of, from  
 A-taunt, 160/608, *adv.* (*à-tant*) so much. "A dronken foole that sparith for no dispence, To drynk ataunt til he slepe at table." *Lydgate, in Halliwell.*  
 A-trey, 92/983, *vb.* Fr. '*attirare*, to allure, intice, inueagle, toll on; *attraiement*, an illuring, inticing, inueagling.'—Cotgrave.  
 Attes, 80/693, at his, at its  
 Aunterous, 27/1415, adventurous

- Avdyean, 55/2, *sb.* audience, hearers  
 Avoydyt, 64/264-5, *vb.* goes out  
 Awansyd, 58/107, *pp.* advanced, promoted  
 A-wantt, A-want, 90/928, *interj.* get out, avaunt  
 Awawns, 116/1642, *vb.* advance, assist  
 Awayll, 104/1309, *vb.* profit, advantage  
 Awe, 171/4, 7, *adj.* all  
 Awete, 97/1111, *vb.* Latin *avete*, hail!  
 A-weyle, 69/404, *vb.* avail, profit  
 Ay-whan, 150/345, *adv.* every-when, at all times, ever  
  
 Babbyd, 87/863, *pp.* smitten, struck  
 Bales, 219/1456, *sb. pl.* griefs, pains  
 Balys, 90/919, *sb.* troubles, misfortunes. A.S. *bealu*  
 Balys, 82/735, *sb.* rod  
 Bamys, 93/1018, balms  
 Baramathye, 102/1260, Arimathea  
 Bayne, 203/950, *adj.* ready, willing.  
 "Beyn or playaunt. *Flexibilis.*"  
*Prompt. Parv.*  
 Be, 101/1223, *prep.* by  
 Be-cum, 95/1052, *pp.* 'where he is be-cum' = what has become of him, where he has gone to  
 Bede-woman, 129/1967, *sb.* a woman bound to pray for another  
 Bedlem, 10/237; 60/159, Bethlehem  
 Be-dred, 3/64, dreaded  
 Beelzebub, 82/725  
 Be-hold, 123/1814, *pp.* beholden, bound  
 Be-holddyn, 80/658, *adj.* obliged, bound in gratitude. The corrupted form *beholding* is very common in the writers of the 17th cent.  
 Belfagour, 82/725, *pr. nn.* Belphagor, a devil  
 Belial, p. 43  
 Belle, 99/1169, *vb.* roar, as deer 'bell'  
 Be-lyve, 122/1801, *adv.* at once, quickly, hastily  
 Bemmys, 90/934, *sb.* trumpets. A.S. *bēme*  
 Benevolens, 1/21, *sb.* good-will, kindness  
 Benyng, 71/442, *adj.* benign  
 Beral, 70/425, *sb.* (?) beryl: as we should say "the pearl of beauty"  
 Berdes, 57/51, *sb.* maidens  
 Berzaby, 60/159, Beersheba  
 Besawnt, 101/1218, *sb.* besant, a golden coin so called from having been first coined at Byzantium, or Constantinople  
 Besene, 27/16, drest, adorn'd  
 Be-shrewe, 156/506, 1 *pr. s.* curse  
 Be-take, 72/465, *vb.* commend, 130/1939, 1 *pr. s.* commit, commend  
 Beth, 112/1528, *pr. pl.* are  
 Bethany, 57/82  
 Betyll browyd, 82/724, *adj.* with overhanging brows. Compare *P. Plowman*, B. v. 190  
 Bey, 143/108, 1 *pr. pl.* buy, pay or suffer for  
 Bey the bargayn, 90/937, 941, pay the penalty, pay the price for  
 Blabyr-lyppyd, 90/927, *adj.* thick-lipped. Cf. *P. Plowman*, B. v. 190: "Blabyr-lyppyd: *broccus, labrosus.*" *Cath. Angl.*  
 Blasse, 90/934, *vb.* wave  
 Blasyd, 83/745, *pp.* on fire, in flames  
 Ble, 57/68; 129/1977, *sb.* countenance, complexion, colour. A.S. *bleo*  
 Bleryd is ower eye, 92/985, a phrase signifying, "we have been deceived or mocked." The expression is common: see, for instance, *Sir Ferumbras*, ed. Herrtage, 391; *Romaunt of the Rose*, 3912, &c.  
 Blomefylde, Myles, poet, p. 27, 41  
 Blysch, 88/885; 97/1117, *sb.* bliss, joy  
 Blyssynd, 125/1859, *sb.* blessing  
 Bome, 84/780, 1 *pr. s.* bum, am confused with a noise in my head and ears; 'bombon as been (bummyn or bumbyn) Bombizo.' *Pr. Parv.* 'To homme as a fly doth, or husse, *bruire*'. Palsgrave, *ib.*  
 Bone, 117/1668, *sb.* prayer. O. Icel. *bon*  
 Bord, 79/630, *sb.* table

- Bornyd, 71/443, *adj.* (?) burnished  
 Borons, 56/50, *sb.* barons  
 Bote, 90/919, *sb.* cure, healer  
 Botell (truss) of haye, 30/85  
 Bovnteest, 91/952, most bountiful  
 Bowth, 127/1925, *pp.* bought, redeemed  
 Brace, 177/179, *vb.* embrace, clasp  
 Brayd, 99/1148, *sb.* haste, hurry  
 Breelles, 90/927, *sb.* worthless rascals. "Breyel, *Brollus, brolla, miserculus.*" *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Bren, 146/196, *sb.* brows  
 Brentt, 116/1629, *pp.* been burnt  
 Brochit, 197/782, 1 *pt. s.* tapped, opened, broached. "Brochyn, or settyn a vesselle broche (abroche), *attamino, clipsidro.*" *Prompt. Parv.* : brochit, *pt. s.* 197/783  
 Bronde, 3/64, *sb.* sword  
 Brystyt, 86/822, *vb.* bursts  
 Burde, 212/1215, *sb.* board, table  
 By, 2/37, *prep. by hym*, by his way  
 Byggyd, 130/2024, *pp.* settled, placed  
 Byn, 56/50, *vb.*; 70/420, *vb.* be; 112/1533, *pr. pl.* be, are  
 Caiphas, p. 28, 42  
 Cardyakylles, 106/1363, *sb.* a pain of the heart. "A cardiakylle or cardiake : *cardia, cardiaica.*" *Cath. Angl.*  
 Carefull, 94/1034; 121/1768, *adj.* anxious, full of care, sad  
 Castell, 87/845, *sb.* village  
 Cawth, 61/191, *pp.* caught  
 Cayftyff, 79/631, *sb.* wretch  
 Cayseres, 90/936, *sb.* Emperors, Cæsars  
 Caystyys, 57/58, *sb.* (?) caitiffs, wretches  
 Ceile, 174/72, *sb.* happiness. "It turned him to *sele.*" *Cursor Mundi*, 4432, A.S. *sæl*.  
 Chalngyngd, 105/1318, *vb.* claim. "To chalange; *vindicare.*" *Cath. Angl.*  
 Chana, 205/999, Cana  
 Chapetelet, 140/16, *sb.* chaplet  
 Cheveler, 139/1, *sb.* a wig  
 Children, the *Killing of the*, p. 1, 13  
 Choppe, 160/641, 1 *pr. s.* bargain, barter. A.S. *ceapian*  
 Christ, his 7 Names, 132/2044  
 — or Wisdom, a Morality of, p. 137  
 Chyldyurn, 87/851, *sb.* children  
 Chyr, 56/48, *sb.* cheer  
 Chyr, 77/575, *vb.* cheer, please  
 Clary, 67/342; 72/477, *sb.* a kind of sweet wine  
 Cleffys, 57/55, *sb.* (?) cliffs  
 Clennesse, 191/589, *sb.* purity of life. "A clennes. *Honestas, mundicia, puritas, sinceritas.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*  
 Cler, 113/15623, *sb.* clerk, Lat. *clerus*  
 Cleyff, 120/1741, *sb.* cliffs (?)  
 Clower, 65/294, *sb.* clover  
 Clumme, 157/522, *adj.* lit. benumbed, hence, rendered useless. Compare "Clumsyd, *eneruatus evaratus,*" *Cathol. Anglicum*, and Cotgrave "*Entombi*, stoned, benumbed, clumpse, asleep."  
 Clyvytt, 93/1000, *clave*, split  
 Cogysshon, 57/76, *sb.* knowledge  
 Comic scenes, p. 30, 99, 108  
 Compylyd, 85/806, *pp.* written as in a book  
 Conctypotent, 49/596, all-powerful  
 Connownt, 123/1803, *sb.* covenant, sum bargained for  
 Conregent, p. 166, at foot : (?)  
 Contraly, 90/940, contrarily  
*Conversion of St. Paul*, p. 27  
 Coroscant, 91/953, *adj.* shining, bright. Lat. *coruscantem*  
 Coryosyte, 74/511, smartness, finery; a dandy, 75/550  
 Coryous, 189/581, *adj.* curious, strange  
 Costodyer, 51/628, custodian, guard  
 Covnnyng, 85/806, *sb.* science, knowledge  
 Cowff, 101/1224, *vb.* cough  
 Crabbysh, 30/91, uncivil, rude  
 Cressyn, 111/1512, *vb.* increase, multiply  
 Cunnyng, 1/24, skill, science  
 Cyrus, Lazarus's father, p. 56, 64  
 Dandy Curiosity, in a play, p. 73, 74  
 Daysyys Iee, 74/515, daisy  
 Deadly Sins, the Seven, p. 75  
 Debonarius, 71/444, *adj.* courteous

- Dectours, 79/650, *sb.* debtors  
 Dedenynglye, 216/1352, *adv.* undeservedly, unworthily  
 Dee, 212/1229, *vb.* die  
 Defame, 132/2035, *sb.* villainy  
 Defye, 156/511, 1 *pr. s.* despise. "To defye: *despicere*." *Cathol. Anglicum*.  
 Delacion, 49/588, *delay*  
 Delectary, 83/751, *delightful*  
 Delycyte, 91/946; 132/2039, *deliciousness, delightfulness*  
 Demene, 114/1582, *rule, manage*  
 Dempthe, 80/662, *deemd, judgd*  
 Dent, 64/272, *sb.* stroke  
 Departe, 58/102, *vb.*; 115/1613, *imp. s.* share  
 Derevorthy, 125/1852, *adj.* precious, dear. A.S. *deorwyrðe*  
 Dessettes, 58/104, *sb.* distress  
 Desyern, 82/721, *vb.* desire, pray  
 Deuely, 150/324, *adj.* deuilish, resembling a devil  
 Deversarye, 83/754, *adj.* diverse  
 Devils, 8 beaten, p. 82; see p. 53  
 Devyrs, 86/832, *sb.* duty  
 Dewresse, 65/281, *sb.* hardship.  
 Diete, 204/961, *pt. s.* died  
 Discent, 1/3, *sb.* descent  
 Disperbilit, 214/1301, *pp.* scattered abroad. "Sparpe here and there, *segrego, spargo*." Huloet. "Disparplyn. *Dissipo, dispergo*." *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Docctor, 88/877, *sb.* daughter  
 Dog Latin, 100/1187  
 Dolar, 95/1058; Dolour, 95/1056, *sb.* grief  
 Don, 63/227, *pp.* done  
 Done, 206/1043, *pp.* placed, put. "To do on Crosse. *Crucifigere*." *Cath. Anglicum*.  
 Doole, 176/138, *sb.* sorrow, grief. O.Fr. *doel*  
 Doth, 56/42, *sb.* doubt  
 Dovctors, 57/68, *sb.* daughters  
 Dowt, 60/156, *sb.* fear  
 Dowt, 216/1371, *imp. s.* fear  
 Dowth, 103/1279, *doubt*  
 Dree, 180/259, *vb.* suffer, endure. A.S. *dreogan*  
 Drench, 121/1747, *subj.* drown  
 Drye, 911/1043, *vb.* suffer. A.S. *dreogan*  
 Drynchyn, 83/754, *pp.* drowned, overwhelmed  
 Dya, 67/339, *sb.* Dyachylon (?)  
 Dylf, 76/563-4, *sb.* devils  
 Dylfe, 61/187, *sb.* devil  
 Dylle, a Devil, p. 91  
 Dyscus, 113/1562, *imp. s.* show abroad, spread, prove  
 Dysmay, 94/1035, *am* troubled, dismayd  
 Dysses, 57/80, *sb.* decease  
 Dyssese, 95/1056, *sb.* pain, grief  
 Dyssever, 56/27, *vb.* separate, pick out  
 Dysspyttyd, 93/999, *did* despite to  
 Dysyer, 74/513, *desire*  
 Eclippid, 183/356, *pp.* eclipsed  
 Ee, 209/1134, *sb.*; 212/1228, *eye*  
 Egall, 55/6, *adj.* equal  
 Ekes, 176/138, *pr. s.* increases. A.S. *ecan*  
 Emende, 1/23, *vb.* amend, correct  
 Emme, 100/1172, *sb.* uncle. A.S. *eam*  
 En-abyte, 80/683, *vb.* dress, array  
 Enhanse, 58/111, *vb.* raise, advance; 'enhansyd,' 132/2056  
 Enrytawns, 133/2075, *sb.* inheritance  
 Ensalue, 202/916, *vb.* embalm  
 Entone, 221/1498, *vb.* intone, sing  
 Erber, 76, *sb.* garden  
 Ermonye, 226/1620, *sb.* harmony, melody  
 Ewyr, 83/774, *adv.* ever  
 Exsport, 72/458, *vb.* expel, drive out  
 Eylytt, 113/1545, *ails, troubles*  
 Fakown, 90/942, *sb.* falcon  
 Fantasticall, 222/1545, *adj.* fanciful, "fancy-bred"  
 Fathyrod, 89/904, *sb.* Fatherhood  
 Favorows, 90/942, 91/9481, *adj.* well-favoured, handsome  
 Faworus, 80/673, *desirous*  
 Faytors, 60/145, *sb.* wretches, rascals  
 Fectually, 79/643, *adv.* in truth  
 Fegetyff, 66/318, *adj.* fugitive, slippery  
 Felishipe, 202/924, *sb.* company. "A Felischippe. *Consortium*,



- societas, et cetera*: vbi a company." *Cathol. Anglicum*.  
 Fell, 172/18, *adj.* cruel, furious  
 Felle, 75/535, *vb.* fell  
 Felle, 115/1615, *adj.* many. A.S. *feol*  
 Femynyte, 57/71, *sb.* the good qualities of a woman  
 Fles, 106/1351, *sb.* fleece  
 Flyth, 111/1507, *vb.* flight  
 Fode, 90/942, *sb.* lit. woman, hence wife. Fodys, 91/948, *pl.*  
 Fon, 221/1500, *pp.* found  
 For, 2/44, *prep.* in spite of  
 For, 60/141, *prep.* to prevent  
 For-gon, 129/1974, *pp.* lost  
 Forse, 160/608, *pr. pl.* make or think of importance, regard  
 For-thy, 215/1317, *conj.* therefore  
 Founyd, 152/393, *adj.* foolish  
 Frangabyll, 66/320, brittle  
 Fray, 2/39, *vb.* storm, rage  
 Fray, 91/968, *sb.* fear, terror  
 Freell, 88/888, *adj.* frail, sinful, weak [persons]  
 Freellesse, 145/200, *sb.* frailty, weakness  
 Frelty, 215/1316, *sb.* frailty, weakness  
 Fresse, 90/942, *adj.* fresh, fair  
 Frest, 91/971, *adv.* at first, before  
 Frett, 112/1529, *vb.* grieve, pain, torture, tear to pieces  
 Fretth, 84/786, *sb.* fretting, grief  
 Fryst, 103/1272, *adv.* first  
 Fulfyllyd, 57/74, *vb.* filled  
 Galonga, 67/339, *sb.* (?) galingale  
 Garlement, 27/16, ornament  
 Garre, 202/901, *vb.* cause. "To gar. *Compescere, cogere, et cetera*." *Cathol. Anglicum*.  
 a Gentleman's servant, 30/90  
 Govele, 160/604, *sb.* usury. "Gowle or vsury. *Usura, fenus*." *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Gramercy, 185/410, *sb.* great thanks, gratitude. *Fr. grand merci*  
 Grates, 146/190, *sb. pl.* than'ks, gratitude  
 Gravid, 200/853, *pp.* buried. "To Graue: *vbi.* to Bery." *Cathol. Anglicum*.  
 Gravnt, 123/1805, agreement; 125/1873, desire, pleasure (?)  
 Grawous, 65/293, *adj.* grievous, heavy  
 Grobbe, a ship's boy, 107, 125; 119/1717  
 Grogly, 75/549, *a.* (?) ugly  
 Grom, 73/489, *sb.* person, man  
 Grome, 72/478, *sb.* ? name of a place  
 Gromys, 75/549, *sb.* men, persons  
 Gronddar, 66/326, *sb.* foundation  
 Grooth, 56/38, *vb.* (?) grow, or 'grooch', grumble, murmur  
 Growell, 99/1155, *sb.* gruel  
 Grudge, 3/70, *vb.* grumble, murmur  
 Gyddyn, 129/1982, *vb.* guide, govern  
 Gyl dyr, 72/478, *sb.* guelder  
 Gyn, 90/934, *vb.* begin  
 Gynnyt, 126/1897, *pr. s.* begins  
 Gyntely, 140/16, *adv.* finely, grandly  
 Hals, 83/745, *sb.* neck. A.S. *heals*  
 Halse, 67/347, *vb.* embrace  
 Halsyd, 131/2031, *pp.* 141/44, saluted, greeted, welcomed  
 Hape, 192/628, *sb.* happiness, good  
 Harbarow, 107/1393, *sb.* shelter, refuge  
 Harlettes, 59/127; Harlottes, 56/27, *sb.* low wretches, villains  
 Harrow, 91/963, *interj.* the old Norman exclamation calling for assistance  
 Havns, 130/2007, *vb.* raise, carry up (*see* 'in-hansyd,' 'enhans')  
 Hawkyn, Acolyte of the priest of Maryll, 99/1143  
 Haylsinge, 196/744, *sb.* salutation, greeting  
 Hayr, 144/159, *sb.* heir  
 Heggess, 101/1198, *sb.* hedges  
 Hele, 122/1790, *sb.* safety  
 Helefull, 142/89, *adj.* wholesome  
 Hell harrowd, p. 91  
 Her, 80/669, *sb.* hair  
 Here, 98/1124, *pron.* their  
 Herod, King, p. 3, &c.; his death, p. 16; p. 59, 103  
 Herod's Philosopher, p. 60  
 Herrowe, 150/325, *int.* haro! a cry for help  
 Hestes, 57/52, *sb.* behests, commands

- Hight, 150/334, 1 *pr. s.* am named  
 Ho, 93/1015, *pron.* who  
 Hof! 73/491, ho!  
 Holborn Quest, the, 165/773, p. 163  
 Holy Ghost, the, p. 38  
 Holy Land, p. 119  
 Home, 101/1226, *vb.* hum  
 Hort, 91/965, *pl. pl.* (?) hurt  
 Hossell, 133/2081, *vb.* administer  
 the holy communion to. A.S.  
*huslian*, 134/2087  
 Hosteler, p. 30, ostler  
 Houkkyn, 99/1160, *vb.* toy, copulate  
 Hurde, 159/584, *vb.* hoard  
 Hye, 209/1132, *sb.* haste  
 Hyr, 112/1524, *pron.* their  
 Hyrrre, 68/377, *pron.* her  
 Hyth, 123/1822, *pp.* named, called.  
 A.S. *hatan*
- Idols burnt at Marcyll, p. 113  
 a Jew, p. 88  
 Ilejang, 73/505, *adj.* elegant  
 Illumynows, 78/623, light-giving  
 In-devre, 64/292, *vb.* endure  
 Indeyn, 195/730, *adv.* unworthily,  
 undeservedly. Lat. *indigne*  
 Inffvent, 97/1096, inflowing  
 Inhansyd, 131/2023, raised up  
 Innumerabyll, 97/1100, impossible  
 Inspeccyon, 124/1851, inspection  
 Intere, 221/1501, *adj.* earnest,  
 hearty  
 Interlye, 198/828, *adv.* heartily,  
 earnestly. "Enteyrly. *Intime.*"  
*Cathol. Anglicum.* "He praythe  
 the enterly." *Gesta Romanorum*,  
 p. 171.  
 Invre, 134/2102, *adj.* practised  
 Irke, 213/1252, *vb.* to be grieved or  
 weary. "To Irke. *Fastidire*,  
*tedere*, *pigere.*" *Cathol. An-*  
*glicum.*  
 I-wise, 203/937, *adv.* assuredly,  
 certainly. A.S. *gewis*  
 Ielopher, 106/1363, *sb.* gillyflower  
 Jesus prophesies his sufferings and  
 death, 87; raises Lazarus, 89;  
 appears to the Maries after his  
 resurrection, 95. See p. 54, 219,  
 222  
 Iorourry, 161/939, *sb.* (?) swearing,  
 or jurying, serving on juries (to  
 give false verdicts)
- Joseph, Christ's reputed father, p.  
 10, 17  
 Joseph of Arimathea, p. 172  
 Judeon, 106/1351, Gideon
- Kelle, 74/520, *sb.* (?) prostitute :  
 compare 'collet'  
 Kente, 177/156, *pp.* known  
 Kepe, 120/1728, *sb.* care, thought  
 Kepit, 181/286, *pp.* cared, thought  
 Kertelys, 145/164, *sb. pl.* kirtles,  
 gowns  
 Keyle, 174/76, *vb.* cool, assuage.  
 A.S. *celan*  
 Kings of the Flesh, the World and  
 the Devils, p. 66  
 Knett, 57/58, *vb.* knit, involve  
 Knett, 57/77, *pl. s.* joined, united  
 Knette, 146/196, 1 *pr. s.* knit,  
 crinkle, my brows  
 Knowledge, 87/868, *vb.* acquaint,  
 tell  
 Kyd, 63/230, *pp.* known
- Laberyd, 123/1823, *pp.* workt,  
 caused to go or wander (labour)  
 Lace, 159/580, *vb.* entangle, in-  
 volve  
 Lad, 56/43, *sb.* common men  
 Lak, 145/165, *imp. pl.* blame  
 Langbaynnes, 61/190, *sb.* (?) long-  
 bones  
 Lase, 73/497, *sb.* binding, ornament  
 Lasyd, 140/16, *pp.* laced, fastened  
 Lave, 125/1857, *sb.* law  
 Lawly, 226/1616, *adv.* lowly, hum-  
 bly  
 Lazarus, his Death and Raising,  
 p. 53, 54  
 Lechery, a character, p. 71  
 Led, 93/1015, *sb.* lid, cover  
 Lef, 201/873, *vb.* live  
 Lem, 55/13, *sb.* limb  
 Lere, 74/527, *vb.* teach  
 Lesinge, 222/1546, *sb.* lie. A.S.  
*leasung*  
 Letificacion, 2/26, joy, rejoicing  
 Lewyn, 132/2043, *sb.* lightning  
 Locucion . . . speech  
 Lordeynnes, 61/189; 83/741, *sb.*  
 wretches, rascals. "A lurdane,  
*vbi.* a thefe." *Cath. Anglicum.*  
 See Loselles.  
 Lore, 150/326, 1 *pr. s.* am lost

- Loselles, 61/190, *sb.* lazy, rascally fellows. "Lorel, or losel, or ludene (lordayne S. lurdeyn P.). *Lurco*." *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Loue, 226/1616, *vb.* praise, worship  
 Lowt, 226/1616, *vb.* bow to, worship  
 Lowte, 56/43; 90/926, *vb.* bow  
 Lucense, 82/715, *sb.* light  
 Lucifer, p. 179  
 Lure, 216/1337, *sb.* decoy, trap, the Cross  
 Lyfeloll, 58/87, *sb.* livelihood  
 Lyly, 103/1265, likely  
 Lynne, 76/558, *vb.* cease [to lead]  
 Lyth, 84/768, 774, *sb.* light  
 Lytturall, 52/658, of letters, of literature  
 Lytynnyd, 92/975, *pp.* lightened, emptied  
 Lyve, 58/91, *vb.* live  
 Mahondes, 60/142, *sb.* Mahound, Mahomet  
 Malesse, 172/20, *sb.* malice  
 Malyng, 70/434, Malyngny, 70/428, *adj.* evil, malign  
 Mament, 113/1554, *sb.* idol  
 Mancyon, 110/1461, stay, dwelling  
 Marcyll, the King and Queen of, Idols of, p. 54  
 Mare, 189/510, 2 *pr. pl.* destroy, upset. A.S. *merran*  
 Margaretton, 67/339, *sb.* pearls  
 Margente, 180/273, *sb.* margin, vacant space  
 Maries, the three at the tomb of Jesus, 93; Jesus appears to them, 95  
 Marre, 56/39, *vb.* destroy  
 Marry, 61/192, *pp.* destroyed  
 Martes, 64/257, (?) Mars  
 Martha, p. 58, 65, 83, 86, 88  
 Mary, Christ's reputed Mother, p. 11, 17, 186  
*Mary Magdalene*, a Play in 2 Parts, p. 53  
 Mary Salome, p. 93, 97, 173  
 Mary the mother of James, p. 92, 97, 173  
 Mase, 159/581, *pr. s.* makes, causes  
 Mawt, 72/476, *sb.* (?) Malta  
 May, 170/416, *sb.* maid  
 Mell, 93/1003, strife, trouble  
 Mellefluus, 85/794, mellifluous  
 Memoryall, 98/1134, memory, remembrance  
 Mene, 160/620, *sb.* a contralto, or counter-tenor voice  
 Menyver, 140/16, *sb.* fur of the ermine mixed with that of the weasel  
 Mercury, another Devil, p. 44  
 Merrorys, 57/73, *sb.* (?) shinings, graces, beauties  
 Messenger, p. 59, 62, 63  
 Mesure, 114/1582, moderation  
 Metyest, 53/3, *adj.* most meet, fitting  
 Meyn, 180/255, *sb.* means, way  
 Midland Dialect, p. 53, 170  
 Mind, a character, and her 6 Retainers, p. 138  
 Mo, 57/80, *adj.* my  
 Mold, 123/1812, *sb.* earth  
 Monument, 89/894, *sb.* tomb, sepulchre  
 Monymnt, 204/964, *sb.* tomb, grave  
*A Morality of Wisdom or Christ*, p. 137  
 Morell, 99/1155, (?) a man's name  
 Moryd, 97/1099, *pp.* rooted, firmly fixed  
 Mosed, 151/348, *pp.* mased, bewitched  
 Mot, 215/1329, *sb.* a spot, fault  
 Moteryng, 59/128, *sb.* muttering, grumbling  
 Mown, 69/392, *vb.* may, can  
*Mundus*, King of the World, p. 66, 76  
 Mynnate, 189/518, *sb.* minute  
 Mynstrelly, 98/1141, minstrelsy  
 Myscheffe, 173/61, *sb.* misfortune  
 Nemyows, 87/857, *adj.* exceeding  
 Nevyn, 66/315, *vb.* mention, declare  
 Nicodemus, p. 184  
 Noe, 106/1351, Noah  
 Non, *passim*, none, no one  
 Northumbrian and Midland dialects, p. 170  
 Noyose, 193/650, *adj.* hurtful, harmful  
 Noyttment, 79/640-1, ointment  
 Nymyos, 97/1112, *adj.* exceeding.  
 Lat. *nimum*

- Nysete, 162/653, *sb.* folly, foolishness
- Oble, 131/2019, *sb.* a kind of wafer-cake, sweetened with honey. It was the usual name for the consecrated wafer in the Mass
- On, 82/718, *a.* one
- On-clypsyd, 106/1349, *adj.* uneclipsed
- Oncuryd, 84/769, *pp.* uncovered, taken away the covering of
- On-quarte, 84/779, *adj.* unheated, dismayd, troubled, in pain
- Onymentes, 80/668, *sb.* ointments
- Oppresse, 135/2111, (?) suffer, be cast away
- Opteyn, 61/182, *vb.* hold a place, prevail
- Ore, 56/38, *conj.* or
- Os, as, p. 170
- Quer-awe, 193/653, *adv.* = *overal*, everywhere. "*Overalle: passim, ubicunque, est genus loquendi ubique.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*
- Ough, 146/190, 1 *pr. s.* owe
- Owyt, 80/660, *pt. s.* owed
- Pacyfycal, 114/1593, peaceable
- Pageant-waggon, its 2 stages, p. 130, 135
- Pakke, 99/1154, *sb.* pack
- Panne, 83/738, *sb.* (?) pan (of pitch)
- Parfre, John, p. 24
- Passyve, 204/962, *adj.* suffering
- Paul, the Conversion of, p. 27
- Pay, 91/960, *sb.* pleasure, pleasing
- Peneawnt, 73/496, *adj.* hanging, loose
- Perhennuall, 79/637, perennial, constant
- Perplyxcyon, 130/1986
- Perswade, 129/1977, take away(?)
- Pertely, 62/206, *adv.* openly, publicly
- Pese, 75/535, *sb.* cup
- Pesyn, 189/533, *sb.* poison
- Phy, 95/1068, *vb.* (?) fie, trust
- Pilate, p. 63, 87
- Pitture, 151/350, *vb.* picture, image
- Players, names of the, p. 23, 26, 54, 138, 170
- Plējaevns, 104/1304, *sb.* pleasure
- the Poet who speaks the Prologue and Epilogue, p. 1, 22, 26
- Ponderite, 179/217, *pt. s.* (?) weighed pondered
- Porchase, 55/22, *vb.* obtain, gain
- Porchasyd, 81/689, *pp.* obtained, gained
- Porvyowns, 77/582, *sb.* providing
- Poste, 113/1559, *sb.* power
- Potyt, 72/458, *vb.* put; 78/606, (?) strive
- Povnse Pylat, 87/862, Pontius Pilate
- Pregedyse, 63/234, *sb.* violence
- Preors, 98/1137, *sb.* prayers
- Pretende, 96/1076; 133/2073, *vb.* go before, proceed
- Priest, a heathen, p. 99, 113
- Prommyssary, 63/237, *sb.* deputy
- Provost, in a play, p. 59, 104
- Provostycacyon, 60/163, *sb.* regency, vice-gerency
- Pryse, 70/417, *sb.* prize: *beryf þe pryse*, bere þe pryse, 72/472, take first place
- Pver, 125/1859, *adj.* pure
- Purfyled, 140/16, *adj.* trimmed, edged or embroidered
- Purpete, 81/710, *sb.* (?) special care, or pure pity
- Pynsynesse, 78/606, *sb.* pensiveness
- Pyrked, 68/358, *adj.* proud, elated. See Halliwell, s. v. *Perk.*
- Pystull, 104/1313, *sb.* epistle, letter
- Quell, 99/1168, *vb.* kill. A.S. *cwellan*
- Quesson, 80/662, *sb.* question
- Qwat, 102/1249, what
- Rage, 105/1331, *sb.* haste, hurry
- Ragnell and roffyn, 101/1200
- Raphael the Angel bids many go and convert the land of Marcyll, p. 107
- Readers of an acted Play, 136/2143, p. 170
- Rebon, 110/1465, *sb.* (?) rebound, answer, insolence
- Recure, 66/311; 79/6251; 211/1202, *vb.* recover, redeem
- Reddure, 114/1580, *sb.* violence
- Rede, 122/1793, *sb.* guide, counsellor

- Rede, 115/1616, 1 *pr. s.* advise  
 Refreyne, 97/1116, *vb.* (?) restrain themselves  
 Releff, 56/41, *vb.* free (from harm or responsibility)  
 Rem, 59/114; Reme, 59/125, *sb.* realm  
 Reporte, 176/133, 1 *pr. s.* urge, argue, declare  
 Reportur, 133/2084, *sb.* report  
 Reprefe, 56/40, *sb.* punishment  
 Rese, 61/180, *vb.* rise  
 Resowndable, 89/904, able to be heard  
 Restoratyf, 79/651, *sb.* restoration, repayment  
 Resun, 93/1024, *pp.* risen  
 Reynd, 96/1083, pull, pluck  
 Rofe, 91/970, *vb.* were riven, split  
 Rome, the Emperor of, p. 55, 59, 104  
 Rownd, 73/495, *vb.* whisper, chat  
 Rud, 206/1030, *sb.* rood, cross  
 Rvfull, 93/1020, *adj.* rueful, sad  
 Ruthe, 149/316, *sb.* pity  
 Ryte, 59/130; Ryth, 59/126, *sb.* right  
 Rythewys, 88/889, *adj.* righteous  
 Ryve, 145/175, *vb.* rive, destroy
- s, 2 & 3 *sing.* in, p. 170  
 Sadd, 215/1328, *adj.* weighty, of weight. "Sadde. *Solidus, firmus.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*  
 St. Andrew, p. 213  
 St. John, p. 94, 187; and St. Peter, p. 94, 123, 209  
 Sakor, 133/2068, 1 *pr. s.* consecrate  
 Satan, Prince of the Devils, p. 66, 68, 76  
 Saul, after Paul, p. 27, 33, 46  
 Save, 132/2051, 1 *pt. s.* saw, have seen  
 Sawen, 87/852, *vb.* save  
 Seduct, 82/716, *pp.* seduced, led away  
 Segnyte, 195/723, 2 *pt. pl.* assigned, committed  
 Sembled, 69/403, *pp.* met, assembled  
 Semle, 63/240, *adj.* seemly, handsome  
 Sensuality, a character, p. 80
- Sentelles, 104/1311, 1315, (?for) sentence, intelligence  
 Sepoltur, 87/844, sepulchre, tomb  
 Serybyl or Serybb, p. 55  
 Sese, 118/1688; 128/1958, endow, put in possession, give seisin  
 Seth, 143/122, *sb.* a full seth = full aseth, full satisfaction  
 Sette, 97/1104, *sb.* city  
 Seyld, 99/929, *adv.* seldom  
 Shep, 106/1351, *sb.* ship  
 Sheppyng, 107/1392, *sb.* ship  
 Shewyng, 116/1621, vision  
 Shipman or Captain in a play, p. 54  
 Sho, she, p. 170  
 Shower, 86/822, *sb.* struggle, pain  
 Shuyd, 58/86, *pp.* showed  
 Simeon the priest, p. 16  
 Simon the Leper, p. 77  
 Skreptour, 61/171; Skryptour, 61/179, *sb.* Scripture  
 Soferous, 87/864, *sb.* suffering  
 Sokor, 65/286, *sb.* succour, help  
 Soleyne, 159/579, *adj.* (?) alone, singular, unique  
 Sond, 62/214, *sb.* message. "Sond or sendyng. *Missio.*" *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Sond, 111/1504, *sb.* word, order  
 Sond, 109/1439, *sb.* land, shore  
 Sops in wine, 75/536  
 Sote, 1/13; 90/1071, *adj.* sweet  
 Sottes, 62/203, *sb.* fools  
 Sowket, 192/625, *pt. s.* sucked  
 Sowth, 83/743-4, *sb.* (?) sawt = assault, attack  
 Sowth, 66/307, *pp.* sought  
 Spece, 132/2060, *sb.* speech, words  
 Spece, 96/1072, *sb.* (?) view, from Lat. *aspicio* (?)  
 Speceows, 78/628, special, particular  
 Spyll, 146/215, *vb.* be ruined, fail  
 Spynys, 131/2024, *sb. pl.* thorns, thickets  
 Stableman or Ostler, p. 30  
 Stanzas, two plays in 8-line, p. 1, 137; a play in 7-line, p. 25; a play mainly in 8-line, p. 171: see too, p. 53, at foot.  
 Starte, 218/1417, *sb.* time. "Styrt, or lytyl whyle (lytyl qwyly, A.). *Momentum.*" *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Steryng, 144/153, *sb.* stirring, incitement

- Stey, 96/1077, *vb.* ascend  
 Steyyd, 105/1341, *vb.* ascended  
 Stoonddes, 93/1018, *sb.* moment, time. A.S. *stund*  
 Streynness, 58/97, *sb.* hardship  
 Strongk, 93/1002, *adj.* strong, violent  
 Strytt, 70/426, *adj.* straight  
 Styffe, 130/1997, *vb.* (?) stryffe = strive  
 Stytle, 116/1637, *sb.* steel. A.S. *style*  
 Stynte, 212/1240, 1 *pr. s.* stop, cease  
 Styntt, 123/1807, *sb.* allowance, bargain, agreement  
 Subjectary, 83/752, subject, thrall  
 Subjugal, 55/7, *adj.* subject  
 Sudare, 95/1049, *sb.* napkin, kerchief. It occurs in exactly the same meaning in Wyclif's version of John xx. 7  
 Sue, 75/532, *vb.* follow  
 Spiratione, 173/64, *sb.* sighing. Lat. *aspirationem*  
 Suthe, 188/500, *adv.* truly, with truth  
 Swertt, 84/780, *adj.* black  
 Syest, 95/1061, sighest  
 Syn, 86/830, *conj.* since  
 Synamver, 106/1361, *sb.* (?) Fr. 'Cinnabre: m. Cynoper, Vermillion, Sanguinarie. . . a soft red and heauie stone found in Mines.' Cotgrave.  
 Syppresse, 139/1978, *sb.* Fr. 'Cypere: m. Cyperus, or Cypresse, Galingale (a kind of reed).—Cotgrave. A sweet herb, a sweet person  
 Syrus, Lazarus's father, p. 56, 64  
 Syyn, 129/1973, *vb.* sigh  
 Syying, 57/63, sighing  
 Tapyrnakyll, 106/1352, *sb.* tabernacle, vessel  
 Tasppysster, 73/495, *sb.* barmaid  
 Taverner, in a Play, p. 72  
 Tawth, 102/1259, taught  
 Tayve, 172/38, *adj.* (?) decaying  
 Tene, 71/438, *vb.* injure, annoy  
 —th constantly used for —ght, as *lyth*, light, *nyth*, night, *myth*, might, &c.  
 Thar, 139/1437, *impers. vb.* need. A.S. *þearf*  
 Pen, 82/732, *pron.* that  
 Therkenesse, 81/689, *vb.* darkness. "Therkenesse or derkenesse. *Tenebre, Caligo.*" *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Tholit, 181/276, *pp.* suffered, endured. A.S. *þolian*  
 Thrall, 175/108, *adj.* miserable, mean  
 Threst, 115/1614, *sb.* thirst  
 Thruste, 179/215, *sb.* thirst, desire  
 Thrustide, 179/214, *pt. s.* thirsted for. A.S. *þyrstan*  
 Thrustye, 178/210, *adj.* thirsty. A.S. *þurstig, þrystig*  
 Thryst, 73/492, *sb.* thirst  
 Thyrlite, 180/268, *pp.* pierced. A.S. *þyrlian*, Eng. *drill*  
 Tiberius Cæsar, p. 55, 59  
 Tidiose, 208/1079, *adj.* anxious, impatient  
 Till, to, with the infinitive, p. 170  
 To-brost, 91/966, *pp.* broken to pieces  
 Ton, 197/783, *sb.* tun, vessel  
 Toukkyng, 91/969, *sb.* touching, touch  
 Treyte, 171/3, *sb.* treatise, little piece  
 Tripident, 2, *stage direction*, let them dance  
 Trossyd, 89/910-11 *adj.* bound, wrapped  
 Trott, 76/555, *vb.* (?) shake  
 Trotte, 71/438, *vb.* hasten, hurry off  
 Tyr, 60/158, Tyre  
 Understanding, a character, and her 6 Jurors, p. 138  
 Veruens, 96/1093, *sb.* fervency  
 Very, 3/76, *adj.* true, real  
 Virginite, 191/589, *sb.* chastity, purity of life. Often applied, as here, to males as well as females  
 Vysered, 165/726, *adj.* wearing a visor or mask  
 Vysers, 166/754, *sb. pl.* visors, masks  
 Wall, 124/1848, *vb.* (?) dwell  
 Wardly, 152/405, *adv.* carefully

- Waryacyon, 123/1815, *sb.* variation, or (?) opposition  
 Waryovns, 130/2005, *sb.* variance, disagreement  
 Watkyn, a Messenger, p. 4, 6, &c.  
 Wawys, 89/829, *sb.* waves  
 Weepers in black at a burying, 86/835-7  
 Went, 68/376, *pp.* gone  
 Wentt, 96/1079; 116/1629, *vb.* thought, weened  
 Werely, 80/675; 122/1791, *adv.* verily, assuredly  
 Weryauns, 58/92, *sb.* variance, change  
 Weryfyyt, 61/178, *vb.* verifies, confirms  
 Weryous, 56/36, *adj.* troublesome  
 Wete, 95/1059; 123/1817, *vb.* know  
 Wetty, 102/1250, *adj.* learned  
 Whan, 150/346, *adv.* ay whan = every when, ever, always  
 Whanhope, 81/694, *sb.* despair  
 Whantite, 192/621, *sb.* quantity  
 Whatt-so-mewer, 102/1235, what-soever, whatever: the pronunciation *whatsunever* is not uncommon amongst the lower classes  
 Wher, 68/368; 104/1288, *vb.* were  
 Whit, 199/850, *vb.* requite, repay  
 Whytly, 68/376, *adv.*; wygth, 68/227, quickly, speedily  
 Will, a character, p. 138; her 6  
 Women or Retainers, p. 161-7  
 Wisdom or Christ, a Morality of, p. 137  
 Wod, 2/39, *adj.* mad, furious  
 Wolunte, 55/3, *sb.* will  
 Wonddyn, 55/23, *adj.* enveloped, wrapped, and so, protected  
 Wonde, 115/1609, turn, refuse  
 Woo, 66/311, *pron.* who  
 Word, 56/31, *sb.* world  
 Wordely, 141/51, *adj.* worldly, earthly  
 Wos, *pron.* whose  
 Woydyt, 115/1618, *pr. s.* goes out  
 Wrake, 68/380, *sb.* harm, injury  
 Wreche, 72/469, *sb.* harm  
 Wrowth, 79/631, *pp.* wrought, done  
 Wry, 163/669: (?) read 'malewry', mishap, misfortune: Fr. *malheur*  
 Wryng, 108/1409, *vb.* turn and twist about in pain  
 Wyen, 72/479, *sb.* Guienne  
 Wycys, 90/1083, *sb.* vices  
 Wyhylls, 68/377, *sb.* wiles  
 Wylddyng, 57/59, *sb.* wielding, command  
 Wyldyng, 124/1832, *sb.* power, welder  
 Wyre, 94/1027, *sb.* doubt. "Awere or dowe. *Dubium, ambiguum, perplexus.*" *Prompt. Parv.*  
 Wys, 89/895, guide, show  
 Wytory, 134/2095, victory  
 Wytyst saff, 78/624, *vb.* vouchsafest  
 Xall, 56/41, &c., shall; þou xall, 100/1176  
 Xuld, 132/2036, &c., should  
 Xulldes, 99/1163, *vb.* shouldst  
 Yee-lyd, 102/1237, *sb.* eye-lid  
 Ynge, 102/1242, *adj.* young  
 Yrkit, 175/111, *impers. pt.* grieved  
 Ywys, 67/338, *adv.* assuredly  
 Yye, 98/1124, *sb.* eye  
 Yys, 79/640-1, *sb.* eyes  
 3af, 122/1799, *conj.* if  
 3af, 135/1343, *vb.* gave  
 3ede, 92/975, *pp.* gone. A.S. *eode*  
 3en, 114/1577, *sb. pl.* of eyes, 3en *sucke* = *tear*ing(?)  
 3en3ybyr, 67/343, *sb.* ginger  
 3epe, 165/724, *adj.* active, careful. A.S. *geap*  
 3ode, 105/1324, *vb.* went  
 3onglinge, 202/895, *sb.* young child, infant  
 3yng, 73/503, *adj.* young

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